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LEILA ADA,  
THE JEWISH CONVERT.

An Authentic Memoir,

BY  
OSBORN W. TRENEREY HEIGHWAY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED  
HER DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE.

שִׁמְעֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל הָיָה לְשׁוֹעַ מֶלֶךְ רַחוּמִים

The blue deep skies  
Dissolve in radiance like a summer cloud;  
Pure spirit melodies float past mine ear  
From many a stringing harp. Let me too join  
The mingling music of their mighty song.

\* \* \* \* \*

To Thee, well-spring of love, who gave the Son,  
To Thee, the Conqueror, the Victor-King,  
To Thee, the Holy One, who sanctified,  
And gave my hopes of yon immortal crown,  
I come. Receive my winging soul.—LEILA ADA.

SECOND AMERICAN EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS

NEW YORK:  
JOHN WILEY, 167 BROADWAY.

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1855.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854,

By JOHN WILEY,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the  
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*R. CRAIGHEAD, Printer and Stereotyper*  
*53 Vesey street, New York.*

TO

SIR CHARLES LEMON, BART.,

CARCLEW, PENRYN,

M.P. FOR WEST CORNWALL,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS, WITH HIS PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



PREFACE TO THE AMERICAN EDITION  
OF THE  
LIFE OF LEILA ADA.

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ABOUT a year since the *Life of Leila Ada* was published in England.

It was so cordially received as to induce the author within the last few months to give to the public another volume, containing much of the diary and correspondence of the young Jewess. In preparing an American Edition of this work it has been thought best to combine and condense both volumes in one, inserting the diary and letters in their natural connexion, and omitting such passages as involved repetition, or possessed less interest for the general reader than for the personal friend.

These omissions have been made mainly in the account of the journey to the Holy Land, where a mere outline of travel occupied many pages.

On the other hand, every incident of importance and every expression of Leila's feelings in regard to the great change in her religious experience has been carefully preserved.

The only interpolations have been a few words here and there which were necessary as connecting links in the arrangement of the book.

These are in every instance inclosed within brackets.

The narrative has sufficient romance to satisfy the most imaginative, while the elevating influence of the spiritual life it portrays far transcends any work of fiction.

Both in beauty of person and loveliness of character, Leila seems to have charmed and attracted all who enjoyed the privilege of her acquaintance, while to the narrower circle of intimate friendship she was, in the words of her biographer,\* “one of those fair and flower-like natures that rise at intervals to cheer us along the dusty highway of life.”

“Her natural abilities (he says) were very rare, and she cultivated them with the strictest care, so that had God seen fit to spare her life, and call her to a more public situation, she would have occupied no humble position among those noble-souled and intellectual women who are an honour to our country.

“She was one of the loveliest flowers that ever gleamed in the cold atmosphere of a world of sin—a flower, fragile in its pensile form, delicate in its tender purity, spiritual in its beauty, too frail to live amidst these tempestuous clouds of earth, and only at home in the kindlier soil and among the stormless skies of the better land.

“In her short Christian course she walked with God,

\* Preface to the English edition.

and her dying weeks were lived upon the very verge of heaven."

In another place he says: "we have been scrupulously exact in our descriptions throughout. We have written from knowledge obtained through personal acquaintance of the dearest kind."

But her wonderful conversion is after all that upon which the interest of the book chiefly depends.

It is as the sun around which her personal attractions like lesser lights revolve.

From the first aspiration after holiness to the spiritual enjoyment of maturer years, every candid reader will acknowledge that to the suggestions and teachings of the Holy Spirit, unaided by human influence, Leila Ada\* was indebted for her escape from the thralldom of Judaism to the light and liberty of the gospel of Christ.

*May, 1854.*

\* "A beautiful coincidence between Leila's name and her conduct, was remarked to me by one of my many correspondents. Her name—which is in Hebrew—**לילה עדא** LEILA ADA, A WITNESS BY NIGHT, is sweetly like her noble confession at midnight before the rabbins at her uncle's house."





# CONTENTS.

---

## CHAPTER I.

Introduction.—Leila's Character and Pursuits.—The Mishna. —The Talmud .. .. .	1
----------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---

## CHAPTER II.

Extracts from Leila's Diary.—Prayer.—Visit from the Rabbi. —Eastern Tour contemplated.. .. .	21
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----

## CHAPTER III.

Leila accompanies her Father to the Holy Land.—Their Journey.—Cologne.—The Rhine.—Geneva.—Staubbach	36
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----

## CHAPTER IV.

The Journey continued.—Athens.—The Ægean Sea.—Con- stantinople .. .. .	47
---------------------------------------------------------------------------	----

## CHAPTER V.

The Journey continued.—Antioch.—Jerusalem.—Account of the Holy Land.—The Return Home .. .. .	56
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----

## CHAPTER VI.

Leila's Conversion .. .. .	64
----------------------------	----

## CHAPTER VII.

Leila's Letter to her Father .. .. .	92
--------------------------------------	----

## CHAPTER VIII.

Leila's Letter to her Father continued .. .. .	111
------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER IX.

Conversations between Leila and her Father.—Leila is sent to her Uncle .. .. .	127
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER X.

Treatment of Leila by her Uncle.—Her Trials.—Character of Leila's Cousin .. .. .	160
----------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XI.

The final Effort to reclaim Her.—Cut off from her Nation.—Her acquaintance with Miss H.—Returns to her Father.—“How soon we fade!” .. .. .	237
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XII.

Evanishings .. .. .	266
---------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

“We all do fade as a Leaf!” .. .. .	311
-------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

Leila's Dying Hours.—The Closing Scene .. . . .	325
-------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XV.

Rest .. .. .	331
--------------	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

Illness and Death of Leila's Father .. .. .	337
---------------------------------------------	-----

# LEILA ADA,

## THE JEWISH CONVERT.

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### CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.—LEILA'S CHARACTER AND PURSUITS.—THE  
MISHNA.—THE TALMUD.

THE West of England abounds in scenes of quiet and picturesque beauty. Its shores are girded by tall grey cliffs, bold headlands, numerous islets, and large caves hollowed out and draped with seaweeds by the musical waves of the Atlantic; while the inland scenery is rich in hills and valleys, dells and dingles, woods and meadows combined in forms of surpassing loveliness. Crystal streamlets wind amongst quivering aspens; and glide, breaking into fall and rapid, and murmuring with a sweet complaining eloquence as though they were of life.

Amidst one of the sweetest of these scenes, and near the southern coast of Cornwall, there is an ancient-looking mansion, soft and tranquil in its

elegant simplicity, and removed far away from the smoke and stir of earth. It stands in a deep but most lovely valley, between a line of picturesque eminences. Embosomed amid lofty and luxuriant trees, and surrounded by a verdant lawn thickly dotted with beds of rich flowers, it impresses the mind as the very repose of peace and beauty. Several of the windows are partially hidden by festoons of luxuriant ivy; while roses, jessamines, and other sweet-scented plants and creepers, have thickly interlaced the open trellis-work of the balcony which encloses the door.

Many a time and oft have we wandered at sunrise over the velvet greensward, and in the noble gardens attached to the house, seeking to learn the life, the freshness, the purity, the joy of this little Eden. The commonest objects shone with a glory not their own; the rich sunlight was poured over all; and the same sunbeam that lighted the distant hill glowed on the pebble and the road-side weed. It filled the soul with love to gaze upon the pensive fragile floweret bathed in morning dew, or watch the sparkling drops as they glanced amidst the emerald light transmitted through leaves that trembled in the early breeze. The eye wandered with delight from the peaceful clouds that reposed so lovingly on the cerulean vault above, to the far bright distance that invited to unguessed regions of light and freedom, and

then returned to rest upon the quiet shadows mixing with the soft hues of darker things. And then we went on to the side of the clear streamlet, and sat down by its little gushing waves. Each had its own separate being ; they varied in form ; one pure and glassy reflected an unbroken sun-beam ; another dashed it into a thousand glittering spangles ; but they all came from the same deep fountain—they all rejoiced in the same light—they all hastened on their happy race to the same wide ocean. And ever, as they flowed, soft voices like a spirit-melody met our ears ; purity, life, and joy, must produce sweet tones of harmony.

Several pretty nests of trees grow in the little park which adjoins the house, and beneath them are some tastefully arranged seats. And often, after wearying herself in frolics with the goat and her kid, that lived in a small paddock separated from the lawn by a ring fence, the subject of this memoir has reposed herself upon one of these seats, and gazed upon the loveliness of nature, and watched the majestic glories attendant upon the setting sun. But it were well to be there, if you would feel the witchery of such a sunset. The trees move listlessly and wearily in the evening breeze, as though the drowsiness of sleep were fast stealing over them. The tops of the distant hills are dipped in gold and purple, while the last rays show rich green shrubberies as they rise

higher and higher on the opposite ascent from the valley. The gentle murmurs of the river seem to swell into a hymn of softest music to the departing day, as the lengthening shadows softly steal upon its steps. Not a song is heard from the birds of the forest, with the exception of the indescribably sweet, melancholy notes of the wood-robin; he, perched in a moss-rose bower, is singing his farewell song to the setting-sun; and, as each note, seeming fainter and more faint, dies in melodious intonations among the groves and thickets, it touches the listener with an exquisite sense of pleasure.

Before taking possession of this mansion, A. T——, Esq., had buried the wife of his youth; and on coming to this charming retreat, he, and an only and lovely daughter, named Leila, lived in comparative seclusion from the world. He knew no happiness independent of his child, for all his enjoyments consisted in promoting her interest and gratification. She was, indeed, the very being to excite the most tender lavishment of paternal love. Beauty surrounded her as a mantle, but her cultivated mind, and amiable disposition, threw around her an influence superior to any of the short-lived fascinations of the body. In her conduct and manner there was a freshness of innocence, and a winning *abandonnement*, which could not fail to arrest the interest of every beholder. She was

highly accomplished, and could read and write several languages with fluency. The idol of her fond father, he loved her tenderly ; a feeling which she as tenderly reciprocated. Being of the seed of Abraham, he had educated her in the strictest principles of the Jewish ritual, and felt the most intense satisfaction in witnessing her early seriousness and devotion. To her religion he thought her an ornament.

For our slight knowledge of the early part of Leila's life, we are principally indebted to a series of papers written by herself, and entitled, "Reflections." A few references to it are also made in her diary and correspondence. From these sources we learn, that a leading characteristic in the earliest development and exercises of her mind, was an ardent thirst for TRUTH. It is also evident, that from her earliest years she felt the drawings of the Holy spirit, and had an anxious desire for her eternal salvation. And it is painful, yet pleasing, to witness the deep struggles of a soul whose whole wish is simply to be a true and accepted servant of the living God, yet surrounded by the exclusive spirit and deadening influences of Judaism. It never appears, however, that through the whole course of her childhood, and the first years of more thoughtful youth, she had any misgiving respecting the truth of the Jewish belief. Her conviction, upon this point, was doubt-

less heightened, in her maturer years, by her deep acquaintance with the Eastern writings. From her conversation and reflections it is evident that the fanciful and mystic lore of these, joined to a supposition that she observed coincidences in approaching changes, greatly strengthened her belief in the approaching advent of the "Murdah," or "Good One"—the Messiah of the Scriptures. But the dawn of a brighter day was coming.

Her character, even in childhood, was thoughtful and reserved ; she was always disposed to the grave, rather than the gay. In adverting to this phase of her disposition, we cannot do better than use her own language ; we therefore extract from her diary the following reflection : "I enjoy solitude much ; my heart delights in its own company, and finds this a richer enjoyment than any which can be had in busy life. It is an important matter to feel in no way embarrassed, because excluded from the bustling joy of social life. Really, I am in no way indebted to external sources of amusement : in contemplating God, in nature, I have opened a mine of happiness which is indescribable. Indeed, I am rather unsocial ; I do not like company ; I am quite miserly in selecting the sources of my happiness. To hold sweet converse with my own heart, and sit in my *dear* closet, with my pen and my book, are the greatest delights I can enjoy. I do not know that I could wish for a



large diffusion of all and exactly this feeling : if universally indulged, it might cast a shade of morosity over our fireside enjoyments. Being natural to me, however, I cannot avoid it ; and, really, it makes me very happy.”

At sixteen years of age she began to keep a diary, or, rather, prescribe rules for her conduct, and note her experience, by way of meditation and reflection ; for, it does not appear, that she began to keep a regular diary till she had nearly completed her seventeenth year. Her diary and reflections were designed to be a secret correspondence with her own heart, and certainly were never written with any expectation that they would meet the eye of man. Extracts from these portraitures of her inmost soul, will more justly display her character than anything which could be said by any other person.

Among this interesting collection of papers, we find the following prayer. It is powerfully descriptive of the feelings and aspirations of her heart at a very early age, for it is dated at the commencement of the new year, 18—, when she had just completed her thirteenth year :—

“ O thou great and adorable Jehovah ! fountain of love ! listen to the prayer of a sinful, rebellious child ; hide not Thyself from my supplications. May Thy Spirit illuminate my dark, benighted

soul ; may it dispel the gloom which now casts down my spirit, and guide my petition aright.

“ I adore Thee for the countless blessings which to the present time Thou hast bestowed upon me ; and for Thy care, which has preserved my existence amid these numberless mercies. But when I look into my heart, and see its depravity ; when I think on the ungrateful return I have made Thy love ; I am abased—I am prostrate in the dust.

“ Thou, who permittest me to address Thee as my God, and my Creator, Thou seest my state ; Thou knowest me altogether. O that I could express half that I feel of love to Thee, who hast done so much for me. O God, I am proud, self-willed, worldly-minded, and I cannot be happy ; but Thou hast inspired ardent desires for Thyself ; answer me, according to Thy word—Thy word which is truth itself—eternal as Thy duration—O, that on it my soul may repose. O, that Thy love may refresh my spirit, and cause my eyes to overflow with tears of joy, in the conviction that *Thou lovest me*. Then, how poor and mean will be all earth-born joys ; then will my soul rejoice in its freedom, and exult in its immortality.

“ The dissolving universe shall one day proclaim that the hour of retribution is at hand ; and the great arcana of nature, in which I love to trace Thy

finger, shall melt before the piercing glance of Thine avenging eye. O, that through Thee I may be enabled to hail the moment, as that of my complete happiness.

“On this commencement of another year, I enter into a solemn covenant with Thee, to dedicate myself to Thee. Show me what Thou wouldst have me to be and do, and I will pray earnestly for Thy assistance, that I may fulfil Thy will. O, that Thou wouldst arise, and by Thy glorious beams scatter my spiritual darkness. Grant me Thy aid, that I may not swerve from my resolution. Enlarge and bless my soul; and let me be happy from a constant walking in Thy fear. Amen.”

We have every reason to suppose that at this period Leila's belief in her religion was unshaken; yet from this her earliest record of thoughts and imaginings, written at the *time* she felt them, we may see that she was now earnestly in pursuit of that in which she afterwards found *solid* happiness. We can perceive an enthusiastic longing of the spirit, and a deeply wrought effort of the soul, which, when the veil fell from her eyes, abundantly prepared her to press into the liberty of the children of God.

Although the children of Israel profess to receive the Old Testament Scriptures as Divine, yet they greatly neglect their study, and as a

consequence are involved in gross darkness. But while they have cast Moses and the Prophets into the shade, they have introduced an enormous rival to divine revelation, under the pretence that it is a comment upon the Law of Moses. This they call the Mishna, or oral law.

The Mishna is divided into six orders:—the first order treats of the vegetable world; the second of feasts; the third of women; the fourth of damages; the fifth of holy things; and the sixth of purifications.

The Mishna was published to the world in 1698, in six folio volumes, by Surenhusius, of Amsterdam. The principal part of these volumes is occupied by the comments of translators and rabbis.

We will give an account of the Mishna by Rabbi Moses Ben Maimon. This Moses Ben Maimon was one of their ablest doctors. He was physician to the Sultan of Egypt, lived in the twelfth century, and was enthusiastically engrossed in the philosophy of Aristotle. From the initials of his name the Jews call him Rambam: he is the writer of their creed and liturgy; and they have a saying, that from Moses to Moses there is no one like Moses. Of the Mishna he gives the following account:—"All the precepts of the law were given by God to Moses, our master, together with an interpretation of what the

authentic text signified. Moses, going into his tent, first related to Aaron the text and the interpretation; he rising and going to the right hand of Moses. Eleazar and Ithamar, the sons of Aaron, came and heard the same that had been before dictated to their father; so that he heard it twice. Then came the seventy elders, and at last the whole people heard the same. They all committed to memory the text and the interpretation, which Aaron had heard many times, and hence arose the written law, and the oral law—613 precepts together with their interpretations: the precepts inscribed in the books—the interpretations handed down by word of mouth.

“Moses dying left these interpretations to Joshua, and he again to the elders, and they to the prophets, who handed them down from one to another without any dissent, till the time of the men of the great synagogue, who were Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi, Daniel, Hannaniah, Mishael, Azariah, Ezra the Scribe, Nehemiah, Chacalia, Mordecai, and Zerubbabel the son of Shealtiel, with others to the number of 120. But the last of the men of that sacred company was the first of the wise men mentioned in the Mishna, Simeon the Just, at that time high priest. After whom it came in process of time to our Rabbi, the holy, who was the phoenix of his age and the unique glory of that time, a man in whom God had ac-

cumulated such virtues that he merited to be called by his contemporaries, our Rabbi, the holy, whose name was Judah, so that it was said, 'From the days of Moses to the Rabbi, we have never seen law and nobility together, and from the time that he died, humility and the fear of sin ceased;' and so rich was he that it used to be said, 'The groom of the stables of Rabbi was richer than Sapor king of the Persians.' He, tracing his doctorial genealogy up to Moses, composed the Mishna, partly from the traditions from the lips of Moses, partly from consequences elicited by argument in which there is unanimous consent, partly from conclusions in which there is a difference arising from two modes of interpretation (for they have thirteen modes of interpreting); so that sometimes our Rabbi says, 'Such a one affirms this, such another says that.' "

Such various modes of interpretation have given rise to numberless dissensions among the Jews. From Simeon the Just to the year 150 of the Christian era, Judah mentions ninety-one wise men, as handing down to him their decisions.

The Mishna is said to be an oral law, received from the lips of God, and intended as an exponent of his written law. But we should transgress the purity which religion demands, were we to quote some of its puerile and absurd follies. If those who penned it set about their work with an inten-

tion to shock common sense, and load the Jewish religion with contempt, they could scarcely have acquitted themselves better. And let no one suppose that our strictures are unkind; any one at all acquainted with the Mishna, will at once perceive them to be within the bounds of that charity and pity, which we owe to those who err. Indeed, it were but too easy to quote passages which would justify our severest censures.

But withal, the Mishna is surrounded with a degree of obscurity and hardness, owing to its orientalisms, and a considerable perversion of a sort of Hebra-Grecism in its structure. This obscurity has given rise to another commentary, called the Gemara, or completion. One Gemara, written in Palestine, forms with the Mishna, the Jerusalem Talmud, and another, written at Babylon, composes the Babylonish Talmud. Thus the Mishna, which the Jews declare to be God's own interpretation of his law, requires interpretation from man, and the whole together forms a mighty work of twelve folio volumes. These are the volumes which contain the whole of the Jewish divinity; for, dishonouring to God, they have almost completely withdrawn the Jews from the study of Moses and the Prophets.

In common with the rest of her nation, the Talmud formed the basis of Leila's religious education. Of the Old Testament she knew compara-



tively little. It is far from certain, indeed, that she knew a great deal of the Talmud. For this there were causes :—first, she did not like its study : she tells us in her reflections, that while believing in its divinity, as she was instructed, she experienced a smothered dislike to many of its forms, observances, and precepts. “I felt it,” she says, “smouldering at the bottom of my heart long before I had moral courage to permit a single thought upon it. I shuddered at my suspicions as blasphemous, yet I could not conquer them. But as the spirit of God opened my eyes, I felt no difficulty in fully avowing my severest thoughts upon the inane, absurd, debasing studies of the Talmud. I felt no compunction while I openly declared to my own heart that it was an impure, stupid fabrication, composed by fallen and sinful man.” What a volume is contained in these few thrilling sentences ! Would the sons of Jacob speak out, how many would tell us the same story ? Impossible it is but that among them there are thousands who, while they dare not repudiate the Talmud, are conscious of a feeling of offence at its impurities and absurdities. Secondly, her father, although strictly a Jew in belief and profession, gave himself little trouble about their requirements and observances, and therefore, was very far from pressing them upon his daughter.



But a mind constituted like that of Leila, eagerly thirsting after truth, could not be always content without strictly examining the Old Testament Scriptures; those Scriptures which all her nation believe in, as the pure word of God. Her first intentions to *study* them (for certainly she had previously read them, especially the Psalms) are expressed among the earliest entries in her diary, and bear date when she was about seventeen years old. We extract the passage: "I have read the Talmud, and have dipped into the learning of the East, and while my heart has been intent in the prosecution of these studies, I have comparatively neglected the blessed Word of God—the majestic Scriptures. The result of my reading is a strong opinion that the advent of the Messiah is probably near; yet while I have been consulting the writings of men, I have greatly neglected the prophecies which relate to Him. Why then do I profess to my heart that I have formed an opinion, when I have neglected the great test, the predictions of the Scriptures? O Lord, forgive my thus dishonouring Thee, as I now determine that in thy strength I will give myself to the earnest, simple, devout reading and study of Thy holy Word, I ask of Thee, I beseech of Thee illuminate my soul, and guide my judgment aright.

"O Lord, my God, Thou knowest my heart,

and thou knowest how ardently I pant to be Thine accepted servant ; yet, alas ! I am in bondage ; yet, alas ! I am not happy. Oh, that I could pour out my eyes in tears for my sins ! It is they, which, like a mountain, cast down and oppress my spirit. I find no comfort but in aspirations after Thee ; and Thou knowest I am sincere—at least I believe I am sincere ; if not I beseech Thee rectify my heart. O that I knew how I might please Thee ! for then should I be at rest. Forgive me for the time that is past : guide me, and teach me, and assist me in the future. O that Thou wouldst visit me according to the word which Thou hast declared unto my fathers ! Amen.”

Leila was fully aware of the necessity of acting on a digested plan, that all her time might be used to some purposes of good. A considerable portion of it was devoted to reading, and other endeavours for the improvement of her mind ; and this was to her a source of pleasure which she highly valued—far more so, indeed, than the empty frivolous pursuits of many of her own age and sex. That she might have every help to strictly fill each moment, she drew up an arrangement in writing. In this she apportioned to every hour its occupation, and to it she endeavoured to rigidly adhere. “ I strive,” she says, in her diary, “ to occupy every moment *well* ; I do this, not simply

because it is my interest, but also, and I hope and believe chiefly, because it is my duty."

At about the same time she also formed a series of resolutions for the regulation of her conduct; and the mind which could make and act upon them, must have had in it all the elements of greatness and efficiency; it must have possessed a character deservedly esteemed and revered. They are worthy the imitation of every one, especially the young, and we cannot forbear copying them here :—

"For the regulation of my life, and balancing my conduct, I resolve :

"1. That the salvation of my soul shall be my first and great concern.

"2. That I will never be ashamed of my religion, but will always avow it when and where it shall seem proper so to do.

"3. That I will always carefully speak the truth; never indulge in the very *least* equivocation, but always be both verbally and substantially correct, and to this end I will carefully watch the meaning of all I utter.

"4. That I will always be ready to confess a fault, or ask forgiveness for it, no matter what the character or position of the person against whom I have offended.

" 5. That I will do nothing to others which I should object to their doing to me. That I will never do anything which if I saw it committed by another would cause him or her to fall in my esteem.

" 6. That as far as in me lies, I will never do nor be anything upon which I cannot, expectingly and confidingly, ask the blessing of God.

" 7. That when I have fixed a principle in my mind I will never abandon it, whatever occurs, unless I am convinced that it is a wrong one, or would involve me in bad consequences.

" 8. That in fulfilling a clear duty, or in the pursuit of a good and proper object, I will never allow myself to be overcome by any trials or difficulties whatsoever.

" 9. That I will daily study the Scriptures.

" 10. That I will encourage meditations upon death and eternity.

" 11. That I will live to God, with all my might while I do live. That I will strive never to engage in anything which I should shun, if assured I was living the last hour of my life.

" 12. That I will decide nothing which is brought before my judgment, until I have thoroughly examined it on every side. That what I have once decided, shall be fixed and irrevocable. That I will take nothing for granted, but that I will en-

deavour to discover what is truth in reference to the smallest principles.

“ 13. That upon all occasions I will discountenance improper levity and conversation, in whatever company I may be.

“ 14. That I will carefully guard my temper, and never show the least symptom of impatient emotion ; not even by an altered tone of voice, or expression of countenance. That I will do this even if from physical causes I feel fretful and uneasy : no one else should suffer on this account.

“ 15. That I will never speak sharply or crossly to our servants ; on the contrary, I will be gentle and affectionate, which will gain all my desires the sooner.

“ 16. That my conversation shall be always in love, and as far as possible adapted to the tone of feeling in those with whom I converse. That I will never talk upon trifles, nor self, nor the failings or defects of others ; nor in it will I ever seek to display superiority of attainment over the company I may be among ; but I will always use it in advancing the happiness of my social and domestic circle.

“ 17. That I will never waste a moment.

“ 18. That I will be temperate in eating and drinking.

“ 19. That I will strictly guard against pride in dress, and every other of its manifestations ;

against vanity, self-conceit, and indulging supposed superiority of mind.

“ 20. That I will live only to serve God and for the good of others. Never seek my own pleasure or satisfaction at the expense of that of any one else ; but as far as possible I will forget that there is a self to please.

“ 21. That I will love my dear father with all my might, and do everything I can to promote his temporal and spiritual happiness.”

## CHAPTER II.

EXTRACTS FROM LEILA'S DIARY.—VISIT OF THE RAEBI.—  
EASTERN TOUR CONTEMPLATED.

ABOUT this time we find the following entries in her diary.

The first extract I shall give is dated, Marcheshvan 16th, A.M. 5606,—answering to the beginning of November, A.D. 1845. Like every other portraiture of her heart at this time, it exhibits her deep religious feeling, and that ardent breathing after an indwelling God, which characterises her entire Judaic life.

מרחשון יר' הבר'.

“Forsake me not, O Lord! O my God! be not far from me.” In this language of Thine own word I address Thee. O hear it and answer it for Thine own sake. Surely I may expect it; for Thy power is constantly exerted on behalf of Thy feeble children.

To Thy commandments I attend; to Thy law I submit myself, with an entire willingness to be Thine. Grant me then that I may not seek the salvation of my soul in vain. I desire to be ac-

cepted of Thee ; and Thou art not willing that a sinner “should perish, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live.” Eternal Father ! visit me in gracious compassion. I wait in hope for the fulfilment of the word thou hast declared unto my fathers, “I will rejoice over thee with joy ; I will joy in thee with singing ; I will set thee as a signet, for I have chosen thee, saith the Lord of hosts.”

With such a promise as this, how I ought to rejoice, and with what love should I engage in Thy service, O my King ! I think this restlessness I so often feel must be exceedingly sinful ; yet alas ! I cannot prevent it. I will try again to do better. O give me Thy assistance, O God ! Enable me to *rest* in Thy hand, and to trust in Thee always, remembering that I am but Thy creature, so I have nothing to question, but simply lie passive in Thy hands.

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Kislov 11, 5607 (thirteen months later).

### בסליו יא' המז'

This has been a happy day : so I desire to record the impressions I have received.

Rabbi M. conducted Divine service in the drawing-room. Uncle, aunt, Isaac, myself, and papa were present. Papa very feelingly and beautifully read the book of Zechariah—what a glorious part



of the Sacred Books ! I must read it for myself. Rabbi M. read the prayers, and expounded a portion of the prophet Ezekiel : " Thus saith Jehovah one Lord ; I do not this for your sakes, O house of Israel, but for mine holy name's sake, which ye have profaned among the heathen, whither ye went. And I will sanctify my great name, which was profaned among the heathen, which ye have profaned in the midst of them ; and the heathen shall know that I am the Lord, saith the Lord God, when I shall be sanctified in you before their eyes. For I will take you from among the heathen, and gather you out of all countries, and will bring you into your own land."\*

Oh, how the lovely word thrilled through me as I listened. Israel ! beloved of the Eternal ! rejoice with me ; our restoration is near. The Lord will, in his abundant mercy, restore our captivity. That glory flowing from before His mercy-seat, but far enriched above its ancient splendour, shall again be spread over us : our temple, more glorious than ever, erect its majestic front upon the hill of Zion. Jehovah will Himself come to sanctify us, and to be our Prophet, our Priest, our King.

To hear such a beloved servant of the Most High discourse upon the future glory of our people,

\* Ezekiel xxxvi. 22—24

oh! it is soothing and exalting above anything. He has given me far better and larger views of our present condition, and our opening prospect, than I ever had before. Rabbi M. believes that the advent of the Messiah is very near. Observations amongst our people lead him to this conclusion—as also do the Scriptures—and the condition of the nations of the earth. So he expects Him daily, and, at furthest, at no greater distance than one or two years. Oh, how I rejoiced with all. Our present condition may be sad, and very desolate; but the word of our God standeth for ever, giving a present reality and glory to the picture of our future joys, full of life, and depth, and power. Oh, who can think such thoughts without their hearts swelling with praise within them, without glowing with devotion and holy love.

Dear papa! how I love him! how good, how holy he is. The remembrance of the sweet feeling with which he read the book of Zechariah can never be effaced—especially that part where he says, that in Jerusalem there shall be a fountain opened for sins and uncleanness; and we shall look on Him whom our sins and ingratitude have pierced, and mourn that we have so shamefully requited His love and care.

In the afternoon, Rabbi M. read several of the Hapthoroths; also he read to us from a very ancient and choice Hebrew work a description of the Holy

City and of Judca. And then again he offered the prayers.

I took an opportunity to converse with him in respect to the Messiah. I told him I had formed an opinion that His advent was probably near, from reading the Eastern books, and from general impressions of our national condition. He kindly said he was greatly pleased, stroked my head, and blessed me.

He has also given me a stone, brought from Mount Zion. "It formed," he says, "a part of the outward enclosure which was beyond the court of the Gentiles." This stone I shall prize most dearly.

פסליו יד (Kislov 14th). To-morrow our dearest friend, Rabbi M., will leave us. I am filled with sadness, for the few days we have been favoured with his society have been happy beyond measure. When he speaks I agree with him in every point. His views of God, and of the necessity of being a Jew at heart, accord with those I long since formed from the teaching of my dear father, and from our sacred books.

In company with two others, he is about to visit the Jews in Asia; to inquire into their condition; to endeavour to elevate the cadence of their piety; and to warn them to prepare for the coming Messiah, Ben David. Oh! with what joy should I enrol myself amongst that chosen few, and in the

strength of the Eternal whom I love, be strong to perform great things, and to bear great trials !

This morning he invited me to walk with him ; and, on the way, he cleared up several difficulties in relation to the present circumstances of our people, entirely to my satisfaction. When we reached the top of one of the eminences near, he pointed in the direction of Jerusalem, saying, " Yonder, my dear daughter, yonder lies the beloved city. We know what excludes us from it, and, blessed be the Eternal ! we know the remedy. Standing here let us now spread forth our hands and pray. It may be that the Holy One will hear us, and that hearing He will forgive." And then he prayed one of the sublimest prayers in our service. The solemnity of the words, the appropriate scene, nature smiling in loveliness, and the deep blue sky suspended above our heads, filled me with an inexpressible feeling of love and devotion. I was powerfully affected.

When offering the prayer this evening, he prayed most fervently for me. How grateful I felt for this new and unexpected proof of his affection ! So earnest, so pathetic, was his address, that I shed abundance of tears. Oh ! Lord my God, hear and answer the prayers which this day have ascended from Thy servant for me. Have respect, I beg Thee, unto the prayer of Thy servant, and cleanse me from my unrighteous-

ness, and make me fitting to be loved by Thee. Amen.

It is to relieve the mournfulness, which separation from one so truly loved has cast over my spirit, that I so particularly note the various interesting occurrences of this day.

י' טבת (*Thabat* 10th). The impression made by the history of Abraham, as recited and commented upon to me by Rabbi M., I find still remains with me; and, as a result, I have thought much about it. It has improved my views of God, and His purposes concerning me. I have felt more comfort in the services; I think I am much happier. I feel more assurance that, while I live as I do now, He loves me and will take me under His care for ever. As a consequence of this, I have ceased to question about my condition so much; which often made me restless and unhappy. Indeed, I have altogether much to be thankful for through the visit of Rabbi M. He has been the means of greatly enlarging my conceptions of God, and of His dealings with us ever since He constituted us His chosen nation; and what I used to shrink from as inexplicable, I now see to be quite right and clear, and that it ought to be all just as it is.

The promise made to Israel, is, "Thy people shall be all righteous," and they shall be called "The holy people, the redeemed of the Lord."

What more than this assurance can I require? It seals God's covenant with me for ever, while I render to Him all the service of the holy law, which is now in our power. I will reason about it no longer; at least, I will try that it shall be so. I must think how little I can know; of how much God very rightly keeps me entirely ignorant; and how presumptuous it is in me to expect to unfold the cause of things He has chosen to keep secret. "Thy people shall be all righteous;" God hath told me this; and herein may I repose.

Oh! for a faith like that possessed by Abraham, my father! a faith which believes God, without questioning, without doubting. To judge according to human judgment, it must have seemed to Abraham, not only improbable, but utterly impossible, that the promise could be fulfilled, that God had made him. But he did not reason in that way. He knew the might, and the unsearchable wisdom of Him that had promised, and therein he reposed; and when the beloved Isaac was demanded back again, which was enough to crush his faith at one heavy stroke, he did not hesitate, but calmly prepared to give him back to God, assured that He still would find a way to keep the promise He had given him. Nor was his faith in vain; neither will mine be vain if I thus trust without a single doubt. I shall

be blessed of the Lord, the Eternal, for ever, no matter what difficulties may surround my path.

טבת כ"א (*Thabat* 21st). I am thankful it is decided we shall visit the Holy City this year. Papa thinks of going about the end of ניסן (*Nison*). I am quite rejoiced about it. Oh, that lovely place! whence I look for the revelation of Messiah Ben David, my hope, and the hope of Israel. Oh that He were come, that all ungodliness might be turned away from Jacob.

I shall see the lovely mountains which surround my city, as the Lord surrounds His people; I shall stand upon the holy spot where once our temple reared its majestic front; a place wondrously beautiful and blessed even in its present ruin; but how glorious will it be when Jehovah shall gather us together again with tender mercies, and remaining with His people, be their King for evermore.

“Sing unto God, sing praises to His name. Extol Him that rideth upon the heavens by His name JAH, and rejoice before Him. The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it. Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold. Why leap ye, ye high hills? this is the hill which God desireth to dwell in; yea, the Lord will dwell in it for ever. Bless ye God in



the congregations, even the Lord from the fountain of Israel. There is little Benjamin with their ruler, the princes of Judah and their council, the princes of Zebulon and the princes of Naphthali. Thy God hath commanded thy strength: strengthen, O Lord, that which thou hast wrought for us. Ascribe ye strength unto God: His excellency is over Israel, and His strength is in the clouds. O God, Thou art terrible out of Thy holy places; the God of Israel is He that giveth strength and power unto His people. Blessed be God!"

How beautiful is such a song! How glad I shall be to lay my lips against the stones which remain of the wall that surrounded the beloved city! With what rapture I shall breathe over them my humble prayer for succour and deliverance! And then the Mount of Olives, and the valley of Jehoshaphat, the burial-place of my fathers, the ancient worthies of my nation, whose name I so honour, and whose devotion I long to imitate. It seems I should almost wish to die there, that I might be buried amongst them! I am indeed very happy, and rejoice much that we are going. I expect a great deal of rich delight, and feel assured I shall not be disappointed.

Accept, O Lord, my thanks for the mercies Thou so graciously art now bestowing upon me. I desire that henceforth they may be acknow-



ledged in my heart by a more complete dedication of myself to Thee, my Lord and my King.

Oh! do Thou go with me and my dear father when we leave this our happy home, which is rendered so sacred to our spirits by recollections of years of holy joy in each other and in Thee. Take us into thy care, that we may be preserved in the midst of every danger, and may each day find us increasing in knowledge and love of Thee. Amen.

'אדר יב' (*Adar* 12th).—The last few days have indeed been blessed ones, through the presence in our family of Mr. S. C. C——, a *chacham*\* from Germany, with his daughter. What a lovely creature is the latter! I am greatly delighted in having her as my companion, and the superiority of her piety has much tended to correct the defective parts of my own. She understands Hebrew well, but no English; so we converse in our Sacred language, loveliest of all others!

The rabbi is the most venerable man I have ever yet beheld; he has gained my entire affection and reverence. His aspect is very noble, and once seen can never be forgotten. He dresses in a large long robe of dark blue cloth, fastened at the waist by a girdle. Over his chest and down to his waist descends a thick heavy beard, white

\* Rabbi.

as frosted silver ; and with his white eyebrows and thin scattered locks, it makes him a most impressive person. On his head he wears a high black cap, with a band of yellow muslin twisted round it ; and seldom throws off the large talith\* whilst in the house. I like him exceedingly, and am glad to have him with us ; his conversation, dress, and appearance are so essentially Jewish.

His daughter is in every way worthy of such a parent. She is of middle height ; with a countenance like one whose thoughts feed upon her heart ; and this impression is still deepened by the low, sad tones of her sweet voice. To me she is the semblance of uncomplaining sorrow ; her papa says she is ever thinking of our departed glory, our present captivity, and our future blessedness when Messiah shall come. When I knew this, I felt I loved her beyond anything ; and shall indeed feel deep regret at bidding her farewell—it may be for ever. Her disposition is exceedingly affectionate and gentle, so I am quite at ease in her society ; which so fascinates me that I can

\* Talith, or veil, the “ garment of fringes” commanded to be worn in memory of the deliverance from the bondage of Egypt. This veil was once even here in “Christian England,” the signal for slaughtering the unoffending Jew ; therefore, the large talith is only worn in the house or the synagogue ; but the small talith—which can be hidden beneath the other clothing—is worn constantly.

seldom allow myself to quit it, so she accompanies me almost everywhere I go.

They have come to keep the feast of פורים\* with us. After which they will visit other friends, and then returning to us, we shall accompany them as far on their route as possible.

'אדר יז (*Adar* 17th). Last evening I spoke to Rabbi C. about the present aspect of our nation, and the agencies which are bringing about approaching changes, as being, I thought, significant that the Messiah's advent would soon arrive. He thinks so too; and tells me—which filled me with intense pleasure and gratitude to the Most High—that this feeling is becoming very general amongst the Jews in Germany and other parts of Europe, and also in Africa. He laments the time-serving character of most of the British Jews, and their dreadful carelessness of the Holy Law; and says, if the “precious people of God” loved Him more, the coming of the Messiah would never be so protracted. In all this I fully, though sorrowfully, agree with him. But soon the Lord Jehovah will arise, and all those who will not serve Him shall flee before the glance of His piercing eye. We spoke much of our long and painful captivity, with its attendant afflictions. He accounts for it on the ground of our multiplied sins, and the great

\* The feast of Purim, or Lots.

numbers of apostacies;\* and directly these cease, Messiah will come. I was greatly affected and grieved to hear him say, that the number of apostacies that have lately come under his notice is much increased. Lord, save our afflicted Israel! and gather him out of all his troubles.

He solemnly warned me against ever thinking of becoming a Meshumed† or reading any of their books, saying, "Let me tell you, be as bad as the worst Jew, but never do this." A Christian I am never likely to be, I know; but I do think I shall read the book they profess to take their religion from.

As my intercourse with him has enabled me to feel the utmost unreserve, I opened my heart to him and spoke of the unhappiness and doubt I often felt. He was very kind, and instructed me at great length; urging me against questioning God—which he said was what ended in the perdition of many amongst us—and concluded by saying that there was nothing to occasion a doubt or shadow of fear; for "we Jews are the only people who were ever favoured with a Divine revelation, and therefore we are and must be right." He desired me to follow the teachings of the rabbins—especially those most reputed for wisdom—and to

\* Meaning converts to Christianity.

† "Meshumed," or Christian.

read the holy Talmud, although to do this was not usual with women ; and then I might rely on my acceptance with God, and should be blessed of Him here and hereafter. On the whole he comforted me much. I certainly will read the Talmud more ; and hope I shall be enabled to do so in all simplicity and singleness of heart.\*

\* Referring, I should think, to that dislike she always felt in her heart about reading those books. See page 14 of her Memoir.

### CHAPTER III

LEILA ACCOMPANIES HER FATHER TO THE HOLY LAND.—  
THEIR JOURNEY.—COLOGNE.—THE RHINE.—GENEVA.

LEILA was now in the eighteenth year of her age. Her mother was dead. Her father, lonely except in the company of the child of his love, resolved to visit with her the Holy Land and the city of his fathers. This was a season of joyous excitement to Leila. Happiness in ten thousand dreamy forms flitted before her mental vision, and filled her, even in anticipation, with indescribable pleasure. In a letter written just before leaving England, after much playful description she continues: "I love the East; it has always been the sweetest spot in my imagination. All my anticipations are in joyous exercise. I shall be fired by the loneliness of the ocean, the stirring excitement of new scenes, the romantic and historical associations connected with the places through which I shall pass, their variety of manners, customs, and costumes, the shores and hoary mountains which border upon the sea, the sublime solitariness of the wildly beautiful isles of the blue *Ægean*, and a host of adventures and pleasurable

situations. At every step I shall be furnished with abundant materials for thought and reflection." And to a large extent she was not disappointed, as is proved by some of her beautiful sketches, in poetry and prose.

But that the enjoyment which she proposed to herself was tinged by a deep religious feeling, and that with it was connected a deep concern for her religious interests, is evinced by the remarks made in her diary. Here, too, we notice the commencement of a glorious era in the life of Leila; the circumstance which, under the blessing of the Holy Spirit, led to her embracing the Christian faith; and how delightful it is to trace the prevailing character of her mind in these reflections, hastily as they sometimes appear to be written. But we will go on with our extract:—

"For a while, then, I am about to leave thee, my much-loved C——. 'The green sward on which I have so often sported—the groves which have so often rung with my wild and girlish joy—the sweet river, whose constant changes, and whose lulling murmurs, give a sweet variety and music to the scene; and ye, my lovely flowers, whose culture has so often engaged my time and attention, and led me to look

'To Him whose sun exalts,  
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints;'



yes, I must leave you all. Shall I ever again behold you? A stray tear flows down my cheek—welcome drop! I would on no account forego thy pleasure. The passions, when acted upon in a manner both pure and innocent, are sources of deep delight.

“Thou Infinite Eternal! go with me. I visit that land which has in a special manner been visited with exhibitions of thy miraculous power; the land in which my fathers worshipped. ‘Oh! that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion. When God bringeth back the captivity of His people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.’

“I am sensible of my sinfulness: I am unworthy of the slightest mark of favour from Thy hand; but cast me not utterly from Thy presence. Save me, O God, by Thy name; take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Thou desirest no other sacrifice than that of a broken spirit and a contrite heart—this I offer to Thee. Dispel Thou now the cloud which afflicts my soul. Enable me to rejoice in Thy salvation, and evermore glorify Thee in my body and spirit, in my life and conversation.

“I desire to record the blessed effect which the reading of the Scriptures has had upon my mind. I desire to read them more attentively, that in future this good may be increased. I have also



determined to read the book, which the Christians call the New Testament. They profess that prophecies in the Old Testament are clearly fulfilled in the New. I intend to see what ground they take. It is true I have heard much, and read much, of the awful character of that book ; and am told that a fearful curse rests upon the reading of it. I cannot think this to be true, where it is intended to increase a knowledge of the difference between the Jew and the Christian. Besides, shall I not be a better Jew for reading it ? Will it not assist to imbue my mind with the proofs of the dreadful mistake which the Christians commit ? I cannot doubt that I am right. Suppose I were conversing with a Christian, how could I give the lie to a book I have never read ? Would he not turn upon me and inquire, ‘ Where is your principle ? ’ The Christians read and study the Old Testament ; and how should I be prepared to prove to them that the New Testament is untrue, if I am unacquainted with the nature of the proofs in favour of Christianity which it contains ? Curiosity, a sense of duty, and a desire to have a well-instructed, well-balanced mind, all impel me forward. Indeed, too, I look at the Christians, and I see no manifestations that a curse rests upon them—shall I, dare I say, that, compared with our own afflicted nation, they are most happy ? it is *true* ; then I will repeat it.

“With sentiments of gratitude to God, I at present close my Cornish journal. May my future one, in addition to the catalogue of mercies, of Divine favours, record also more heartfelt thankfulness for their bestowment, and more ardent longings for an entire devotion of myself to the service of my God and King. Amen.”

It was arranged that their pilgrimage to Asia, should be by way of Switzerland, Italy, Greece, and Turkey. In a journal entitled “Notes of a Tour to the Holy Land,” Leila has given us a most interesting series of remarks upon the places in their course. From this we shall make large quotations; more especially as her reflections upon her spiritual state are in many cases inseparably mixed with the accounts of the emotions, excited by the solemn beauties of nature, as presented to her view.

On the 9th of April, 18—, Leila, in company with her father, left London for Ostend. In the following pathetic lines, she has beautifully expressed the feelings produced in her mind, as she beheld the shores of her native country gradually vanish in the distance :—

“One look, one parting look, and now thy shores,  
Thy happy shores, are vanished, Albion;  
Adieu! Adieu!

What can my grief be?  
Have I not hope, and joy, and happiness?

Is not the world before me, and my home ?  
Have I not with me all I have to love ?  
What can my grief be ? Why am I so sad ?  
Why measures thus mine eye each saucy wave,  
Which coursing drives me onward ?

Why !

There is a spot engirt by those white rocks,  
Most sacred of the earth ; the Mecca's fane  
To which my holiest memory ever kneels—  
*My mother's grave !* a fragrant shrine. From thence  
I distance count, henceforward and for aye."

Arriving at Ostend the pilgrims pursued their way to Cologne.

Thence they steamed up the Rhine ; and in a few slight, but powerful touches, Leila has given her testimony to the living freshness, and unchanging beauty, of the vine-clad banks of that glorious river. "In looking," she says, "upon the smiling fields and rich orchards and luxurious vineyards, with the pretty towns and villages buried amongst them—upon the ancient and hoary castles tottering with age, upon the towering crags which support their foundations, I felt I was living some of the most delicious moments of my life : and I wept with a feeling of unutterable delight. Oh ! how good is God, to provide so much innocent pleasure for the gratification of the senses. Oh ! that men would praise Him for His goodness. I trust that I can trace a feeling of increased thankfulness and gratitude for the

abundant blessings and mercies He has bestowed upon me. May He help and save me, and make me all that is pleasing in His sight: in Him, the Strong, the Almighty, do I put my trust: I will not be afraid. Thy vows are upon me, O God; then come Thou to my present salvation."

Amid scenes of living loveliness, which more and more imbued her mind with the purifying and exalting influences of nature, she approached the Alps. This stupendous range of mountains, proudly rearing their snowy summits to the skies, seemed to her imagination, as something spiritual, which she had seen in her dreams: as something too ethereal to belong to reality.

Proceeding onward they came to the heights of the Jura. "Here," says Leila, "the scene which burst upon our view, far exceeds my powers of description. It was intensely grand and beautiful. The lovely lake of Geneva, lying in a hollow, begirt by the sublimely majestic Alps, which in their turn rouse feelings of wonder and delight; and then the other objects, sweet, chaste, and impressive, which compose the landscape, form an *ensemble* of overpowering magnificence. I was at once reminded of Rousseau's description of a Swiss exile beholding again his native country. I could enter into the passionate ecstasy; as far as a stranger could feel it, it was my own:—

"The moment in which, from the heights of

the Jura, I discovered the lake of Geneva, was one of ecstacy and ravishment. The view of my country, that country so dear to me, where my heart had overflowed with torrents of delight; the Alpine air so salutary and so pure; the soft air of my native soil, sweeter than all the perfumes of the East; this rich and fertile land, this unique landscape! the most beautiful with which the human eye was ever struck! delightful abode, to which I had never found an equal in the world! the aspect of a free and happy people, the sweetness of the season, the serenity of the climate—a thousand delightful recollections, which awakened all the feelings I had tasted there; all this threw me in such transports as I cannot describe, and seemed to give back to me at once the enjoyment of my whole existence!’ ”

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Our travellers lingered awhile to contemplate the lovely Staubbach. “Staubbach,” says Leila, “is like nothing which my richest imagination had depicted or conceived. Its effect is beautiful—indescribable: falling from an immense height (about 900 feet), like a volume of finely powdered snow, gradually widening in the most graceful curves as it descends. Upon it sits an iris of great beauty, so near that you may walk into it; I myself did so. Though so very high, its descent is soft and peaceful.

“I find these scenes of inestimable value in stirring me up to a deeper acquaintance with the Word of God, and also in enlarging my views and conceptions of His majesty, and greatness, and love and power. To gaze upon the bright stars, as one by one they peep from behind the distant peaks, or are seen through the vista of the rocky pass; to watch the fading glories of the setting sun, and mark their brilliant hues as reflected in the clear, deep bosom of the soft lake; how beautiful! how exalting! how impressive!

“I trust that this effect may not be lost upon me; but that, as where much is given, much is also required, I shall be found faithful to my opportunities and privileges. For this I pray earnestly. O God, go not far from me, but arise and deliver me for Thy name's sake. Thou knowest—Thou art my witness—how much I desire that my heart might be rightly guided, and *entirely subdued to Thy service*. ‘As the hart panteth after the brooks of water,’ even thus doth my soul pant for the enjoyment of my God.

“At such seasons as the present, when indisposition and languor affect my body, how practically I feel that no mere earthly good can make me happy. Nothing but the constant presence of Him who fills the earth and heaven, can content my soul. For this, my prayers shall be more earnest and persevering than ever; and though he

seem to tarry, I will endeavour to wait patiently for His coming.

“What can I do? All the curses of God’s broken law seem impending over me; my soul is earthly; the heavens reveal my iniquity! And God is ‘a just God.’ But, too, he is inexhaustible in mercy. He is a Being all love. O that I and my sins may be swallowed up in its pure unsearchable sea. O Thou Eternal! I appeal to Thee if I do not love Thee with my whole heart. Thou knowest that with all my soul I desire to serve Thee.

“I can scarcely write for weeping: often I spend the night watches restless, and watering my couch with my tears. I am in a strait of bitter darkness—darkness which may be felt. *I know not the way of salvation.* In the Talmud I have no faith—I can have no faith. The more I read the lovely Scripture, the more clearly do I perceive that that book is *altogether a fabrication of man.* I can believe nothing else; nay, more, I feel that for worlds I could not insult God by imputing it to Him, or supposing that he had any thing to do with its being written. And the Mosaic law I cannot fulfil; it is impossible for me and all our nation. Lord, help me and save! O that Thou wouldst take compassion on my woeful state, and teach me what to do.

“My condition so oppresses my spirits, that to

elevate them I often write, and endeavour to make myself believe, that God will enable me to rejoice in His salvation, although I cannot tell why, nor how, for if I can understand the Scripture, there are clearly conditions which must be fulfilled. I repent, heartily repent; my heart is indeed broken on account of sin——.”

She has left this painful entry unfinished.

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[After visiting Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples, they bade adieu to Italy, and turned to the equally classic land of Greece, embarking in an English vessel bound to Athens.]



## CHAPTER IV.

THE JOURNEY CONTINUED.—ATHENS.—THE ÆGEAN SEA.—  
CONSTANTINOPLE.

LANDING at the harbour of the Piræus, Leila and her father lingered to contemplate the lovely islands anchored off the blue Ægean, the gulf and rock of Salamis, the ancient Sunium, the chain of marble mountains which enclose the plain of Attica, the temples of Phidias on the top of the Acropolis, the olive groves of the Academus, immortalized by Plato and his disciples; and then slowly drove into the city of Athens.

“Visited the Acropolis,” (we quote from Leila), “the beautiful, venerable, and hoary Acropolis, with its magnificent ruins. Thence I turned to the Parthenon, and with my eye fixed upon its mouldering but majestic desolation, I reclined in the delicious shadow of the temple of Erechtheus. There I sat for hours, looking upon its fallen columns, which in immense blocks, were scattered upon the pavement by the side of its broken capitals.

“On a piece of ruin before me sat a Grecian girl, whose picturesque costume, in my imagination, added much to the poetry of the scene. On

the crown of her head she wore the close, red cap of Albania. Her temples were bound by a rich muslin turban, elegantly tied by a costly band set with pearls, and from thence it depended almost to the shoulder, the end being finished by a tassel. Her dark hair, enwreathed with pearls, fell in thick ringlets upon her neck. A loose robe, open in front, was negligently thrown across her shoulders, leaving her wrists (on which she wore bracelets) and part of her arms bare. Beneath this was a gown of striped silk, and white stockings and yellow shoes completed her elegant attire. Her look was pensive, with somewhat of melancholy, but very intellectual, clearly indicating a mind superior to that of Greek women in general; and—I can scarcely tell why—but I felt for her such an affectionate interest, such a desire for intimate communion of soul, as quite oppressed me when I reflected it could not be.

“From contemplating the Parthenon, I turned to the Propylea, and the temple of Erechtheus, and of the Caryatides: all these are close to the Parthenon. But majestic as they are—magnificent as they are, the mind is incapable of receiving their adequate impression through comparison with the great Majesty itself. In the contemplation of that, the soul has expanded all its strength—it is full of the true emotions of sublimity, and has no chord left to be excited by the others. As

I gazed upon these great and almost superhuman efforts of genius, I was transported in admiration and praise of that great and lovely Being, who is the source of all mind, whom to know is the highest wisdom, whom to serve is happiness, whom to love is *heaven*. O, that all this may be the experience of my soul! I do not despair. The hand of the Lord is not shortened that it cannot save. He will lead my ignorant, guilty soul to drink of the fountains of repose. He will teach me. O, I am sometimes quite animated with hope! My trust is in God, I shall yet praise Him: soon He shall arise upon my soul, and His glory, yes, *His* glory shall scatter this night, which prevents my knowing or doing any thing aright, and I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation. In a spiritual sense, I do record it, that at the present moment, I am more happy than usual. I can confidently rely upon the Divine direction in those momentous considerations which now engross my mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

“In the midst of the ruins of what was once Athens, rises a precipitous mountain. It is surrounded by enormous walls. At their base, they are constructed of fragments of white marble; higher up, with ruins of columns and broken friezes. Its summit, which is levelled to receive the foundation of temples of the gods, contains an

area of, perhaps, upwards of a hundred thousand square feet. From its top is obtained one of the most beautiful views of all the space which was ancient Athens, and the country which surrounded it—divested, indeed, of most of its gorgeous splendour, its thousand temples fallen to decay, the great wall of the Piræus broken and mouldering into dust, the magnificent Parthenon mutilated and destroyed by Venetian cannon, the slopes of yon beautiful amphitheatre of mountains, once clothed in forests, in pastures, in groves of vines, and citron, and oranges, and olives, in towns and villages—all, all desolate and depopulated; but notwithstanding this, one glance over to that lovely horizon, the recollection of which since I saw it, has haunted me both awake and asleep—one glance on the glorious colouring of the scene, will fill the soul with emotions most deep, and noble, and sublime.

“ With a heart beating quick from association and memory, you take a first hasty look—are overpowered by the comparison of ancient and modern Athens—of the city and surrounding country when Plato stood, and taught, and admired on that very spot where you now stand, and its present ruin and decay. You imagine for a moment, that you see the port of Phalerus, the harbour of the Piræus, the sea of Athens, and the gulf of Corinth, as in ancient times, covered with

forests of masts, and snowy sails, and proud flags, trembling in the classic air; that you hear the murmurs of the busy tribe within the mighty capital, and the sound of the sonorous hammer as it detaches the huge blocks of marble, from the quarries of Pentelicus; that you see the people pressing in a wavering mass towards the very place where you are now seated, to burn incense and offer sacrifice to their imaginary deities; that you hear the declaim of the mighty orator, and the plaudits of the delighted audience. You *feel* what you have imagined; and then look again, and behold the present solitude and ruin—you turn away weeping. Let your tears flow! the ground is consecrated to remembrance!”

At Nauplia they embarked for the Turkish capital.

Their course lay among the beautiful islands of the Ægean, “amid scenes,” writes Leila, “enrapturing in beauty and classical interest.” Delos, Syra, Myconi, Scio, Lesbos, Lemnos, were each in turn intensely attractive objects. At length they entered the Dardanelles, the ancient Hellespont, and passing Sestos and Abydos, they soon arrived at Constantinople.

Here Leila found scenes full of intense interest. “Every day,” she says, “I ascend the belvedere upon the top of our house, and give myself to dreamy and delicious contemplations. The beau-

tiful objects around me fill my soul with the most charming images, and the most sublime emotions ; yet, as often as I go, I experience an increased delight."

The walls of Constantinople are now in ruins. "I know," writes Leila, "no walk in the whole city of Stamboul which I prefer to that by its decayed walls. That triple line of immense battlements is now in ruins, and covered with ivy. It is four miles in length, and surmounted with two hundred and eighteen towers. From the historical scenes connected with it, and which have been so beautifully described by Gibbon, every step along it is full of the deepest interest. On the other side of the road are those lovely spots, the Turkish burying grounds, full of lofty and luxuriant cypresses, and interspersed with the choicest flowers of the East. In them I spend many hours. I love to visit every repository of the dead wherever I go. Meditations upon death and eternity are, with me, favourite ones ; and no means should be neglected, which have the effect of making the mind familiar with that solemn event which must soon arrive, and through which we must pass to heaven. O, that when it comes, it may find me prepared to meet it ! O, that, at that season, I may have that Divine support, and that blessed hope of heaven, which shall encircle my brow with composure and my spirit with calmness and de-

light ! Then—yes, *then*—I will meet him with a smile, I will welcome him as my dearest friend. His gloomy valley passed, I shall be for ever with my Lord—ever in the presence of Him whom my soul loveth. Lord, prepare me, I beseech Thee ! O, lift up the light of thy reconciled countenance upon me, for the sake of Him whom Thou hast promised shall be our Saviour from the retribution which our sins have deserved ! I tremble with emotions of fear, uncertainty,—*uncertainty* ?—O, I do not know myself ! I do not know my conviction ! I do not know what to do ! I sometimes scarcely dare to think, lest I am——. Lord, do teach me ; do make me happy ! O, give me Thyself ; convince me, show me the truth ; yet hast Thou not answered my prayers for guidance ? surely, Thou hast made my way plain. Lord, Thou knowest me altogether ; I cannot disguise my heart from Thee. I fear no trial, no loss of friends, no difficulties, so that I am not offending Thee, but am living according to Thy written word, and believing every thing which Thou—— I may not write. Lord, make me to know thee ; and, if it be necessary, I will forsake all to follow Thee, and to serve Thee. O, I love Thy delightful service !”

To the present part of her diary, Leila carefully abstains from making any reference to the cause of all this commotion. With the fact that she had



commenced to read the New Testament, we are already acquainted. But to explain her turmoil and agitation of mind, and the reason of her remark, "I may not write," we must refer to her writings of a later date. And in these she tells us, that until she had obtained a clear conviction, she carefully abstained from making any remarks which palpably referred to a belief in Jesus as the Messiah : she knew that if they were found, they would subject her to the severest trials.

Who does not feel emotions of deep sympathy while reading such a portraiture ? How faithfully does it depict the tossing and uncertainty of her mind ? "When I begin to write," she says, elsewhere, "I am in such a whirl of doubt, fear, and conviction that I can hardly trust myself. But, it would not be thus with me, if I had any one to whom I could lay open my soul. Oh, no ! I shall be glad to return to England ; here, I cannot have any books to help me ; no, nor yet sympathy, except from my Lord : and I do praise him for those seasons of inexpressible comfort which I receive from His love. I am determined that I will simply follow where He leads, no matter how great my earthly difficulties."

And now we turn to our narrative.

After a season of the "richest delight" at Constantinople, they embarked for Smyrna. As they sailed down the Dardanelles, Leila cast a longing



lingering look towards the city, with its magnificent domes and minarets, and then turned away to enjoy fresh and not less lovely scenes. Their course lay among some of the most beautiful islands which stud the blue Ægean. Their wild and sunny grandeur, their sublime rocks, their deep inlets, were favourite contemplations for Leila.

## CHAPTER V.

THE JOURNEY CONTINUED.—ANTIOCH.—JERUSALEM.—AC-  
COUNT OF THE HOLY LAND.—THE RETURN HOME.

AFTER a stay at Smyrna, which did not exceed many hours, they proceeded in the same ship to Cyprus, and thence they went on to Antioch.

“The present city of Antioch,” says Leila, “although superior in size to any other of the towns upon the coast, is not beautiful, scarcely handsome, for it is not well built. There is not one of the public buildings which strikes the observer as being worthy of particular notice, but the view of the town and valley from an eminence is picturesque, even pretty. The streets are very narrow, and not particularly clean. On each side of them is a raised pavement for foot passengers, and in the middle a deep defile for the horses, but it is seldom that this is sufficiently wide to admit of two horses passing each other. The river Orontes winds through the valley, at about three miles an hour. It is here about a hundred and thirty feet wide, and crossed by an old but really romantic and picturesque bridge of four arches. The bazaars are very numerous, and in them may be purchased all the usual articles of demand.

Here are several fountains, all rather ordinary ones. One is called the Ain-el-Omra, or fountain of life. The water which it supplies is very beautiful, and being supposed to possess medicinal virtues, is a great resort of the afflicted. Between the stones are great quantities of nails driven in by these persons, either as a propitiatory or a thank-offering to the imaginary genius of the spring. The Jews here are quite unmolested in the exercise of their peculiar observances. There are twenty-one families of them, and they meet in a small room in the rabbi's house. The mosques are fourteen in number. Six of these, in the purely Turkish style of architecture, have tall white minarets, close galleries, and blue pointed tops, surmounted by the crescent. The men wear cloth kaooks, long robes, red trousers, and yellow boots. The women wear white muslin, and veil their faces with black gauze. Indeed, both men and women are Turkish in their dress, taste, and language.

They were now approaching the ancient land of Canaan. And let us by no language of our own trespass upon Leila's most touching account of the sacred and holy feelings and associations awakened in her bosom, as she first saw it stretched before her in all its goodly beauty :—

“How languid is this land which once throbbed with animation and warm delight! How silent

those groves and valleys which were wont to echo the notes of softened and joyous music! How desolate and solitary those plains which were the garden of the Lord!—a land of fountains, springs, and murmuring streams, of wheat, and barley, and grapes, and olives, and fig-trees, and pomegranates. of oil, and milk, and honey. These hills and dales which even still repose in placid and sunny beauty, are the Jewish father-land; those smiling plains their home—alas! how could I say their *home*?  
 Poor

‘Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,  
 How shall ye flee away and be at rest?  
 The wild dove has her nest, the fox his cave,  
 Mankind their country, *Israel but the grave.*’

“They are homeless wanderers—exiles. Jerusalem, although so dear, is not now theirs. They are permitted to remain on this their ancient soil only by tolerance. Not an inch can be claimed as their own. A Turk may scare them from the tomb of their father Abraham. A look upon the hallowed spot which contains the ashes of their fathers must be obtained by stealth. Their land has been

‘Trodden down  
 By all in turn, Pagan, and Frank, and Tartar—  
 So runs the dreadful anathema—trodden down  
 Beneath the oppressor; darkness shrouding thee  
 From every blessed influence of Heaven;  
 Thus hast thou lain for ages iron-bound  
 As with a curse.’

—‘Iron-bound as with a curse.’ May that be true? O! if I will believe the truth I fear it is. How else am I to explain the position of our people through the past eighteen centuries? What adequate cause can be assigned for our long protracted and unexampled chastisement? Our fathers, who were guilty of idolatry, the greatest crime they could possibly commit against God as their King and lawgiver, were only punished with a captivity in Babylon of seventy years’ continuance, but though we have ever since entertained the utmost abhorrence of idols, and have not as a people been chargeable with greater vices than other nations, yet that captivity, in which we are at present, has lasted more than twenty-five times seventy. What can be the crime which our ancestors committed, and of which to the present we have not repented, that the hand of the Lord has lain, and still lies, so heavily upon us? Whatever it is, it must be some act or deed of a most atrocious character, which they perpetrated before our dispersion: an act or deed in the approval of which we have unchangingly persisted, and the guilt of which we have obstinately refused to acknowledge.

“I have read our national records, and I find but one act to which all our nation have in every age given their unanimous, and persevering, and really obstinate adhesion. It is the crucifixion

of Jesus, the Son of God. That he was the Messiah I no longer doubt. The New Testament agrees with the Old. In the 26th chapter of St Matthew I find the fulfilment of the 53d of Isaiah O, what glories it has unfolded to my view! I thank my God and Father for the palpable influence and assistance of His Holy Spirit, while engaged in its delightful reading. I am not now afraid to write; I am no longer intimidated. I never feared the curse of the Rabbis; and, therefore, I have endeavoured to calculate the time of the prophecies which relate to the coming of the Messiah. These are, I think, in almost every case, expired; in all perhaps. But O, my nation, with what heart-rending agony of soul must I view this act! The innocent Jesus—terrible thought!—that He who is the Saviour of His people, should have been by our nation crucified, and afterwards sneered at as the *Talui*.\* That the Divine Redeemer of the world, the promised Messiah, should be blasphemed in the miserable, insane Toldoth Jeshu. Weep, weep! ye Jews, for your iniquities; let your wails rise to heaven, long, loud, and deep. O, what will ye feel—who shall describe your poignant grief when the Spirit of God convinces you of this guilt—the פשערה.† The very land in which it was committed weeps, looks mournful, and is desolate.

\* The "Crucified One."

† The great transgression.

“My heart is very full. I have read the lovely Gospel, but I am a poor, ignorant, benighted creature, and cannot understand it as I wish. O, that I were in England! that I might obtain more knowledge from the servants of Christ. I am now tossed in a whirlwind of thought, all-engrossing, yet so agitated and indefinite that I can select no language to portray it. It is an *agony* of soul. I wish to be a Christian. O Lord! calm my troubled spirit. Do of thy loving-kindness guide me to thy simple truth. Let me rest and be at peace beneath the canopy of Thy love. Teach me *Thy* law of liberty, as Thou in Thy Word hast described; and having taught me Thy will, assist me to follow Thee, to give up my own, whatever shall happen to my body. Amen.

“Now, my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, my hope is in Thee, my prayer is unto Thee; in the multitude of Thy mercy hear me. Deliver me out of the mire, and let me not sink, and out of these deep waters, that they may not overflow me.”

Almost immediately upon their arrival at Jerusalem, Leila was visited with a severe and wasting illness. “I am just recovering from the most severe illness I ever had. Throughout my indisposition I received much Divine support, yet I have not that indwelling peace I desire to have, and which it is clearly my privilege to possess.

I want the evidence that I am what God would have me be. Although I earnestly pray for this evidence, all seems dark and mysterious. Lord, arise and scatter my darkness for the Redeemer's sake. O, let me, unworthy, miserable, sinful *me*, obtain thy promised salvation! Amen.

"It is a solemn scene! From my window I see the Mount of Olives, the deep ravine that forms the bed of the brook Kedron, and the valley of Jehoshaphat where my fathers lie buried. Beneath me lies most of the Holy City. With a slight turn of my head, I see the Mount Moriah, and the enclosure where once stood the Temple of the Lord. Again shifting my view, I see the few thin-leaved olives which are supposed to mark the garden of Gethsemane—the scene of the agony of the Divine Redeemer! A solemn calmness hovers everywhere around me. My spirit harmonizes with the time and scene."

The illness of Leila resolved her father that they would proceed no further in their pilgrimage; although his original intention was to visit the Dead Sea, and various parts of Arabia Petrea. As soon, therefore, as she was sufficiently recovered to be removed, they left Jerusalem for Jaffa, its port: there they embarked for Alexandria.

After an inconsiderable stay at Alexandria, they left for England (*via* France) in a government steam-ship.



\* \* \* \* \*

In France they made no stay, but proceeded directly homeward; and it was not long ere they safely arrived at their sweet mansion in Cornwall.

On the day following their arrival, Leila remarks in her diary: "I am very grateful while I acknowledge the many mercies and kind providences we have experienced, since I left this, my loved closet. Our travel has been one of rich and pure enjoyment; but I am very thankful to be again at *home*. I feel a blissful assurance that I am about to enter upon a life of blessing and happiness; and my delight is beyond expression"

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## CHAPTER VI.

### LEILA'S CONVERSION.

WE are now brought to the most interesting portion of Leila's life—her conversion to Christianity.

It has already appeared that her belief in the tenets of Judaism had received an irremediable shake; the absurd fables of the Talmud were cast aside as unworthy of a thought, and the trammels of rabbinical authority completely burst asunder. On her return to England she was only waiting for more instruction in the articles of the Christian belief, to dispose her to embrace it with all her heart. One of her first objects, therefore, was, she says, "to find a company of simple, earnest Christians."

At a small village, distant about three miles from her residence, there was a chapel in which was exercised such a ministry as she desired. This was the nearest place of Christian worship which presented itself, and it was here she began to attend. Being aware that a knowledge of this would call down the severest displeasure of her father, her visits to it were by stealth, and, chiefly indeed, except in one or two instances, solely by

night ; and she always sat closely veiled. The way to the chapel was through a long, dreary, and solitary lane ; but, at all hours, when it was possible for her to be present at the services, Leila might be found, unattended, wending her way among the gloomy trees. Her natural timidity was painful, and her dread of walking alone at night unconquerable, until now that an earnest desire for the salvation of her soul made her superior to any bodily fear she might entertain. In her own pleasing way, she says, " I was dreadfully frightened during my first essays in the dark, I usually ran the very utmost of the distance that I could ; my agitation and terror of mind being, during the whole time, indescribable. Hurrying in this manner, the whole distance from our house to the chapel was frequently done in a few minutes over half-an-hour ; but, by prayer, all my terror was removed, and although I continued to be just as fearful of going any where else, yet I could always go to, and return from, my dear chapel without the slightest perturbation of mind, feeling quite sure that my Father would give me His protection."

We have said that, during the first part of her attendance, she kept herself strictly secret, even from the congregation ; but, as the influence of the Holy Spirit applied each discourse more and more powerfully to her mind, this fear subsided,

and, in proportion, she felt an increased desire to unbosom herself to some Christian friend, who would sympathize with, and still further instruct her in that glorious cause to which she had now engaged her whole heart. Being assured that this would assist her to the attainment of that peace she so ardently desired, she conferred not with flesh and blood, but, with that fearless decision in favour of duty which ever characterized her, she resolved to seek an interview with her minister. This was easily obtained ; and she describes it as “ a blessed season : ” and says, further, “ It has stirred me up to seek the Lord fully—to agonize with a determination not to rest till I am accepted in the Saviour—till my mourning is turned into joy.” And, again, “ O, for that earnest, child-like simplicity and faith of which Mr. — [her minister] told me. I want to take the Word of God simply just as it is. This is the faith of the New Testament : this is the faith God requires, and will have in order to my salvation. Lord, save me ! increase my faith ; increase it largely—mightily ; confirm my hope, and fan my love for Thee into a mighty flame ! ”

She was an earnest and humble seeker of the truth as it is in Jesus. Her heart had now become intent upon one great business—the salvation of her soul, and to this end she used every means, and every effort, regardless of personal conse-

quences. This, we think, is abundantly set forth in the entries made in her diary at this important period.

March 31st, 1848.—Eternal Father ! how continually does the manna of Thy love drop around my tabernacle. How every day brings me fresh proofs of the affectionate care that Thou hast for my soul ; and at its close I am called on to adore Thy long-suffering with my sinfulness. Multiplied mercies make up the sum of my existence. Oh ! how I praise, how I love that love which could leave the realms of uncreated blessedness, to endure the suffering which my sins had incurred, and thus introduce me to the immortality of glory. Truly the whole of my redemption is an unsearchable mystery. I wonder how I ever succeeded in persuading myself to expect forgiveness without a sacrifice for sin. But I bless Thee, O Jesus ! my Teacher, that Thou in much mercy hast, quite unknown to myself, directed all my steps ; and when no earthly hand was near to assist me, no human voice to pour the balm of sympathy into my heart, Thou gavest me comfort. Wondrous was the goodness ! unspeakable the love ! Oh ! I sometimes fear I am ungrateful ; that I do not think of and value it enough. Dearest Redeemer ! help me to adore Thee for that illumination which enabled me to see that in Thee, my beloved Lord and Saviour, the old covenant was done away, and

the new one established for evermore. With trembling awe during the still shadows of midnight, I muse on what Thou hast done for me, upon the course which in wondrous mercy Thou hast led me, and feel my spirit fill with love, so that with exulting tears I exclaim, "My beloved is mine, and I am his! His desire towards me is love." Surely, my Jesus, these were exercises of faith. Sweet peace has filled my soul at such seasons, and introduced a taste of heaven. Why did I not keep the grace imparted? Oh, help me, my precious Redeemer! Give me the comforts of Thy Holy Spirit, that I may *rejoice* in Thee. Thy name, my Jesus, dwells on my lips, and fires my tongue. And now this full heart and these joyful thankful tears testify how much I desire salvation by it. O let me have a *constant* experience of the joy and peace of believing. For this I pray fervently; and without it my soul looks in vain for happiness.

Very blessed has been the consequence of my attendance upon the Christian services. They have imparted to me a calmness to which during the preceding months I was a stranger, and have enlightened my understanding of God's holy Word, in its *practical* character, in a very large degree: and I think if I had made myself known I might have, before this, received such encouragement as should have enabled me to feel that rest they

speak of. I feel condemned in this respect : my fear seems to defy conquering. Lord help me in this my strait. Suffering must come if I will worship Thee. And if I suffer for Thee, Thou hast promised me that to reign with Thee shall be my reversion. Why do I fear, when the God of all the heaven and earth is engaged in my behalf?

*Night of the same day.*—Oh, how I have changed ! The few past hours have indeed been spent in sadness and sorrow of heart. I have been much cast down. Dreadful thoughts pass through my mind. My soul is filled with darkness and blasphemous ideas. I can hardly save myself from uttering the curses of our books against the Lord of glory.\* They are always present to me, and I fear I have said them. Lord, help me. Where are past feelings ? Hast thou indeed surrendered me up to perdition ? Oh, in mercy, blessed Jesus,

\* Awfully bitter are some of these. Far be it from my heart to explain the heavy temptation which the lovely Leila was suffering, and accuse my Jewish brethren, by writing their curses against the high and lofty name, to which every knee shall bow. It is enough to say that He is generally spoken of as “the hanged one ;” and on the ninth of Ab, when the destruction of the temple is commemorated, the crimes of the nation bewailed, and His name mentioned, they spit and say, “May His name be blotted out.”



in mercy speak with that voice which in the days of Thy sojourn amongst men could calm the fury of the tempests, and heal those possessed with the spirit of evil ; oh, speak to my soul, and tranquillise my tumultuous spirit ! Oh, my aching head, my throbbing temples ! Lord, Jehovah God, what have I done that Thou shouldst forsake me ? But, why do I say this, when I will believe that the fault lies in my own wicked heart ? I go from room to room and from book to book in vain. And this solitude, where I hoped perchance to meet the calm I have so often here experienced, is worse than all. I will seek dearest papa, and resting my weary head upon his beloved bosom, will yet be happy.

April 1st.—To day I am rather more calm, but very unhappy ; and the excitement of last evening has left a feeling of weakness of mind and body, which entirely incapacitates me for exertion. Papa has observed my agitation. He imputes it to bodily illness, and I am every minute in expectation of a visit from our physician. He would not allow me to desire that he might not be sent for.

As yet my mind is not free from the dreadful cloud. I have engaged in prayer with much earnestness, but yet without result. But, what gives me most grief is the feeling, which haunts me constantly, that God is unkind and cares nothing for



me. Still, I will hope in Him; He is my all. I desire nothing but to know that in everything He is pleased with me.

Oh, that my dear friend Emily\* were home; for then I should have the Christian aid I so greatly need. I have no one to sympathise with me. I must wait with patience; and I have a sweet hope that heaven at last will be my home.

Alas! that I should write so despondingly—I who am created to glorify God in the land of unclouded light and perfect felicity. I am unhappy, because I have sinned. And is there no one to save me? If I have not an earthly friend, is there none to whom I can fly for succour? Yes, there is ONE. To Thee, O God, my Saviour, I will cling, fully certain that thou lovest me, and wilt not refuse thine aid. If I am weak, Thou wilt gently lead me, and temper the wind to Thy shorn Lamb. Hear me, gracious Lord. Let Thy Spirit descend into my heart that pants to receive it, so that I may be rightly guided, and made pure. Once more, I pray Thee, O King and Keeper of Israel, to guard me that I sin not, and spare me, if it be Thy pleasure, from new sorrows.

\* Who was still abroad. She did not return to Leila until the week during which she was denied her father's presence; and then commenced a friendship which, for oneness and beauty, was an image of heaven.

But, though I should even walk  
Through the shadowy vale of death,  
I will advance and fear not ;  
For Thou art with me :  
Thy rod and Thy staff  
Are my support for ever.

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May 18th.—“If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.” On these words of Him who is Truth itself, I will rely, believing that whatever He has promised He will perform. Not one doubt have I respecting my eternal safety ; I confide in the atonement of Jesus, my Lord, and I have repose. The services of last Sunday were much blessed to me. While engaged in them, I received inexpressible comfort ; even much holy peace and love, and sweet anticipations of the rest of heaven. Vain world ! what are thy comforts ? Lighter than a vapour, compared with those I seek.

Although I have not that happy, holy feeling which I more and more clearly see the soul must have that is united to its Heavenly Source, yet I will receive these visitations as a pledge, that, in my Lord's own time, I shall have a perfect union with himself. Oh, I long for this ; for then I shall be very happy. My Jesus ! Thou knowest how very dearly I love thee. Oh, condescend to come into my poor heart, and make it Thy temple.

Without this vital union with my God, I must often be uneasy and restless. There is one thing I would especially have before me—the uncertainty with which the Jewish religion is believed in by all who will think, has produced in me quite a *habit* of reasoning and doubting. I see the evil of this, and I pray for strength to conquer it. For this end I must be watchful, and ever remember that DOUBT is a word which does not belong to the vocabulary of a Christian. To him everything is true and fixed; yea and amen, in the Lord Jesus Christ. O God, strengthen me ever thus to act.

But, oh! the future, how often it casts a veil of deep sadness over my spirit, especially when I am receiving the ever recurring expressions of the love of my precious papa. At such times I have been compelled to leave him to hide my sadness, and shed abundance of tears. It depresses me dreadfully when I think of our relation; I imagine to myself the change if he knew what I had done. Sometimes I fear to live as I do with him is using hypocrisy. I hope I am not. But, oh! it is so hard to make it known. I would fondly continue the sweet dream of affection, such as is seldom bestowed upon a child, a little longer. I tremble at the possibility of separation from him so far as the endearments of intercourse are concerned. Oh! it is more than I can bear. But I have adopted

my Saviour's will; and, whatever it is, it must be done.

Oh, my precious parent! if upon my knees and with many tears I could but convince you of the truth. Oh, do believe, and be merciful to me! How I love you, how my heart feels about you. Oh, will you be kind when I speak? Will you hear me? May I speak now? Might I hope for your smile and affectionate kiss, when I have done? Would you give your Leila the joy of seeing you serve your Saviour too? Father, dear, I shall sink, if you will take me from your love. Oh, what relief I could find in begging you to mildly listen, while weeping on your bosom, I told my happy confidence in Jesus! But hush my rebellious heart; it is for Jesus thou art called to endure conflict. Trust Him for strength sufficient to thy need. What have I to do with the events of my life but submit myself to them! When dearest papa knows that I have become a Christian, as soon he must, let me receive whatever he says as sent from God. Lord, help me from carefulness about it. Preserve me in peace, for I have given up myself without reserve unto Thee. Do not I desire Thy favour beyond anything else that can concern me? Oh, then, calm my spirit in this respect! When the sorrow comes, it may not be so great as I am prone to imagine. Oh, direct me in

it ; and comfort me with the assurance that, once having passed it, such a serenity will be diffused through my soul, as will more, much more, than compensate my present anguish.

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Probably it was about this time that Leila sought an interview with her minister.

Everything connected with Leila is impressed with a sacred value in the feeling of the circle whom she has left to mourn her early call away ; and the letters I have received from those who have seen her memoir tell me, that amongst her readers this feeling obtains in a very large degree. Some of the testimonies of this kind I recur to with pure and thankful delight : and as her life is thus felt, I write an account of this interview, as it was given me on a late visit to Leila's home, by the daughter of the gentleman under whose ministry she sat.

The visit, she says, of a veiled lady to our church, even when it was only the first time, produced a not unnatural curiosity ; and when the visit was again and again repeated, the wonder was proportionately increased. Who could she be ? What was her motive in coming ? Why did she preserve such an inviolable incognito ? These were the questions that occurred to several. Her figure and movements indicated that she was young ; her patrician elegance of

manner proclaimed her breeding and rank ; her devout deportment in the house of God evidenced the power of religion on her heart. Beyond this nothing could be known. It was believed that the hymns and sermons greatly affected her ; and this received additional confirmation by the use she often made of her handkerchief. Father thought she should be spoken to ; but it was so clear by her manner that she declined conversation, and wished to preserve secrecy, that he felt it impossible to put the wish into practice.

But she herself was about to unriddle the mystery. One morning, when both my parents were from home together, taking their usual ride, as I was looking from our window down the avenue, I saw a young lady, whom I directly recognised as Miss T.—, for we already knew both herself and her father by sight—approaching on horseback. Being the only member of our family at home, I went to the door myself to welcome her, and, if she intended to stay, to assist her to dismount. I had never spoken to her before, but it is needless to say that I quickly entertained unbounded esteem for her disposition. I thought her one for whose society the word *fascinating* seemed expressly made, and we were soon engaged in a conversation in which she delighted me by her easy cheerfulness, and extensive and varied learning ; and yet, though I could not

help observing my inequality in respect of knowledge, there was such a sweet simplicity and delicate sensibility about her, as quite prevented me from feeling any inferiority. At last she said somewhat abruptly,

“ I came here to request the kind attentions of your papa ; but if you would love me so well as to take the trouble upon yourself, I had much rather. In truth, I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. I have attended your papa’s ministry since I came home, and I have suffered much through want of a Christian friend, to whom I could tell all that is in my heart ; for you may suppose I am very ignorant.”

The unveiling of her soul, with that genuine simplicity and humility for which she was so conspicuous, that followed this announcement, was delightful indeed. We were still talking when my father returned. The introduction was at once made. I was about to leave. She requested me to stay. I explained to father the object of her visit ; and you may suppose his joy to find that the mysterious lady about whom he had felt so much was Miss T., the Jewish young lady, whose benevolent visits to the poor around her had been so often testified by their blessings and tears—that, then, it was Miss T. come to inquire respecting Christianity. Tears came into her eyes as she gratefully marked his pleasure ; a



long converse followed, and after luncheon she departed. And though after-circumstances prevented us from having much intimacy with each other, yet they permitted a little ; and the time thus spent I shall ever cherish as one of the sweetest remembrances of my life.

The lady's father was fully satisfied of Leila's safety. He saw that she had indeed passed from death unto life. This he told her, and kindly described to her the error, with the results of it, too, which injures the peace of many a devoted child of God—that is, connecting enjoyment with safety. He showed her the simplicity of the feeling which Christ requested. She was only asked to use the act of faith in His atonement ; the gift of the Holy Spirit to lead her into all truth, and advance her into God was His own act. For this additional covenant she was to ask, and wait for it in quiet expectation ; but never for a moment allow the want of it to damp her confidence, or cause her to doubt her acceptance.

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[Again we find in her diary :]—

July 24th.—He whose name is the Holy One hath done great and wondrous things for me.



Each morning may I give myself up entirely to His service, and renew my dedication every evening. Oh, how I rejoice; how I bless the Lord my Saviour, while I record the sweet happiness He constantly vouchsafes me. Peace, His death-bequest, is mine. Glorious Emmanuel, I love Thee! Thy cross is my theme, and my hope of the endless, unutterable bliss of heaven. To Thy Holy Name be glory, blessing, and honour for ever.

Hitherto Thou hast graciously sustained my heart amidst all my languor and inconstancy, and enabled me to go forward without doubt of Thy assistance; though too often I have been faithless, and allowed the uncertain future to depress my spirit, and deprive me of my peaceful repose in Thee, when I should rather have been occupied in praising Thy love. For this I now express unfeigned sorrow, and my hope that I shall have grace to do so no more. What Thy will concerning me is I soon shall know; and oh! may I, having taken Thee as my strength and guide, never act so dishonourably as to sink in circumstances of less trial than many worldly persons would go through victoriously.

I am writing my altered views in a letter which I intend to convey to my dear father in some way. It seems to me the best mode of making them known, and also the most likely to incline him to

regard me favourably. I certainly could not preserve my memory in sufficient command to say much to him personally ; this effect my agitation would produce, even if he were willing to hear me speak at length.

And oh, my Saviour ! fail me not in that trying moment when I shall be spoken to, perhaps in tones of sorrow, by that beloved parent, for whom I have always blessed Thee with much joy, and from whom I have been accustomed to hear only words of love and purest endearment. Oh, my full heart ! how it glows with intense affection for him. He is a beautiful, a lovely papa. If he might love Jesus ! How sweet the thought ! I will yet cherish it. My dearest Redeemer, I thank Thee with all my heart for the happiness which my much-loved papa has been the instrument of shedding over my life. And oh ! when he speaks to me, let the efficacy of Thy salvation be proved in my holy calmness and obedience. Do hear me in this, gracious Lord !

At this moment I make a renewed determination in His strength, who is Almighty to save, that I will surrender myself up to Him more fully than I have yet been able to do. I will endeavour to press forward in the life Divine with greater earnestness ; I will pray more often, more constantly, that I may drink deeper and deeper into the Spirit of my God. Then I need fear no evil.

no temptation. What are these to me? "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." This is the victory declared by the Captain of my salvation; I will trust in it, and enjoy calmness and repose. He will ever be with me. His name is love. All His footsteps are love.

Indeed, too, I should take much courage from the thought that very soon this rude world must pass away from me for ever, and I shall rise to my sweet immortal home, where Jesus lives and reigns in every spirit. Oh, glorious thought! It lifts my head. In that region of cloudless light and love, my native home, my soul shall shine with unsullied purity for ever, and my peace be deepened with eternity. In the pernicious atmosphere of earth, I see everything as through a glass, dimly. There I shall see all things as they really are, and know even as I am known. How sweet that holy bliss! I long to call it mine. And it will not be long in coming.

Oh! what a lovely thing is religion! What a pure and never-failing spring of happiness!

Aug. 7th.—Now that the inward witness of Christianity pervades my soul, I find it an irrefutable proof of its divinity. If there were no other conviction of the truth of its origin that I could obtain, I should rest utterly satisfied—nay, more than satisfied. I could desire nothing

greater; nothing which could more effectually resist all the arguments of unbelief. Oh! how I am blessed! I rejoice that ever I was created to enjoy the love of my God. Amazing love is Thine, O Father! and when I think upon it, my heart is full and vibrates with gratitude; for then I think upon Thy greatness and beauty, and with this comes the knowledge that all Thy glorious attributes unite to assure me of my eternal peace and joy, that all engage to produce peace in my soul.

If such is the glorious inheritance of my spirit, how insignificant, oh! how mean is all earthly grandeur, and even earthly devotion, in comparison of that I shall one day be permitted to witness and to share! What bliss! what glory will the children of God then possess. We shall then receive blessings of which our present powers cannot form the slightest conception. I love to think of that holy place. I shall gladly hear the summons which calls me away from this scene of bitterness and strife.

Vain world! what hast thou to offer? Even thy best pleasures are more elusive than the moonlight shadow; but those I seek are substantial and eternal.

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“Oh, that I could express half that I feel of love to that gracious Being who has kept me hitherto,

and led me from my deep darkness into spiritual light. I have not yet the evidence that He has pardoned my sins through the blood of the Atonement—through my Jesus, but I earnestly pray for it; I am determined to agonize for it in simple faith. I know, I believe—oh, yes! *I do believe*—that Jesus died for me. I thirst, I pant for the Spirit of adoption, whereby I shall be enabled to cry, ‘Abba, Father.’

“O, my Father, I thank thee; I adore and praise Thy holy name, that Thou hast removed from my heart that dark, impervious veil which so long separated between me and Thyself, and so between me and the source of all happiness. Now through Thine infinite mercy, I behold Thy glory, who art full of grace and truth, and the form and comeliness of Him who is altogether lovely, even the Saviour and Preserver of my soul.”

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“I am convinced by the experience of every day that I am utterly dependent upon Thee for all the power through which I can persevere. Oh, continue to help me! Give me Thy present assistance. Without this aid from Thee, I sink—I die. Enable me to rigorously fulfil all the means Thou hast prescribed for the salvation of my soul: and, O, do Thou bestow the blessings which Thou hast promised shall attend their use. Only believe

and all things are possible; believe, and all the fulness of the blessings of the Gospel are mine, Christ Jesus is mine, full and perfect salvation—holiness is mine—and the blissful fruition of holiness, in the enjoyment of God for ever in heaven is mine—all are mine through faith. Lord, I do believe; help Thou my unbelief. Blessed Jesus, my hope is in Thee! take up Thy abode in my heart; there reign, and direct my every thought and act.

“Father, forgive my manifold sins and offences against Thee! my rest is on Thy mercy, through the atonement of my Lord Jesus Christ. Make me a temple for Thyself. Be near me in the hour of temptation. O, be with me in the future; Thou knowest what is before me to endure; but do Thou only make the season of worldly trial a time for communications of Thyself, and I will cheerfully embrace whatever Thou shalt appoint. Lord, hear and answer my petition; increase my faith and my humility, and make me wholly Thine, through the merits of my Saviour. Amen.”

And in a very little time after this she was enabled to rejoice in the God of her salvation; her heart was filled with joy and gladness, and her mouth with praise. This delightful change took place while receiving the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, after having been dedicated to

God in baptism. In her diary she thus refers to it:—

“ Bless the Lord, O my soul, and never forget this day’s benefits! I have sealed the covenant—have enlisted under the banners of the cross, by receiving the ordinances of baptism and the Lord’s supper—but, let me write while my eyes overflow with tears of joy—*my gracious Redeemer has manifested His presence to my soul, has filled me with joy and peace of believing.* That blood which the Jews have imprecated upon themselves and their children, has been showered upon me, in the most abundant and unspeakable mercies; I am happy beyond expression; I do, indeed, rejoice with a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. I feel on the very verge of heaven; I have experienced a glorious elevation of soul—*Christ is mine and I am His.* Unspeakably happy conviction! Come unto me all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what He hath done for my soul! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and never forget this day’s benefits.

“ It is a solemn season, a day to be held in everlasting remembrance. When the cup was held to me and the solemn words were pronounced—‘The blood of Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee, preserve thy soul and body unto everlasting life! Drink this in remembrance that Christ’s blood was shed for thee, and be thankful



—I felt that my God was reconciled through my Saviour's death, and I was enabled to feed upon Christ in my heart through faith, and with thanksgiving.

“O, my Jesus, help me now to *persevere* ! There are heights and depths in religion which I long to experience : my soul is on fire with the Divine love. Help me to tell to all what a gracious, what a mighty Saviour Thou art. May no motives of personal comfort induce me to swerve from the character of an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile. O, that Thou wouldst give me Thine assistance, and direct me by Thy Holy Spirit, *while I make it known to my dear father* ! Do, O my Saviour, hear my prayer for this, and to Thee I will give all the glory, now and through endless ages. Amen.

“I bless and adore Thee—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, that all have united to deliver me from my guilt and bondage. And now, O God, my heart is fixed : my heart is fixed to *live* in Christ. Nothing but the *constant* indwelling of Thyself will satisfy my soul. O, for that mysterious and incomprehensible union with my God which shall produce in me mighty faith, ardent love, lively hope, and active obedience. Blessed be God, all this is promised ! I believe it. Who shall circumscribe the Holy One ? He can so touch the heart as to extirpate sin, and save with



this full salvation ; for it shall be my never-ceasing prayer. Lord, enable me to feel myself as nothing, and Thou my all. Keep me in the hollow of Thy hand. Prepare me for all Thy righteous will, for I have given up all my soul and body's powers fully and unreservedly to Thee. O, accept my sacrifice ; enter into covenant with me and ratify it in heaven. Amen."

Leila's baptism was an interesting—a singularly lovely scene. We do not expect ever to witness another equally affecting on earth. It was our privilege to be one of four friends who at her request waited near her during the performance of the solemn ceremony. Arrangements had been made to prevent the gaze of inquisitive and idle curiosity, by ensuring that none but regular members of the congregation should be present. At the appointed time Leila was led from the vestry, her pure countenance having in its expression more of heaven than of earth. Her answers to the questions were made in a calm and decided, but weak and tremulous tone ; for she was bathed in tears. Indeed, we think all present wept with deep emotion. The solemn act of baptizing her in the name of the Triune Jehovah having been performed, the minister delivered an exquisitely touching and beautiful address. This finished, the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered to all present, which concluded a

season of hallowed and holy influence never to be forgotten.

Having herself become acquainted with the truth as it is in Jesus, she wept as she thought of the darkness which still surrounded her dear father ; she felt that her Christianity, and, indeed, every natural feeling was involved, if she made no effort to induce him to renounce Judaism. But how was she to proceed ? To obtain an answer to this question cost her much mental agony. To her father she was tenderly devoted, and she knew that he was a strict believer in the faith of his fathers ; and, therefore, all the prejudices of his mind would be strongly against her Christianity. To the present period in her life he had never once spoken to her with a look or tone of displeasure, and she had at no time crossed his will, nor done anything to which he would not give permission ; but God was with her, and through the fortitude of Christian principle, she was enabled to dare the worst. And, unquestionably, if we reflect a moment upon the Jewish character, we shall perceive that she had *cause* to fear this would not be a little.

Of the means taken by Leila, she thus remarks in her diary :—

“ I have this night laid a letter on my father’s dressing-table ; in it I have detailed the change which has taken place in my soul ; in it I have

avowed my belief in Jesus of Nazareth, and the joy and peace which I experience in believing. O, that it may do him the good I ardently pray for—that it may lead him to embrace the Gospel of Christ. I have committed it to God; I leave it in Thy hands, O my Father; bless it, I beseech Thee. This whole night do I intend to devote to special wrestling with Thee, for the salvation of my dear father.

“And now, I beseech Thee, be Thou my helper. Choose thou for me my future portion; be my inheritance, calm my agitated spirit; have I not committed the event to Thee? O, be with me on the morrow, when I shall be questioned respecting the hope that is in me; do Thou be *very* present with me, and enable me to speak as becomes a temple of the living God. May I be saved from bringing any disgrace or disrepute upon the religion of Jesus—that Divine cause which now possesses my heart. May my feet be firmly fixed upon the rock Jesus Christ; and then, whatever shall occur, whether I live or die, I shall be happy—for I shall be the Lord’s.

“It is with gratitude I record that my soul is impressed with a sense of the Divine presence and love. I can rejoice in the blessed conviction that my beloved is *mine*, and I am *His*!—I have a *present* salvation. Blissful hopes—animating prospects are before me. Whatever results happen to

me, temporarily, may my soul but enjoy the presence of God, and all will be well. O, my father, baptize me largely, and still more largely, with the hallowing influences of Thy Holy Spirit; this will renovate my nature, and cleanse the very thoughts of my heart. This is what I want—*inward holiness*—to be holy as Thou hast called me to be.

“Each day lays me under increased obligations to dedicate myself entirely to the service of my God and King, and I find the blessed effect of each morning renewing my covenant engagements with God, my devotion of all I have, and all I am, to Him. I desire to have a constantly indwelling God. Unspeakable love! that He whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, will condescend to come and take up His abode in the humble, contrite heart. My religion calls me to be up and doing. My time is short; the veil which separates me from eternity may soon be drawn aside. *Indeed, I am not able to repress a serious and solemn foreboding that my days on earth will not be prolonged.* How important that I should prepare! so that, with holy calmness and composure I may await the momentous summons. If I am always ready, it cannot come upon me unawares. One with Christ, through faith, when I shall hear that ‘The master is come and calleth for thee,’ I shall *then*, in its full triumph, be enabled joyfully to exclaim, ‘Even so, come, Lord Jesus.’ I am really

in a strait : I have ‘a desire to depart and be with Christ.’

“Ere I close my book, I again pray Thy blessing, O my Father ; bless, O bless, I beseech Thee, the confession I have made of Thee, and give me strength according to my need. Amen.”

## CHAPTER VII.

### LEILA'S LETTER TO HER FATHER.

THE letter to which Leila refers, we shall give in full; it breathes with filial piety and love, and is at once a fine proof of her good sense, and an ornament to the religion she professed:—

“ My very, *very* dear Father,

“ Do you love me? O, how plainly I hear you say, ‘ How can my dear daughter ask me this question? Has not she had proofs of my affection again and again? Does she not know that she is dearer to me than all the world besides?’ But, my very dear father, do you love me?—do you love me? Yes, I know that you love me—dearly love me; and, my dear father, I love you most tenderly—most deeply; so as no language I could think upon could describe to you; and I know that you believe that I do.

Well, then, my dear father, will you not rejoice whilst your daughter tells you of the goodness of God as manifested towards her—a poor, sinful, guilty creature? O! I do so fear you will distrust this delightful work, and yet not from wilful unkindness neither, but from what you will believe to be a proper sense of duty. But, my dear father,

with tears of joy coursing down her cheeks, your Leila tells you that she knows, she *feels all her sins are forgiven through the blood-shedding of Jesus of Nazareth*. O ! be mild while I speak further, and yet I am faint, and my hand trembles so that I can scarce go forward.

“ I am so happy !—O ! my dear father, if you did but know how *very* happy, I am quite sure of this, you would rejoice with me ; you would not hesitate a single moment, but would come, as you are invited, and drink largely of those fountains of bliss, the streams whereof make glad the city of God. I feel that God loves *me*, and that I love *Him*. I feel that I am His child, and I have through grace a blissful assurance that, saved by my blessed Redeemer, I shall see Him, and be happy in His presence to all eternity. And will you not come to heaven, too, my dearest father ?

“ Do not suppose that I am mistaken, or that I am deceiving myself. O, no ! I am as sure that all my sins are forgiven through Christ Jesus as I am of the being of God himself. I could tell you the very minute when I first received this conviction, and was enabled to rejoice in God my Saviour. And if you, my dear papa, would in this same way test its reality, by possessing for yourself a knowledge of the love of God, it would *alone* be quite sufficient to convince you of the truth of the Christian religion. When under the influence

of joy, no argument, however forcible or sophisticated, could convince you that sorrow filled your heart. The result of faith in Christ is *peace* and *joy* in believing; to this my experience bears testimony. What further proof can I wish that its origin is divine? I do not. I have this internal consciousness, and am as certain of it, as of anything that affects my external senses.

“With great propriety we always attach importance to a remedy that has been tried, and more especially too, if the individual recommending it has personally proved it to be efficacious. I once was very unhappy. Instead of submitting myself to the righteousness of God, I was going about to establish my own righteousness. At this time I was sunk in sin, and knew not where to look for one ray of comfort. My whole soul hungered for food my religion could not give; it groped in its deep night for some pillow on which to repose itself, and find the dawnings of heaven, but all was in vain till it found repose in the wounded side of Jesus; and here may I abide for ever! Allow me, then, my dear father, in the fullest filial affection, to recommend to you this remedy. I know you are not happy; you *cannot* be happy as you are at present, and this is the only cure, and it is the never-failing cure, for a weary sin-sick soul.

‘I need not tell you the train of circumstances



which, in a gracious and benignant providence, God used to produce this sweet change—of course you will understand me as meaning instrumentally; to God's Holy Spirit alone am I indebted for that illumination which enabled me to see *His* way of salvation. And O, it is so simple—only believe! 'Whosoever believeth on Him [that is Christ] shall be saved.' Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believes.

"But the proofs that the Messiah *has* come, and that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah, are numberless, unmistakable, and positive. Shall I go on? I must hope that you will bear with me.

"The law, which was given by Jehovah to Moses upon Mount Sinai, was designed for that land which was given to our great ancestor Abraham, and for that land only, for it cannot be fulfilled in any other; therefore, through the dispersion of our nation, we are in the position of a people who have a law given to them by God which they cannot obey. From what we know of the Divine government we are sure that it cannot consist with the wisdom and character of God, that this shall still be the law by which we are governed.

"And is not our destitution of a sacrifice bewailed in our service as a great calamity? In one of the prayers that are offered on the Day

of Atonement, is this expression: 'Woe unto us, for we have no Mediator!' And to make up for this want of a sacrifice we have transgressed the law by our invention of rites and observances: a course expressly forbidden.

"Then, my dear father, in the absurdities of the Mishna and Gemara—the Talmud—see the consequences of man's attempting to supply the place of God's law. O! I do think that in every sense that book is a terrible insult to the Divine wisdom, and, therefore, how sinful! If it had been desired to hold up the religion of the Jews to universal contempt, and outrage propriety, delicacy, and common sense, a more fitting book than the Talmud could scarcely have been devised. Moses gave no intimation of this traditionary or oral law—of this interpretation of God's written law. The law which was *written* and laid up in the ark, was the only law of which he spoke, and *that only* was commanded to be read in the ears of all the people.

"You, my dear father, are, doubtless, as well acquainted with the Mishna as I am, and, therefore, I need not point out to you—need not quote its impurities, nor its follies. Indeed, I must beg you will let me recal a part of what I have just said; for some of them I could not read—you would not love me if I could. But how impious, to stigmatize God as the author of such a book!

“The Jews declare that the Mishna contains God’s interpretation of His law ; yet this *interpretation* is so obscurely given, that *it* requires an interpretation from man.

“And you know that this belief in the childish follies and foolish observances of the Talmud has caused an almost total neglect of Moses and the Prophets ; or, when they are read, it is so carelessly and cursorily in spirit, that we never understand their meaning. Hence we are involved in a fearful darkness. We acknowledge, and honour, the Scriptures of the Old Testament as divine—so do the Christians : and during many centuries, the deep, rational study of the Old Testament Scriptures has been confined to them solely, or very nearly solely. Now, my dear father, this forms to us a powerful presumptive proof that the Scriptures of the New Testament are also divine ; for, as the Christians, who are so deeply acquainted with the Old Testament, believe in them as divine, it clearly follows that they cannot be *hostile* books. Indeed, I might say further than this—that the Scriptures of the *New* Testament have led them to study those of the Old Testament ; and the result is, that they acknowledge both as the written Word of God, for they are agreed together. Can we say as much of our inane, debasing Talmud, and the books of Moses and the Prophets ? Beside, what man knows

much of the enormous Talmud? and he that does know much of it, knows this likewise, that no mortal can ever fulfil the law as set forth in it. Who then is safe? Hence it is that the Jew looks beyond the present life with terror and alarm; hence his dread of death, and his fear that in the grave he will be beaten by the Evil One, and suffer other terrors too numerous to mention; hence he cannot die with holy confidence and composure, for he cannot be certain whether he shall be taken to heaven or not. R. Inani on his death-bed, confessed and said, 'that he did not know, whether he should be happy or miserable.' Once, too, my dear father, like the rest of our nation, I was unhappy and in doubt, and knew not where to turn for comfort; But now, through my Redeemer, I am very happy, for I have found the place of rest and calm repose; and this can be found in no other way but by resting the soul upon the atonement of Jesus.

"Before this I might have said that unquestionably the law of Moses is not perfect, inasmuch as it leaves some sins without an atonement; but this is to teach us to look forward beyond the type to the great antitype—even the Messiah.

"All our nation and all Christians believe that the Old Testament writings give promise of a Redeemer, who will save His people from their sins. The prophecies in reference to this are most

explicit, so that if we will diligently study them, with a prayerful dependence upon Divine aid, I do not see that we can be easily mistaken as to His person. A history of the promised Deliverer's life is given : the manner of His death, His empire, the time and circumstances of His birth, and other particulars are clearly written. Let us see, my dear father, if Jesus of Nazareth be not the Messiah, and if we can prove it from the books of the Old Testament, will you not then believe ? O ! you must ; I must be sure you will ; and then you and your child will glorify God together. I pray that the Lord Jesus will grant me the aid of His Holy Spirit, and graciously answer my petitions for the salvation of my beloved father.

“The Jews admit that they have no certain, definite knowledge of the time of the Messiah's appearing. ‘Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.’ ‘Our eyes fail while we wait for our God,’ was anciently the language of our people. The hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, they know not. Hence they have ever been liable to deception, and again and again they have been bitterly disappointed. That there was a general and strong expectation of the Messiah at the time that Jesus of Nazareth appeared, is evident by the numbers of well-informed and learned men who received him ; and who were so convinced of the truth of what they saw and

heard, that they willingly suffered the most cruel martyrdom for His sake.

“ But the Jews themselves likewise expected Him at this period. This is especially testified by the heathen writers, Suetonius and Tacitus; and a reference to Josephus, our own historian, proves that from their hope of deliverance by the Messiah proceeded their desperate resistance of the Roman power. Under every misfortune of their country, they still clung to this hope, and more and more earnestly as its calamities increased. They were buoyed up by it during the miseries of the most dreadful siege which history records—that of Jerusalem. And we are told by Josephus, that on the day upon which the city was taken, the poor, infatuated people were persuaded by a false prophet to ascend the battlements of the temple with the expectation that they would there receive miraculous signs of their deliverance.

“ And that Jesus was the Messiah is confirmed by the sufferings of the early Christians. Their belief in Jesus was not a mere matter of *opinion*, it related to matter of *fact*. We certainly know whether we see a person, or do not see him; we certainly know whether we see anything wonderful, or do not see it. The first Christians united to assert a series of miraculous and astonishing facts; they were convinced of what they saw, and rather than compromise or deny the truth,

they submitted to the most horrible sufferings, and the most cruel oppressions. These they endured, not for a short time merely, but through a long course of years. But they had seen the miracles of Jesus, and had, also, seen Him after His resurrection from the dead; for ‘he was seen,’ says St. Paul, ‘of Cephas, then of the twelve [apostles], after that *he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once*, of whom the greater part remain unto this present.’ Now supposing the story were false, would St. Paul have *dared* to make such an assertion, and mention in connection with it “a host of witnesses, who, as he declares, still lived, and might, therefore, have come forward and contradicted this statement.

“Then the accounts of the Christians by heathen writers agree as to sufferings and numbers with those accounts we have in the Scriptures. I extract the following passage from Murphy’s Tacitus: ‘In order if possible to remove the imputation [of ordering Rome to be set on fire], he determined to transfer the guilt to others. For this purpose he punished with exquisite tortures a race of men detested for their evil practices, by vulgar appellation commonly called Christians. This name was derived from Christ, who in the reign of Tiberius suffered under Pontius Pilate, the procurator of Judea. They were put to death with exquisite cruelty, and to their sufferings Nero



added mockery and derision. Some were covered with the skins of wild beasts and left to be devoured by dogs : others were nailed to the cross, numbers were burnt alive ; and many, covered over with inflammable matter, were lighted up, when the day declined, to serve as torches during the night.' Now, although it was shameful to misrepresent the conduct of such a suffering people, yet 'Tacitus' testimony is valuable ; and not the less valuable because he was a heathen and an enemy to the Christians. It proves that Jesus suffered under Pontius Pilate ; and that within thirty-one years after His crucifixion, there were great numbers of Christians in Rome, as well as in Judea ; and that for their belief in Christ they were called to endure most fearful sufferings. All these beautifully agree with the accounts we have in the Scriptures.

" But now that the Jews have rejected the true Messiah, they are ever liable to imposture, for they cannot calculate the time for His appearing ; thus at a loss, they have always been ready to grasp at any shadow. It has been so from the time of the impostor, Bar Cozab,\* to that of Napoleon Buona-

\* We extract the following note from Leila's correspondence. " In the second century of the Christian era, the Jews scattered over the whole Roman empire rose in rebellion. Their leader in the province of Syria was Cozab, who represented himself to be the Messiah, and in



parte ; and so far have they now lost all pretension to a knowledge of the true time for His appearing, that, embittered by frequent disappointment, they have uttered the dreadful anathema, ‘ Cursed be he that shall calculate the time !’ Yet is the period for the Messiah’s appearance *most clearly* marked out in Scripture. Why are our nation sceptical in reference to the prophet Daniel’s inspiration ? Simply because it is Daniel who most unmistakably defines the time of the Deliverer’s appearance ; and, if Daniel be true, that is, if he be inspired, they have a deep conviction that the period is past. Therefore, it is, that they have removed him from his place in this **הגדר**, and made him one of the writers of the **כתובים**, and not one of the **כבאים**.

“ And who and what the Messiah is to be, the Jews profess to know not, except that they declare to us one thing, ‘ He is to deliver them from their

this he was supported by a celebrated Rabbi named Akibah. This Cozab persecuted the Christians, struck medals, and pretended to work miracles. He was crowned King of the Jews at Bethar, and he then assumed the name *Bar Cozab, or son of a star*. The Emperor Adrian sent Julius Severus to quell the rebellion. He completely subdued the rebels, took fifty fortified places, destroyed very nearly one thousand towns and villages, and slew in various engagements about 580,000 Jews. Embittered by the terrible consequences of his pretensions, the Jews afterwards designated this false Messiah *Bar Cozba, or son of a lie*.”

afflictions, and give them in reversion, joy, temporal dominion and prosperity, and the triumphant possession of their own land.' I will notice this belief again directly. 'When the Messiah comes,' they say, 'He will manifest His claims, and make His mission altogether plain.' How are they to judge of these claims, but according to their agreement with the prophecies? How would they have ever known that any Messiah should be given, except God had promised Him? And has God declared no means by which He was to be known? Has He said nothing about Him; what He is to be; how we are to be certified of Him; whether He is to be a Gentile or a Jew? Yes: they know *something* of this, from the predictions of the Scriptures; they know that He is to be a Jew; and they profess further, that they know enough to be able to declare that Jesus of Nazareth was an impostor and blasphemer. Why do they not study all that can be known by the prophecies; and having studied, why do they not declare to the world all that can be told about the Messiah; so that the Christians may compare the Messiah in whom they believe, with the one whom the Jews expect, according to the Scriptures; so that the Jews may be able to say, 'This is a picture of the promised Messiah; a history of His life, acts, death and sufferings, as drawn from the unerring standard of Scripture. Judge ye between us this day!—

Why should they hesitate to do this? The Christians are ever ready to bring into light their multitudinous proofs that the Jesus in whom they believe is the Messiah, the promised Son of God. But if, for a moment, we suppose that He is to come, how are the Jews to know him? They neglect the reading of the only book which tells of Him; then how shall they know Him? Even should a mighty conqueror appear, it could be no proof that he is the Messiah, any more than the conquests of Alexander, or Cæsar, or Judas Maccabeus, or Buonaparte, could prove them to be the expected Deliverer. And even if one should come and work miracles, he must be brought to the test of the Scriptures. This our nation admit; then, why do they not study them? They also admit another Scriptural definition of who He is to be: 'He is,' they say, 'to be the son of Abraham, and Judah and David.' But, if He were to come now that the genealogies are lost, by what means could the descent be proved? It is a visionary and idle theory to suppose that Messiah will miraculously restore the genealogies. This inane supposition lays our nation open to imposture and forgery in this very particular. It is essential to the very nature of genealogical proofs that they be transmitted from age to age through all posterity. If the Messiah were to restore these registers, they would neither be *genealogical proofs*, nor, indeed,

any proof at all of His descent. If He were distinctly seen to create such records, it would prove that He had performed a miracle—nothing more; it would be just as availing that He testified His descent by some other miracle. I speak reverently, I can think of no miracle which the Messiah, if He be not come, could now perform, that could be to man a *test* that he had descended from Abraham, and Judah, and David. To restore our genealogies would, in the opinion of man, bear the character of fraudulent evidence; and, therefore, it would not be such as God would ask of Him to believe. In God's dealings with mankind He universally appeals to the exercise of their judgment, and, according to this judgment does He suit all conviction by means of miracles. He makes His proofs so plain, so clear, so direct to the reason, that man cannot avoid conviction, unless He determinedly oppose himself to the truth. When Jesus made His appearance upon earth he did not ask men to take it for granted that He was the Messiah because He declared himself to be so. No; He exhibited miraculous signs; and of what character? Were they of a kind which might be forged; was it possible that they could be surreptitiously performed; or, after all, according to human judgment, would they, as proofs, be regarded as inconclusive? O, no: to the commonest reason, they were palpably, clearly Divine. Were they

not? To walk upon the sea; to restore the blind; to raise to life the dead; to heal the sick by a word; to calm the fury of the tempest, &c.; can there be any doubt that these were exercises of Divine power? Indeed, our Saviour appeals to the judgment of the multitude; ‘If I do not the works of My Father, believe Me not!’—I ask not that ye shall believe My Divinity, except as I prove it to you by My acts. Of this kind would be His language in reference to our genealogies: ‘If it cannot be proved by your own registers that I am the son of Abraham, and Judah, and David, believe it not.’

“But, as the prediction that He was to be the Son of Abraham, and Judah, and David, is explicitly written in the Scriptures, it follows, clearly, that his appearance was to take place while His descent could be proved by our registers. Therefore, here again is powerful evidence that He has appeared; and here, I say, too, that this prediction *is* fulfilled in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. He was proved by our genealogies to be lineally descended from Abraham, and Judah, and David.

“I just now observed, that our people expressly believe that a part of the Messiah’s office is, that He shall be a temporal deliverer. If this belief be a correct one, my dear father, it would show just this—that, on the coming of the Messiah, He

would find them in a condition which *needed* temporal succour. And was not their position at the appearance of Jesus one which needed help? Were they not suffering intensely from the galling yoke of their Roman masters: from the severe government of Herod, the deputy sovereign under Cæsar? 'Yes,' they will answer, 'and if this Jesus, of whom you speak, were the Messiah, we should have been delivered from this tyranny!' How can you tell what he would have done, had you believed upon Him? The prophet describes the Messiah as first to suffer, and then to conquer; and, from this very prophecy, the Jews have thought fit to invent what I may call a twofold Messiah—Ben Joseph the Sufferer and Ben David the Conqueror. He is to be a conqueror—but in what way? Is it not in this?—That all His *enemies* shall be put under His feet: that all His *foes* shall be bruised and made His footstool? And were not all the promises of deliverance made to His friends? Were not temporal blessings, in abundance, promised to these, and shame and confusion to his enemies? Undoubtedly. Evidently it was thus understood by Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist. This fully appears in his beautiful and prophetic song, in reference to the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ: 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people; as he spake by the mouth



of His holy prophets, which have been since the world began: that we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us; to perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember His holy covenant: the oath which He sware to our father Abraham, that He would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him, all the days of our life.'

"And those who rejected, blasphemed, insulted, and crucified the Messiah, could it be expected that He would grant such heinous sinners temporal deliverance? That, at about the period of the coming of Jesus, the Jews were a most iniquitous nation, is proved by the testimony of Josephus; so wicked, that he observes, 'If God had not sent the Romans as His executioners, the earth would have opened and swallowed us up.' What a dreadful place! And, doubtless, the most crying evil of these people was their rejection and treatment of Jesus Christ the Son of God. How could such sinners expect deliverance? Did not Jesus weep and lament over Jerusalem, while he foresaw the punishment which would descend upon it, and the calamities which would befall it, for putting Him to death? Listen, my dear father, to the thrilling passage, as I copy it from the Gospel of St. Luke; and, O that, by the aid of

the Holy Spirit, it may sink deep into your heart, is your loving daughter's prayer: 'And when He [Jesus] was come near, He beheld the city [Jerusalem] and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another! *because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.*' What a solemn subject for deep thought is this passage! How signally was it fulfilled!



## CHAPTER VIII.

### LEILA'S LETTER TO HER FATHER CONTINUED.

“Do you ask me what deliverance Jesus wrought out for His friends—for those who believed on Him? Did he not deliver them from those awful calamities and sufferings which overwhelmed those who crucified Him? Most certainly: He promised that He would do so. Permit me, my dear father, to transcribe the passage. It is in St. Luke's Gospel: ‘And as some spake of the temple, how it was adorned with goodly stones and gifts, He said, As for these things which ye behold, the days will come, in the which there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down. Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines, and pestilences; and fearful sights, and great signs shall there be from Heaven; but there shall not a hair of your head perish. And when ye see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh. Then let them which are in Judea flee to the mountains; and let them which are in the midst of it depart out; and let not them that are in the countries enter thereinto.’

He promised his disciples that 'not a hair of their heads should perish;' and this promise He fulfilled. He warned them of the terrible events which were to happen, and that when they saw Jerusalem compassed with armies, they were to flee to the mountains—to depart out of the midst of Judea. The disciples obeyed their Lord, and were kept amidst the desolating scourge.

"In reading the page of history we find that, in every case, nations are blessed in a ratio proportioned to their Christianity. Mark England! Christians really rule the world with a power which is irresistible. All heathen, idolatrous, and unbelieving nations are weak and helpless. Look at the Jews! they are quite at the exercise of the Christian will. And at the Mahometans! they are impotent as their religion is baneful and false. Just so of the Pagan nations. When no Jew could approach the city of his fathers, a Christian church was peacefully flourishing in Jerusalem. Here, my dear father, it might not be out of place if I were to say, that you must not suppose that the spirit of persecution and oppression which has been so often manifested towards the Jews, is at all sympathized with by the real Christian. Oh, no! I have found it to be exactly the reverse. I find that the real and earnest Christians love and honour the Jews, as the nation from which sprang the Messiah; as the penmen of the Gospel; as

the people to whom it was first delivered, and by whom it was first preached; as they who in the first ages of Christianity formed an impregnable defence of the Christian religion; as a proof of the Gospel; and, to say no further, as their brethren in Christ, He being the great centre—the great salvation both of Jews and Gentiles. O, I always find that a true Christian is ready to acknowledge even that he is under obligations to the Jews which he can never repay. Father dear, with tears I beg of you, do not think unkindly of the Christians—love the Christians; they very, very ardently love the Jews; and they are such a lovely and affectionate people as I could not describe; I have found real and true happiness among them. Their hearts are knit to each other: the grief of one appears to be the grief of all, and each is ready to sympathize and soothe; indeed, I could not have imagined, a short time ago, that such happiness, such union, and such affection were to be found upon the earth. It is a reflection, faint, certainly, but real, of that feeling which pervades the bosoms of the spirits in celestial bliss. O, that my dearest father may soon partake of it too! and, then—but, indeed, I must not think, how happy we shall be.

“But I did not say what kind of Christians they were who persecuted the Jews; well, I scarcely need, for you could imagine for yourself. They

were dead professors of Christianity, and perhaps not that—the last indeed is almost certain, for, of the nations called Christian, the great bulk is composed of men making no profession; and the number who really and genuinely possess the faith of the Gospel are very few indeed. I pray that they may be increased. But there is no salvation for an unbelieving, nominal Christian, any more than for a rejecting Jew.

“ But whither am I wandering? I return, and ask, have the Christians had no temporal blessings conferred upon them through the reception of the Gospel? God has fought for them against the mightiest powers, and brought them off victorious. These blessings are, however, the minor blessings, compared with the others which are showered upon the subjects of the Saviour’s kingdom.

“ Yet Israel is not always to be a servant and a by-word among the nations. O no! A brighter day is to dawn upon our ancient people; a day which, by their conversion to Christianity, shall recover them from their fallen and ruined condition. This is clearly expressed in Scripture. It is a part of the new covenant into which God has entered with the seed of Jacob: ‘ Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah: not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I

took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt ; which my covenant they brake, although I was a husband to them, saith the Lord ; But this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel. After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts ; and will be their God, and they shall be my people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord ; for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord ; for I will forgive their iniquity and I will remember their sin no more." (Jeremiah xxxi. 31—34.) And how delightfully majestic is the prophecy of Isaiah, in which he tells in glowing and animated terms, of the glory of the church in the universal conversion of both Jews and Gentiles : ' Arise, shine ; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people : but the Lord shall rise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thine eyes round about and see ; all they gather themselves together, they come to thee ; thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side. Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall

fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.' (Isaiah lx. 1—5.) Turning to the New Testament (bear with me, my dear father), we find the Apostle St. Paul, telling us the same glorious truths, and also of their happy consequences. 'If the fall of them, [the Jews] be the riches of the world, and the diminishing of them the riches of the Gentiles, how much more their fulness? For if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead? For I would not, brethren, that ye should be ignorant of this mystery, lest ye should be wise in your own conceits, that blindness in part is happened unto Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in. And so all Israel shall be saved.' (Romans xi. 12, 15, 25, 26.) It is beautiful! Their misery and suffering have been deep and intense, but proportioned to these shall be the greatness of the mercy exercised, and their happiness and joy. The blindness is to rest upon Israel, only until the conversion of the Gentiles, or, as the meaning probably is, all Israel shall be saved—all Israel shall be grafted in, when the fulness of the conversion of the Gentiles is come in, or is coming in. And all the nations of the earth shall rejoice in their exaltation. 'And thou, O tower of the flock, the stronghold of the daughter

of Zion, unto thee shall it come even the first dominion ; the kingdom shall come to the daughter of Jerusalem.' . . . . 'Thou art my servant, O Israel, in whom I will be glorified.'

"Yet how carnal are the Jewish expectations of a temporal deliverer. Is this the spirit manifested by Abraham, by Isaac, by Jacob ? Did *they* desire earthly prosperity as their chief good ? Was not the spiritual glory of the Messiah's kingdom, that upon which they set their eye of faith ? O, my dear father, raise your views from things temporal, to those which are eternal. Read the sublimely impressive 72nd Psalm.

"But why has such gross darkness fallen on the Jewish mind ? Why is it that they cannot recognise the Messiah of the Scriptures ? Because they have abandoned the hope and faith of their pious fathers in the person of the Messiah ; because they have wilfully withdrawn themselves from the light of that blessed volume by which our ancestors love to test the purity of their faith and actions. And why have they forsaken the Scriptures, and reposed themselves upon the senseless and absurd fables of men ? *They have rejected Jesus of Nazareth ; if they search the Scripture, it bears incontestible evidence to the truth that He was the Messiah—the promised Son of God.* It is a test by which their religion cannot stand a trial. Then may God early arise, and by His powerful



Spirit tear away the veil which blinds our people and thus, their eyes being opened, may He grant them the grace of repentance for their guilt and iniquity, and admit them to the participation of the glorious blessings of His salvation.

“In the Targum\* of Onkelos, we find Genesis xlix. 10—a passage of Scripture to which Christians appeal—rendered thus: ‘There shall not pass away one exercising dominion from the house of Judah, nor a scribe from his son’s sons for ever, until Messiah shall come; and His is the kingdom, and to Him the people shall hearken.’ This proves that the Messiah has come, for dominion has passed away from the house of Judah.

“The rabbis, David Kimchi, Solomon Jarchi, Levi Ben Gersom, Aben Ezra, and others, among a host of theological works, have written commentaries upon all the books of the Old Testament. Our late writers, while labouring to refute the interpretations of Christians, in favour of the

\* The Targums are translations of the Scriptures from the pure Hebrew of the original into a Chaldaic dialect. After the Babylonish captivity, this dialect became the national tongue. Some of the Targums are entitled to much more credit than others, because they are more ancient, and the original sense and signification is more strictly and literally maintained in the translation. Others are rather commentaries, with which fables are intermingled. The Targum of Onkelos is held in the greatest estimation, on account of its antiquity.



Divinity and Messiahship of Jesus, have contradicted their predecessors. They themselves have admitted it. David Kimchi wishes to apply the second Psalm to David merely ; but he confesses that the words נשקו בר should be translated, 'Kiss the Son.' He further confesses that our pious forefathers had applied this Psalm to the Messiah, and goes on to say, 'If the Psalm be interpreted thus, the meaning will be clear ; though it seems more likely that David composed this Psalm concerning himself, as we have explained.'

"And now, my dear father, I have to say that the accordance between the prophecies concerning the Messiah, and the record of the life, acts, sufferings, and death of Jesus of Nazareth, as given by the Evangelists, is perfect and complete, and—which for a moment I had let slip—his resurrection, too ; for the proofs of the resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth, and that it took place in accordance with the prophecies, are clear, conclusive, and beyond *rational* contradiction. Do you ask me if I can prove that in Him the prophecies are accomplished ? I must emphatically answer 'yes !' for the coincidences are multiplied, precise, minute.

"In the writings of David and Isaiah, we have a series of predictions which foretell, in the most emphatic terms, the following events :—That the Messiah was to be a descendant of David ; that His mother was to be a virgin ; that He was to be

born in Bethlehem ; that he was to be of humble birth, and without external recommendations to public notice ; that he was to reside in Galilee ; that His life was to be one of suffering ; that He was to be rejected of His own people (the Jews) ; that He was to be betrayed by one who professed to be a friend ; that He was to be treated as a malefactor ; that He was to be mocked and insulted ; that he was to display lamb-like meekness and patience ; that He was to be put to a violent death, yet with the appearance of justice ; that His executioners were to divide His apparel, casting lots for His vesture ; that although put to death as a criminal, He was to be interred in a rich man's tomb ; that He was to rise from the dead, without His body having undergone corruption ; and that He was to leave the world, and ascend into heaven. Now, my dear father, all these prophecies are in the book which you honour as divine. There can be no forgery, for they were written long before the advent of Jesus. It is a well authenticated fact, that long before the occurrence of the events described in the Gospel narrative, they were in being, not only in the original Hebrew, but in a Greek translation also. Will you, my beloved father, take the Old and New Testaments ; then comparing the inspired writings of David and Isaiah with the no less inspired records of the Evangelists, you will be

fully assured that the agreement is *exact, precise*. This is no hyperbolical writing—an opinion given upon something I wish to believe; it is but just and properly true. Do, my dear father, prove it for yourself; read the Book, and you will be fully satisfied, that all the particulars contained in the prophecies which relate to the advent of the Messiah, are accurately fulfilled in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. At least then, if you will not do this, let me prevail upon you to read St. Paul's beautiful Epistle to the Hebrews. It cannot do you *harm*; I recommend it as what I hope will do you good; and you enjoy elegant literature; well, believe me, that even in this low sense it is quite a rich treat.

“And I am not alone as a Jew bringing against the Jews the awful charge of crucifying the Lord of glory. Among their own writings I find observations by which they substantiate the charge. In one of their works, entitled ‘Yoma,’ they ask the question, “Why was the second temple destroyed?” In the answer to it, among the principal causes given is this, **נִפְּרִי שְׁנֵאת חֲנֻם**.\* I refer them to the 69th Psalm, one which is admitted by Aben Ezra to be prophetic of the Messiah. ‘They hated me without a cause,’ is charged by our Saviour upon His enemies.

\* On account of the hatred without cause.

“Nor is it possible that the Jews can be altogether blind to the curse which has rested upon our nation through the eighteen hundred years which have elapsed since the crucifixion of Jesus. ‘What adequate cause can be assigned for our long protracted chastisement?’ is one of their solemn questions. ‘What can that crime be, which was committed by our ancestors, and of which to this day we have not repented? Whatever it is, it must be some act or deed of a most atrocious character—an act or deed in the approval of which we have steadfastly persisted, and the guilt of which we have obstinately refused to acknowledge.’

“And if they will seriously reflect, they cannot avoid the conclusion, that there is no one deed, to which in all ages they have given their adhesion, except the crucifixion of Jesus. With that event, too (and they cannot avoid observing it), commences the era of their sufferings and distresses. Here, what is related of Rabbi Solomon Marochan occurs to me : while reflecting upon the iniquities of the Jews, he said, ‘The prophet Amos mentions a fourth crime for which we have been in our captivity—of selling the Just One for silver. It manifestly appears to me that for selling the Just One we are justly punished. It is now one thousand years and more, and during all this time we have made no good hand of it among the Gentiles, nor is there any likelihood of our ever any more

turning to good. Oh, my God ! I am afraid lest the Jesus, whom the Christians worship, be the Just One whom we sold for silver.'

" In A. M. 5588, the Czar of Russia issued an imperial ukase, which refused to permit the presence of the religious officers of the Jews in his dominions—a decree replete with cruelty and oppression. In consequence of this act an address to the Jews of all countries was drawn up in London, and, I believe, published there, too. Doubtless, my dear father, you recollect this address, and the circumstances which called it forth, perfectly well. I will, however, select from it one solemn paragraph : ' These precautions manifest a prevailing spirit which should alarm the Israelites of all countries and climes, and incline us to arouse our hitherto too dormant feelings, and to search our ways, that so, by tracing effects to their causes, we may attempt to find a remedy for the accumulated evils which have befallen, and still surround us ; and that we may acknowledge the justice of our Creator, even the King of Israel, and own that these as well as all the other chastisements which have been heaped upon our devoted heads, are, as it respects the Almighty, merited by the sins of ourselves and our forefathers, as denounced by our lawgivers and prophets.' And oh ! that Israel may enter into the spirit of this address—that they may begin that deep and prayerful

examination of their hearts, which it inculcates. Do they inquire *why* their devoted race has been again and again visited with the direst calamities? O! let us roll back the page of history, and trace our sufferings as they rose from the moment of the erection of the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the hill of Calvary. But, while we are humbled, debased to the dust, by the guilt of giving our assent to the crucifixion of the Son of God, let us not despair; but, full of hope, believe, and become partakers of the blessings which He died to purchase for us. So shall that dark cloud which now hangs over our nation, melt before the glorious beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and our souls be vivified by the dawning of an everlasting day. May God help us to this for His Son's sake. Amen.

“At the commencement of this letter, my dear father, I told you that I had *proved in my own soul*, that *Jesus is the Messiah*. This, to me, would, if it were alone, be quite sufficient; it is conclusive proof; I could desire no greater, for it is altogether satisfactory. Through Jesus I am washed from my guilt; through Jesus, I have a joyful looking forward to a glorious immortality; through Jesus, I rejoice with ‘joy unspeakable and full of glory.’ I know whom I have believed, and I know that He has purchased and ‘laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord,

the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them that love His appearing.'

"All my tastes, desires, and pursuits, are opposite to what they once were; old things are passed away, all things are become new. It is my constant prayer that I may have a heart purified, even to its most secret thoughts and imaginings.

"Having received so much from Jesus, I prayed for strength to act in obedience to His command, that I should make a public testimony of my belief in His name. He gave me this power to confess him before men; therefore, I have been publicly dedicated to His service by baptism, and by partaking of the memorials of His dying love; I mean, I have received likewise, the sacrament of the Lord's supper. Do not be displeased with me, my dear father, because I did not before tell you of all I have now made known. Could you but see how my heart palpitates with the deepest love towards you, I am quite sure you would not. Perhaps, indeed, I ought to have told you before—I think my duty to you enjoined that I should; but really, previously to the present moment, I had not the energy to do so. Forgive me this wrong.

"I now commit this letter to you. I beg of my Saviour to attend it with his smile and benediction. O, that it may lead my dear father to



those streams of bliss, of which his Leila has already tasted! O, that the angelic choir may have to tune their golden harps, and praise the Lamb of God, moved by the sight of my much-loved parent, prostrate at His feet! How happy we should be, my dear father, both journeying to Heaven together! Both having the sweet assurance, that even death itself could but divide us a few short years. O do, do begin to serve Jesus. I cannot write any more; my paper is moistened with tears: they are tears of mingled prayer and praise.

“May God be with you, and keep you, and bless you; and may He guide you, and lift up the light of His reconciled countenance upon you; yea, may you be very precious in His sight, is the prayer of,

“My dearest father,

“Your very affectionate and devoted daughter,

“LEILA ADA.”



## CHAPTER IX.

CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN LEILA AND HER FATHER.—

LEILA IS SENT TO HER UNCLE.

THE night on which Leila's letter was given to her father, was spent by her in earnest prayer. Of it she remarks: "I experienced much of the Divine presence and support. I felt a calm assurance that my Saviour would work for me; and that whatever happened to me, all would be for good."

Daylight came: and with a body made feverish by watching, and spirits absorbed and depressed by deep anxiety, she made her morning toilette. Eight o'clock, the time of meeting her father in the breakfast-parlour, arrived; her spirits sunk to the helplessness of infancy, in prospect of the dreaded interview. Her father would, perhaps—nay, almost certainly—speak unkindly; it was more than she could bear. Eight o'clock passed—she was kneeling, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, beseeching Divine aid to meet the event: it was given, and she arose strengthened.

Entering the room, she found her father already waiting. Directly she went up to him, and throwing her arms upon his neck, was about to claim her usual kiss—

“Leila!” ejaculated her father solemnly, at the same moment turning his head from her.

“O, my dear, dear papa!” said Leila, weeping, “do not refuse to kiss me! Do give me my kiss, and then I will try to bear all you have to say. But, indeed, I cannot stay if you will refuse me this. I cannot endure so severe a mark of your displeasure.”

“What have you done, Leila? How can you expect me to kiss you? Can you imagine the night I have spent? Is it for this I have had you instructed in the law of the God of Israel, that you should mock at it, and cast it behind your back? Is it for this that I have withheld no means of knowledge from you, that your learning should become a snare to you? O, my daughter, perhaps my heart has been too much bound up in you. Now I am scourged; those hopes I had, that you would soothe my declining years, are blighted. But come, kiss me,” he continued, holding out his hand to Leila, who stood petrified with anguish.

“Now my choicest treasure, tell me who it is that has poisoned you; let me know who it was made you a proselyte from the faith of your father Abraham. To think that one of my kindred should have become an apostate—a Christian—and that one, too, my own child! But come, my dear, speak to me; tell me how your unsuspect-

ing and innocent heart has been misled. The arms of our religion are as wide open to you as ever, if you will return now; and I need not tell you that I shall love you better than before."

"O, my dear father," faltered Leila, "no one has abused my judgment: indeed it is God has of His mercy opened my eyes."

"God open your eyes to believe in Jesus of Nazareth! It is not possible. Do you not know that God has specially chosen our nation as the depository and conservator of the only true religion? You are flying from God, my dear child. God chose Israel, and made it the sanctuary of the true faith. The nations were sunk in error and idolatry; and in many cases their idolatrous rites and sacrifices were perpetrated under the holy name of religion. But in order to accomplish His designs of mercy, in the establishment of truth and righteousness upon the earth, He raised up Israel, and declared Himself unto them as His chosen and peculiar people, calling himself by name JEHOVAH—THE ONE—I AM. He became our Lawgiver and our King. Read the charge of Moses to the Israelites, given as he was about to die: 'Behold, I have taught you statutes and judgments, even as the Lord my God commanded me, that ye should do so in the land whither ye go to possess it. Keep, therefore, and do them; for this is your wisdom and your understanding

in the sight of the nations which shall hear all these statutes, and say, Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people. For what nation is there so great, that hath statutes and judgments so righteous as all this law, which I set before you this day? Take heed to yourselves lest ye forget the covenant of the Lord your God which he made with you: for the Lord thy God is a consuming fire, even a jealous God.' O, beware of what you are doing! I tremble, my child, for you; I cannot express my agony for you. Although in the many ages which have passed since the giving of the law, the traditions of men may have become mixed with it, yet this will not affect the faithful soul; our religion is still pure and holy, and still of God; man cannot change or deteriorate it."

"But my dear papa, God has entered into a new and better covenant with His people, and Christ Jesus is the Mediator of that covenant. He is the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel. The law as given to Moses was typical, and it was imperfect, and, therefore, it continually reminded the Jews of their need of a perfect and full atonement, which should sanctify and purge their conscience from dead works, to serve the living God. And this new covenant has abolished all the forms, observances, and ceremonies of the old covenant, for

these were only imposed as a figure until its fulfilment and perfection in the Lord Jesus Christ. These stood in outward ordinances, but the new covenant in Christ Jesus has opened to us a new and more excellent way: 'This shall be the covenant I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts, and will be their God, and they shall be my people.' Permit me, my dear father, to read to you from this book," continued Leila, as she drew a small New Testament from her pocket: "'For ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched. But ye are come unto mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling which speaketh better things than that of Abel.' 'But Christ being come an high priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us. Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many. And for this cause He is the mediator of the new testament,

that by means of death, for the redemption of transgressions that were under the first testament, they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance.' 'Sacrifice and offering, and burnt-offering, and offering for sin, Thou wouldst not, neither hadst pleasure therein; which are offered by the law. Then, said He, [Christ, my dear father,] Lo, I come to do thy will, O God. He taketh away the first that He may establish the second. By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all. Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, His flesh; and having an high priest over the house of God; let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water; for He is faithful that promised.' And through faith in this perfect covenant, my dear father, I am made happy, having received remission of my sins. I love Jesus; I feel very certainly that He loves me. I am striving for that crown of glory which He has purchased for me. I seek a city out of sight, even the heavenly Jerusalem. I seek a tabernacle not made with hands—eternal in the heavens. For all my help I look to my Lord

Jesus Christ, who is the Author and Finisher of my faith. And O, my dear father, that you would increase my joy, in seeing you thus happy too; in seeing you serve your Saviour too. Do begin to study the New Testament, will you? there is a dear, good papa; do read the beautiful Epistle from which I have just cited; it is St. Paul's to the Hebrews."

"O, my precious child! you have thrown me into great distress; I am much straitened; what will become of you? An anathema will be pronounced against you: your name will be blotted from among our people. What will become of you, if you waywardly persist? Why do you think of setting yourself against the belief of the wise and pious men of our nation? I am much affected and really can speak to you no longer, my dear. But I feel that as I am commanded, I must discharge my duty to your spiritual welfare. You may sit with me to breakfast; after that you must enter my presence no more until a week has expired. Then I will see you again. If you persist in your apostacy, my dear child, I must do what I cannot bear to think upon—what it will almost kill me to do—part from you, that you may receive attention and instruction from abler hands than mine."

Leila's loving bosom swelled with the yearning of its deep and hidden tenderness. This was a



new, and yet untasted, and wholly unexpected trial. Her feeling heart was too full for words upon their stream to relieve. She sought where she might lose the tearful springs now troubled in her soul. Convulsively kissing her father, she entered into her own room and wept there. From such a separation as he contemplated, the whole of her affectionate nature shrunk. Yet through the nobleness of Christian heroism, she was enabled to look upon it without wavering. The first conflict of her filial devotion being past, her faith derived fresh vigour from the conviction—"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." A stream of heavenly light and peace flowed into her soul. With renewed dedication of all she was to God, she bowed herself before the throne of grace, and richly experienced the tranquillizing and hallowing influences of prayer. She was enabled to feel happy, even joyful, that she was counted worthy to suffer for the sake of Christ. In a letter which in the midst of this wreck she wrote to her dearest female friend, she says :—

[We give the letter entire.]

August 24th, 1848.

MY DEAREST EMILY,

I cannot express to you the joy I felt when I received the note of your return. Oh ! how I have longed for you, that I might imbibe the



spirit of heaven from your lips. *I am a Christian!* Is it not delightful? *I*, so lost in spiritual darkness. I must not stop at present to give you the particulars of what led to this lovely change. I will merely say, then, that it is solely to God, and to reading His blessed Word of the Old and New Testaments, that I am indebted for my present hopes.

It was on the very eve of our going abroad that I obtained a New Testament, impelled by a desire to read it, which scarcely deserved a higher name than mere curiosity. But even then the blessed Book lay unopened until we were approaching Switzerland. The extraordinary interposition of Divine power, narrated in the commencement of St. Matthew, arrested my attention most deeply. I knew that none of our people, acquainted with His story, sought to deny their occurrence, but imputed them to a wicked agency, which it would be a sin even to think of; and the same opinion applied to all the miracles wrought by our Saviour. Cabbalists, too, I had read, could perform far greater wonders than anything narrated in the New Testament. But such powers, papa had taught me to believe, were possessed by no man; and were only claimed by miserable enthusiasts that we had amongst us. So such occurrences, with the other miraculous events in His life, down to the rending of the veil of the temple—every

one of which I already knew the Sanhedrim admitted had occurred—compelled me to think and fear, though dreadfully against my will. Those blessed words, too, which He addressed to His disciples after His temptation, I read with much comfort. My heart was very full over them; I thought them so pure and kind and excellent, so unlike the long mysterious rules of our rabbins, that I could not rest till I had read them several times; and I wished they had not been spoken by such a person, as I then persisted in believing my Jesus was, but by some one better. I continued to read on until I came to the beautiful epistle of St. Paul to the Hebrews—often filled with trouble of heart which produced nights of fevered anguish; for with such sufferings as the Christians had to pass through, and with so much miraculous evidence, I could only own I thought these things were so. Oh, my dearest! had you but been near to help and comfort me; but then I had no one to whom I could breathe a word of the sorrow I felt. When I read the epistle to the Hebrews, I was fascinated and strangely comforted. It first gave me *right and correct* views of the Jewish and Christian religion. I saw that I had never understood Judaism before; nor yet the way in which God always intended to deal with mankind. So then I read it, and thought over it again; fervently praying, with many tears, that the Lord Jehovah

would, if the Messiah had indeed come, reveal that truth in my heart. He graciously accepted my petition, and I became quite convinced of the truth of the Christian religion ; and I began to pray in the name of my beloved Saviour. Still I understood His word very poorly indeed, and suffered greatly on account of this. Part of this arose from the hardness I found in realizing and believing in three persons in one God, and it sometimes caused very sinful doubts. Yet I began to receive inexpressible comfort ; and especially from those parts of St. John beginning, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me." Oh ! that word. How sweet ! how refreshing ! I always found it so. I made it almost the only part of my reading ; and I still read it more than any other.

But on coming to England and joining the church of Christ, my way was made plain. I learned the will of God, and am now able to rejoice with a joy unspeakable, and full of glory. The peace that passeth understanding now fills my heart, even in the midst of great trials—trials that I feel most deeply. I would not tell you this, my love, except to the glory of that Divine grace, which now works within me.

My sweet friend, I long to see you. Do come. I shall be impatient till I hear from you.

But I rather think you would like to know more

of the sorrow I refer to; so I will speak more at length.

You can think, my dearest, what I suffer on behalf of my beloved father. This is inexpressible; and but for the sweet assurance I have that my Redeemer will fulfil all His designs concerning him, I should go desponding indeed. When I communicated to him the change which had taken place in my views during the past twelve months, I did it in a *letter*, because I saw that in no other way could I have so good a means of telling my reasons, and the various historical and other facts, which had led me to the conviction that the Messiah had already come, in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. Having finished it, I laid it, a few evenings ago, upon a table in his dressing-room, and then besought my Jesus that He would bless it to his full salvation. Sleep was impossible; but I did not wish it. Through the night I experienced much of the divine presence and support. I felt a calm assurance that my Saviour would work for me; and that whatever happened to me, all would be for good. As daylight approached, I became sensible of excessive bodily weakness, and constantly increasing depression of spirits—want of sleep no doubt assisted—and scarcely able to anticipate meeting papa at breakfast. It was what he might say to me—perhaps expressions of sorrow. Oh! I

could not bear it, where I had always received nothing but the most devoted kindness and affection. It was a thing too dreadful to expect, and when the time came, I sunk helpless into a chair, till tears brought me once more relief; and then again commending myself to God in prayer, I went down to him. I could see he had suffered and was displeased with me, though he seemed inclined rather to conceal than display it. He did not smile upon me, as he invariably did; indeed he scarcely looked; and I had hardly courage to go up and kiss him. Even that he at first refused; it made me feel quite cold with grief. I begged that, at least, might be given.

The result of all is, dearest, that I am now suffering banishment from his presence for a week. He promises to send me to uncle Isaac to meet the rabbis, if I continue a Christian. What will be the consequence of that I cannot tell. I shall be treated unkindly. But, by the strength of Him who is omnipotent, I shall "stand firm as Mount Zion, that cannot be removed." My great dread is of being called to answer before the rabbis. I hope they will think my loss too valueless. But my Lord will rule all my goings. I wish I could repress *all* thoughtfulness. "He knoweth the way that I take; when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." I know, my beloved Emily, your heart will mingle its rejoicings with mine

when I assure you that I am able to say I have no anxiety. I think I am seldom cast down, except from purely physical causes. At first I wept with mighty anguish. Leave my precious parent! Oh! could I bear that! But when I had, on my knees, surrendered myself afresh to God, I ceased to inquire, and with every faculty of my soul I could say, "What Thou wilt, my Jesus, what Thou wilt. I dare not breathe the slightest wish." Oh, my lovely friend, help me to praise our glorious Redeemer. How abundant is His salvation. Why did I so long continue ignorant of His love—the only source of rest and calm repose. Is he not fitly called Emmanuel—God with us? I prove it every moment. "Because I live, ye shall live also." Those gracious words! They are ever on my lips in grateful praise. Elevated by this sweet thought, I can look with calmness on the evanescent nature of all things earthly; for having received the life of Christ, what need I fear when all things which now surround me, whether pleasing or not, must soon pass away for ever.

And oh, my dearest friend, how unspeakable must be the joy and exultation of the spirit, when, released from the cares and anguish which it has known in this world, it finds itself where lamentation, discord, pain, and death can never approach. Such thoughts fill our souls with inexpressible

love and peace, even in the darkest hour of earth. They solace and support me when, in going about the house, I sometimes meet my precious papa; when a look of pain and sadness, which fills my heart with grief and my eyes with tears, is all the sign of affection which can pass between us. He has not spoken once. I trust I have not once repined; though my sinful feeling has not left me entirely without temptation to think it hard—this haunts me most when my spirits fail.

Oh, pray for me, dearest—much, if you please. It will be the most invaluable proof of your affection which you could possibly give me. And will you not make an early visit to me, Emily? Will you not come to-morrow?

Papa, I must tell you, is quite willing. It had never occurred to me that he might perhaps suspect you of endeavours to lead me into Christianity, and so separate us. Therefore I sent a note in to him, saying that, in all my intercourse with you, you had never said anything to me against my religion, or favourable to your own—that you did not even know that I was a Christian, or thinking of it—and that I wished to see you. He kindly answered, that he never supposed you had; and that I might have invited you without consulting him.

I am, dearest, most affectionately yours,

LEILA ADA.



I have had many doubts about the propriety of publishing the following little note, which Leila sent to her father during this week. One might question the kindness of printing things written with the sacred affection of a delicate, noble-souled daughter, and in expectation that only a parent's eye would ever see it. Yet the child-like simplicity of Leila's love has been everywhere received in a delighted spirit. This thought makes me feel that I may be justified in hiding nothing which will place it in a brighter light.

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My very precious Papa,

I hope that what I ask, you will not think an act of disobedience. I desire perfectly to obey your wish for separation while you continue it. But might I, my dearest father, be allowed to come in and kiss you at least night and morning; It would be something to help me to bear severance from you. It is more severe than I can bear to meet you as I do, and yet pass you almost without a touch. Do give me permission at these times to have at least this one sign of your affection; at any rate, if you object to this, will you, in much kindness, grant my original request—allow me to come in to you twice a day? Will you, my much-loved, darling papa? O, I do love



you so — though I know that you believe this — and it is so very hard to go into my bedroom every night without even seeing you.

May I hope you will ? Do grant your suffering Leila this. I ask it with all my heart, and with much tears.

Adieu, my dearest papa. May you and I be blessed with all temporal and spiritual blessings, and at last be admitted into those sweet lands, where love meets no change nor separation—where the purest, most exalted, affection subsists in every spirit, and God fills every place and heart—where farewells are a sound unknown. O, I love you, and I bless you ! I praise God most earnestly for my dear good papa, who has made all my life one rich stream of love and blessing — of kindness manifested to me in ten thousand delicate and beautiful instances. May the God whom we love, my sweet papa, be your reward for ever ! Amen.

It is almost an unnecessary thing to say, that both requests were granted.

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Again she writes :

August 27.—My sweet Emily has just left me

Oh! how delightful! how endearing has been our intercourse! though so limited. O God! I thank Thee for the delight which I have always proved in this friendship, but which I am assured will now be mine more than ever. Oh! they were precious moments when my beloved friend wept with affectionate solicitude for me, and sweetly offered up prayers for my preservation under all trials, and that we might be kept in the hand of our gracious Jesus, until at last we joined each other in the mansions of everlasting peace. It is a sweet and holy time, and though I feel much sadness at the departure of my friend, I have the lovely influences which have descended upon us all this afternoon still with me. To Thee, benevolent Father, my most heartfelt thanks are due for the solace and support given me through this one of Thy dear children; for having given us sympathies so much in union, and given us souls capable of glowing with the deepest gratitude for such an invaluable gift. O, then enable us always to feel unbounded thankfulness to Him who has done so much for us. May we be found always ready to sacrifice all we hold dear in life for Thee; and constantly looking up to Thee for the coming of our salvation. Whether Thou appointest unto us joy, or pain, all these things will soon pass away; but O, that we may be constant in seeking treasures which never can change, a crown which

never can fade, a robe which will shine with ever-during lustre. Glorious is our hope ! I and my dearest friend shall soon be united in everlasting bliss. O, I long, I pant for immortality. I rejoice that ever I was created to love my God. Be the glories of another world the only objects of my affection, my exertions, and of my ambition. Oh ! how happy, how very happy, I feel ! Judaism, oh ! even in thy strength, how cold, how distant from God thou wast, compared with the communing with God in love we have through Christ Jesus. I thank my Lord, the author and finisher of my faith, for the "life and immortality" which "are brought to light by the Gospel." A Jew certainly could not triumph over death and earth so completely as the Christian, if he understand and avail himself of all the privileges offered to him in his blessed Redeemer.

And O, my Father, grant that henceforth I may think of these things more gratefully than ever.

August 28.—How glorious is the gospel of my Lord ! How I find it support me and console me in this season of hardship and necessity ! Am I tempted to be mournful ? What a triumph for the humble Christian to be assured that "the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth," is the God of his life ; to know that he is invited to take the Lord for his God and his

Saviour for ever. Why, then, do I ever feel uneasy? Why do I, for a moment, cease to rejoice in my protecting God, who knows all my wants, even before I am aware of them myself, and is prepared to supply them before I can ask Him? My Saviour has gone before me to prepare a place for me. I have but to believe and love, and heaven will be mine.

O, my dearest Redeemer, I sometimes fear I have a carefulness which may displease thee. O, save me from this. Enable me always to remember that Thou wilt never suffer me to be placed in a condition where my spiritual weapons are not fully adequate to the contest. Help me to strive against the obtrusive infirmities of nature; and not suffer myself to fall from Thee when they oppress me. Thou, O God, art all sufficient, and if I continue thine, Thou wilt never cease the tokens of thy favour; and from being a babe in Christ Jesus, I shall grow up to that blessed, vigorous maturity which is the privilege of all believers.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have this day had delightful and intimate communion with my God. I felt the sacred fire of Divine love. My desires after entire conformity to the will and mind of God have been intense. My whole soul was engaged. I am truly athirst after the righteousness which my Saviour has promised, and so delights to bestow. O, my Jesus!

satisfy my ardent longings for the indwelling of Thyself. What, then, is the tribulation of all the world, if the God of love has taken possession of my soul?

O may I be enabled to lean simply on Omnipotence, and more than ever feel that things present are a shadow unworthy of a serious thought. One smile from thee, my Redeemer, is more than adequacy for years on years of toil and sorrow. It is my grief that I cannot habitually feel this; that I do not find a more intense disdain for the miserable offerings of this vain world.

Lord, enlighten my understanding. Let my views of Thee be yet more and more enlarged. So my soul, restored to Thy image, shall begin here that bliss which will attain to its perfection in the abodes of eternal joy and felicity.

“How thankful I ought to be that the Holy Spirit still continues to visit me with His gracious influences!”

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“There is no precept or command in the blessed Gospel, for the performance of which God is not ready and willing to communicate divine strength. The Saviour never gave *orders* without furnishing the *arms* to fulfil them. I can, therefore, look to Heaven, and with confidence expect those blessings which I so peculiarly need at this time.”

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“ O Lord, my heavenly father, I beseech Thee, endue me with power and courage from on high, adequate to whatever Thou art pleased to lay upon me. Enable me to lay aside this carefulness which now engrosses my spirit. Lord, help me : increase my faith, confirm my hope, and let my love for Thee glow with more and more ardency than ever.

“ I am impressed with awe ; I hardly dare to hope ; I am determined that God shall be my guide, that I will follow Him in whatever path He shall mark out for me. To the glory of divine grace I have to record that I enjoy seasons of sweet serenity and calmness. May I become more diligent in the use of every means of grace which God has prescribed. May I be enabled to press forward, till I have seized on every privilege which is mine as a child of God, as a believer in Christ Jesus. Amen.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ The more I think of the fountain of living waters, the more I feel my thirst abate for earth-born joys. I am in possession of a peace which passeth understanding ; I am happy in the love of God.

“ When that dark veil which naturally covers our hearts is thrown aside, we discover a Father

of infinite love, who *tries* us here that we may be fitted for the hallowed enjoyment of Himself in heaven.

“In the presence of the great luminary the stars withdraw themselves. Last evening I saw them most distinctly; now they are lost amid the brightness of the day, and I cannot catch the slightest glimpse of their sparkling orbs. But as night advances, and draws her veil before the sunbeams, they again emerge from their obscurity and shine with lustre undiminished. Emblem of the trials of the Christian. When these have cast a shade over the vanity of our hearts, and thrown a gloom over the brightness of our earthly views, how plainly then can we perceive our inward depravity—what revelations of *indwelling* sins are made to us, and of a kind, too, whose existence we little suspected. While we were surrounded by everything calculated to insure our ease and comfort, they were undiscovered; but let the clouds of trial and adversity darken the zenith of our worldly happiness, and coming forth from their obscurity they show their palpable existence. These are the seasons when the world is compelled to confess itself nothing but vanity and deceit, and when the soul is fitted to wing its flight far beyond the things which are seen, to those which are not seen, even the joys of celestial bliss.

“No matter how heavy, how impalpable, the



cloud may appear, the glorious star of Jacob pierces the thickening shadows, and shows Himself our unchanging guide—our morning star. The more weightily our affliction presses upon our spirits, the more valuable and lovely do we feel religion to be, the more do we find its adaptation to our every want. Then it is she stands out in bold relief, and shows herself clad in robes of immortality and eternal life.

“Let such considerations as these induce me to joyfully take my appointed share of trial. Let me lose sight of the world—of all things earthly, and seek after an increasing resemblance to my Redeemer, that I may be a lucid gem in His crown for ever. He shall be my pattern and my guide. I bless God; I love him; I love His service; I love religion better than ever. O, what a bitter draught is life without God! and so without hope.

“Most fervently do I pray that through divine grace I may walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, and increase in the knowledge of God. May I be enabled to ‘forget those things which are behind, and reach forth unto those things which are before, pressing toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.’

\* \* \* \* \*

“To-morrow I am permitted to again see and



speak to my dear parent. My love for him glows with more intensity than ever. What will be the consequence? I cannot tell; I have given the event to God. My path is clear—to simply and obediently maintain my belief in the Lord Jesus, as far as seems necessary to make his goodness to me known, to avow my intention to cleave to my religion; that course will I strictly follow, whatever be the consequence. Most earnestly do I entreat of God that I may have a complete mastery over myself. O, my Jesus! save me from bringing any contempt upon religion; but O, that I may adorn by my life and conversation, that lovely cause in which all my soul is engaged. I bless God, I record it to the praise of His holy name, that He does not permit me to be harassed by a single doubt of the truth of the religion I profess and believe in, not a single doubt that Jesus is the Messiah; on the contrary, each day finds my convictions deepened, my faith strengthened, my love confirmed. Glory be to God for what he hath done for my soul.”

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“Now, my darling, my precious child!” exclaimed her father, with deep feeling, as she obeyed the permission to again see him, which he had given her, “come to the bosom of your inconsolable father, and tell him you have abjured all your sinful opinions and belief.”

“O, my dear papa,” sobbed Leila, “indeed I cannot; my belief is firmer, stronger than ever.”

“Then, my child, it is my duty—you must leave me as I said. To-day I will write to my brother at ——; while you are there I shall have no direct communication with you; all that is necessary will be made known to me by your uncle. Till he answers my letter I shall see you no more.”

“O, it is cruel, very cruel, papa, to put me away from you, when you are the only being in the world I love, and with whom I can be happy. O, how happy we have been together! indeed, I could not have supposed that you would do this; and you know that my uncle will certainly treat me unkindly now that I am a Christian; it will kill me, my dear father! you have always been so very and so delicately kind to me, that I cannot now bear the very least unkindness or neglect. But I have never murmured against your will, and I trust to be saved now.”

“My dear daughter feels it much less than her father. What do you think it is I have to endure while I see my choicest treasure removed from my dwelling; my child in whom my every hope was centred! The struggle is deep and severe, and nothing but a stern sense of duty supports me through it. Now my dear, leave me; I am ill.”

Retiring to her chamber Leila gave vent to her overwrought feelings in an agony of tears. Thus

relieved, she became more composed, and able to prayerfully prepare to meet the future. In her diary she writes :

August 30.—After a week of painful suspense, the dread alternative is decided—I am to be put away from my lovely papa!—sent among those who blaspheme my religion, and who will be unkind to me for its sake. Lord help me! O, no letter! nothing from my dearest, my adored papa! Shall I be able to bear all this? Peace! peace! beating heart! Jesus lives! and because He lives, thou shalt live also. O, my lovely Lord Jesus, change my thoughts; strengthen them; turn them from my anguish unto Thee.

In the midst of this dreadful conflict of natural feeling, O Lord, I love Thee, and would breathe a strain of adoration to that care and wisdom, which has led me hitherto—I would pour out my soul in gratitude. But thou “knowest my frame, and rememberest I am but dust.” I am unable to express to Thee the joy which through my swimming eyes would break. Accept my inmost thanks for the precious gift of Thyself. Soon I hope to be shut up with Thee for ever. O, weak as I am, helpless as I feel myself, I trust—indeed I will believe I shall ever rely on Thee, my Father, and obey Thee in the spirit of grateful love.

My head aches violently. I must lay my pen

aside. O God! my loving and compassionate parent, grant unto me, who humbly crave Thy assistance, that the supplications I have addressed to Thee may be graciously answered.

September 1.—The Christian who is devoted to God is ever anxious to tread in the path of Jesus. "Let us also go, that we may die with Him," said Thomas to his brethren, when his Master was about to go up to Bethany, where Lazarus was dead.

O! my heart, is this what thou canst feel? Like Jesus, art thou willing to say, "Father, not my will but Thine be done?" Art thou ready, as thy loving Saviour was, to drink a cup of bitterest death, rather than do ought contrary to the will of thy Father in heaven?

Lord, I am sensible of my sinful weakness. I grieve to feel so much of my own will predominates. And yet I would fain give myself up entirely to Thee. O! help me to go with Thee in all Thy ways; to watch and to pray with Thee; to believe and to love with Thee; to weep and to suffer with Thee; to forgive and to bless with Thee; to be altogether like Thee, so that at last I may go to Heaven with Thee, there to enjoy love and peace, for ever and ever. That unspeakable love which could submit to insult and misery from compassion for my soul shall be my safeguard when temptation assails my spirit. How

joyful is the thought ! I already feel happy in the persuasion that I shall realize that which it was the object of my Redeemer to accomplish—even a salvation from all doubtings and an unruffled serenity of mind under all trials. Lord Jesus, aid me now ! Enable me to continue in thy love in spite of all outward things. Amen.

September 2.—How comforting ! how gracious do I find the manifestations of my Saviour's love ! My cup runneth over. I am indeed highly favoured, and receive so much blessing and support as I never could have expected. If to go to my uncle's is the will of my Lord, let me go hopefully. He will be with me amid the greatest sorrow ; and I shall never be moved while I put my trust in Him.

O, my Jesus, I love Thee ! and even now I can, I do rejoice in Thee with joy unspeakable ! Thou lovest me and art always with me to uphold my heart, to support my spirit. I go from the parent whom I love more than any one, but Thou wilt be my Father, and I cannot go where Thou art not. "The Lord is my shepherd !" I may joyfully exclaim wherever I am.

Oh ! for that simplicity of heart in my approaches to my God which shall introduce me to a taste of heaven, even in the midst of the most trying reverses and difficulties I may be called to pass through. He has warned me that in the world I

am to expect tribulation ; but he has also told me to take courage from the assurance that in Him I shall have a perfect victory over them. And what is the victory which my present circumstances should produce ?—To teach me the elusiveness of worldly things ; to detach me from the love of them, that I may attain that important portion of the Christian character, the power of self-denial : and also that I may learn in all things that may befall me to strive with earnestness that I may be accepted of Him.

September 11th.—My present life is only a few years of childhood ; and, like it, I often weep capacious tears because I cannot be pleased in my own instead of my loving Father's way. But even if my life should pass in excusable tears, I shall soon have passed it, and attain the maturity of eternity.

O ! then, that in future my most dreary hours may be filled with sweet confidence in Thee, my ever-blessed Lord. I am hastening to the comforter—to the home where all tears shall be wiped away. Thou, my gracious Father, wilt never forget me, Thy weak child ; of this I am quite sure, for it is told me in Thy own sweet Word, and I find it written in my soul. I only live when I live to thee. O may Thy Spirit take up His constant abode in my heart ! may He illuminate and guide, so that my light may shine, and glory to God in the highest be the effect of my walk

and conversation! One great fear I have, and which so much depresses me is, lest I should do anything in the presence of those amongst whom I expect to be sent that should bring any *disgrace* upon religion. O my God! save me from this. I would have all I say and do in their presence be such as Thou canst approve. And wilt thou not accept this desire that I have, and which comes from Thee? I will trust Thee for it. I will venture a hope, that frail and weak as I feel myself, I shall in Thy strength be enabled to live and act amongst these my relations, for whom my heart sorrows deeply, as becomes one who is a temple of the living God, and an heir of everlasting blessedness. "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him; He also will hear their cry and will save them." On this subject of promise, my mind has been unusually drawn out. And while on my knees praying for its realization in my own experience, I have received a sweet confidence, which I cannot allow myself to give up, that it will be fulfilled in me. If so, I may expect to be perfectly peaceful and happy in the midst of the greatest trials which can befall me where I go.

Lord, still hear me, and be with me, and about me, and grant me Thy constant aid, for Christ, my Redeemer's sake!



September 23rd.—To-morrow I go from this my home, where I have received such unalloyed happiness and blessing. I go, not knowing what I have to endure. But my life is hid with Thee, my God, and I will not allow myself to fear.

It is midnight now : I have just concluded my final arrangements. My heart is very full : but I have a settled and a deep peace—such peace as I have not often felt. Dearest Jesus ! accept my gratitude for this gracious interposition. At a time which I never could bear to think of, which I thought would compel me to entreat my beloved father upon my knees, that I might be able to conquer. In this I do rejoice, because of my desire that I might in all things passively accept Thy will.

And in the further trial which is yet to come, in the dreadful moment of separation from the author of my being, may I be still strengthened and supported by thy grace. O ! if I knew what would be done to me ! If I knew whether I would be allowed to see him again ! But hush, my inquiring heart ! canst thou not trust Jesus ! who has trusted thee with no less a blessing than his priceless love ? O ! I will strive.

With tears I give myself up to thee, my Saviour. Oh ! if it were possible, I would do it more unservedly than I have ever done. My safety only

consists in feeling that thou art all sufficient, and wilt never deny thyself to those who seek Thee with an humble heart.

The morning which had been assigned for her departure arrived. Upon this morning we find the following brief, but expressive entry in her diary :—

“Dearest, loveliest, and best of all, my Jesus!”

And then came the last fond lingering moment—the last tender embrace—the last adieu from her swimming eyes. Graphically as every attendant upon the parting of this affectionate daughter from her only parent has been depicted to us, we must draw a veil over its further description. Such scenes in life are far too sacred to be committed to aught but private remembrance. It was a deeply affecting one. She went, not knowing whether she should ever return; but the victory was hers through Divine grace.

The domestics (themselves of the seed of Abraham) shed abundance of tears. “O, my dear young mistress,” said one, her utterance choked with grief, “do come back again soon.” “When God sees fit; pray for me,” enjoined Leila; and with a bursting heart, she threw herself into the carriage which was waiting at the door.

## CHAPTER X.

TREATMENT OF LEILA BY HER UNCLE.—HER TRIALS.—  
CHARACTER OF LEILA'S COUSIN.

WE have remarked of Leila's father, that although his belief in the Jewish religion was firm and persistent, yet he was not strenuous in the observances enjoined by their ritual. But his brother was much more strict. He was very regular in his attendance at the synagogue, and he was generally regarded as a pious and devout Jew. To his care Leila was confided, with a desire that he would exert all the knowledge he himself possessed, and likewise introduce her to conversations with other wise and pious Jews, with the view of shaking her belief. He was also instructed to carefully guard against her obtaining possession of any religious works except those which belonged to the Jews; and further, she was never to be permitted to attend a place of Christian worship. That this, and the purchase of any Christian books might be effectually prevented, she was never to go out but in the company of another.

Her zealous uncle began his work immediately. Closeting himself with her the very first hour after her arrival, he began: "My dear child, what dreadful tidings are these, that you have

apostatized from the religion of your father Abraham?"

"Abraham believed God: I do the same. Abraham's faith was counted unto him for righteousness: mine is so too. Abraham's salvation is the same Saviour as mine; his faith in the bloody and imperfect sacrifices of the old covenant always referred beyond those types to the Saviour whom God had promised; mine refers to the fulfilment of the old and the establishment of the new, by the one perfect sacrifice of Christ, who is the Mediator of the new covenant into which God hath entered with His people. I have not committed apostasy. I wish, my dear uncle, I had a New Testament."

"I would not listen; I would not have such a book in my house. What it contains is blasphemous, and has been again and again refuted; and you, Leila, ought to know all this. Alas! all that my dear brother said was too true. What! do you think that I, and your dear father, and all your nation, are wrong, and you are right?—"

"Uncle!" interposed Leila, "from experience I know that not you, nor any of our nation, have any solid joy, or hope, or peace, or even comfort, in your religion. You reject Christ Jesus, the Saviour; what will you do for an atonement? You have none. Do not yourselves confess it?"

"An atonement! are you ignorant of the Jewish

confessions? I mean those which are appointed to be said by a person in prospect of death. What say they?—and it is even so: ‘My death must be an atonement for my sins?’”

“Oh! that is a terrible delusion: indeed, it is religious insanity. What death do you mean will be an atonement for your sins? Are your notions of sin, and its origin and its nature, so crude, that you do not know that ‘In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die,’ refers not to temporal death merely, but to eternal death also? This eternal death of the sinner, or an atonement, God’s justice must have. No bodily death, no purgatorial pains, not even the most excessive torments of hell, were they to ever cease, could satisfy God’s offended majesty. The sinner must either endure eternal misery—eternal death, or be ransomed in such a way that God can still be just, although He justify and restore him to His favour. If the words you have quoted mean only the sullen calmness of despair, I can understand them; they are desperate madness, if they mean anything else. You said, too, that the accounts in the New Testament have been again and again refuted. In this respect, my dear uncle, you are mistaken; they are capable of the most triumphant proof. The Sanhedrim could not avoid admitting that our Saviour performed the miracles imputed to Him.”

“My dear, I really must not go into this. I

have listened to you with great patience, and I shall seek to manifest the deepest kindness towards you ; but, be careful of this, that not a word of your principles is uttered in my family. I love you yet, as well as ever I did, and I should be very sorry to suppose that you should ever cause me to love you less. I will fulfil my promise—I will do all in my power to save your soul, but I will not have Jesus of Nazareth preached in my house.”

“ As far, sir, as my duty to God will permit me, I promise I will make no observation ; beyond this, I dare say nothing, even if the forfeiture shall be my life.”

Leila's aunt was a leader of fashion, as it is phrased ; and now, therefore, she was placed in the midst of a giddy whirl of dinner and evening parties, balls, réunions, &c. This, considered by itself, was to her pure, and quiet, and retiring spirit, an inexpressible trial. It was her uncle's desire that, as far as possible, her being a Christian should be kept secret, for, said he, “ I should feel ashamed to have it known that my niece is a believer in Jesus of Nazareth. My pride, too, would be humbled, were our people acquainted that such a person is living with me.”

Her personal appearance was singularly beautiful. Her manners and address were characterized by that elegance, refinement and ease, which

inseparably attend good sense and good breeding and, withal, by a winning softness and innocence which at once fascinated. This was remarked by more than one. Among her relatives it was often observed, "If Miss T——'s arguments fail to convince, her insinuating tenderness and innocence of manner will : in any case, she has the victory." Of her intellectual power, we have before us precious evidence. It cannot surprise, therefore, that she quickly became a chief favourite in this family circle. And as she appeared at the first "quiet dinner and evening party," (it was at her uncle's house,) clad in a robe of simple white muslin, her aunt could not avoid a feeling of pride in her niece. Playfully patting her cheek with her glove, she exclaimed, "Oh ! Leila, dear, if you were not in such a dreadful delusion, how I could enjoy you."

Invitation after invitation poured in upon her, and it was not left to her own choice whether they should be accepted or not. Soon, however, one was sent for a grand *réunion* and ball. This, she felt, she must not accept. The evil was too mighty to permit of any course but one—a stern refusal. "My father," she writes, "bade me obey my uncle as I would himself. I feel I have already done this too much : I will do so no more. My obedience affects my soul, and, therefore, cannot be given. Although I have striven hard to



keep my thoughts in heaven, while I have been in the midst of these gay circles, yet, I fear it has, in some measure, deadened my soul ; indeed, it cannot be otherwise, because the music, and singing, and animation, are to me temptations ; then I cannot avoid a taint. O, my Jesus, forgive me what I have done ! I never, till to-day, saw the evil clearly. I have sought temporal peace and composure at the risk of my spiritual life ; but, now, by Thy help, I am determined to do so no more. My body trembles and is ill at what I know is to come—what I know will be the result of my conduct—but Thou, my Saviour, canst give me all necessary strength ; and Thou wilt if I have faith in Thee. I entreat Thee, fire my soul with Thy love ! Enable me to break down every obstacle which shall hinder me in my progress toward Heaven : O perfect Thy strength in my weakness ! I am full of sweet confidence that Thou wilt : I have an assurance that in the hour of trial the Saviour will appear for me. Then, welcome whatever He appoints. I am voyaging to eternity : no matter if mine is to be a stormy passage ; I shall better enjoy the peaceful havens of celestial rest ; my hopes of Heaven will glow more vividly ; my faith in Jesus be in more mighty exercise. He will save me : I believe it. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not how much He hath done for thee ! Fear not trials,

Jesus will be with thee ; the Lord of hosts is His name. Whom shall I fear ? The Lord is my rock and my tower ; the God of Jacob is my refuge !

“ O, that Christ Jesus may but dwell in my heart by faith, and then, rooted and grounded in love, I shall be enabled to overcome every adversary, and to comprehend with all saints what is the length, and breadth, and depth, and height, of the love of God—that love which passeth knowledge and understanding. I shall even be filled with all the fulness of God. With the glorious prospect of my heavenly inheritance continually before me, I shall rejoice with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. Finally, being brought off more than conqueror, I shall rise to the mansion of rest which Jesus has prepared for my eternal home.”

From this revelation of the workings of her heart, we may perceive that Leila had some time previously begun to suspect that the fulfilment of her uncle's request, by abstaining from distinctly confessing her attachment to Christianity, was nothing less than putting her light under a bushel. And therefore she gave herself to reflection upon how far her peculiar circumstances, and that obedience to her father which the Scriptures enjoined, justified her in what she now believed to be an infringement of the law of Christ. For the sake of that affection with which we cherish the memory

of our dear friend, we feel it necessary to record the assurance which we have had from her own lips, that she never made the shadow of an attempt to *hide* the fact of her being a Christian.

[We find the following entry in her diary at this time :]

October 4th.—So far, all is well with me, and I am enabled to hold on my way rejoicing. Uncle is kinder than I expected, aunt very kind, the same of the rest of my relations here. I feel the importance of my position here, as a disciple of the Lord Jesus ; and trust I shall walk worthy of my high vocation. I am determined that in no way will I deny my Lord, when events clearly intimate that I ought to acknowledge Him ; at the same time, I feel the necessity of obeying my dear father, and of fulfilling all the proper desires of my dear uncle, who now takes my parent's place. O my Saviour ! be Thou my guide, and teach me how to act.

October 9th.—Every day brings to me fresh and richer proofs of my Father's plenteous grace. Here, where I expected to meet much unkindness, I am received with a regard never surpassed. Aunt, especially, never delighted me more by her manifest solicitude to secure my perfect happiness and comfort. She takes me with her everywhere ; introduces me to all her new friends, and makes calls on purpose to do so. I ride out with her and

my cousins twice a day ; am treated by all with the most delicate affection ; and, indeed, could believe myself to be only on an ordinary visit, were it not that I can receive no letters from my dear parent. But uncle has kindly promised to lighten this trial as much as possible, by always telling me about him when he receives a letter himself.

October 16th.—I still enjoy much happiness. Uncle has never adverted to my Christianity since the first evening : nor has any one else in the family. I have received numerous invitations and numerous offers of introductions ; and am altogether so fully engaged, that I can scarcely find time to fulfil my settled plan of sometimes writing my religious feeling.

I feel that God loves me and that I love Him. I know that I am His child, and I have a sweet peace which is indescribable. Many blessed visitations of His love, during the past few days, I have missed recording for want of opportunity to write them in my book. Lord save me from temptation, and may the kindness and attention I receive on every hand, never lead me to forget Thee, O my Redeemer, nor to do anything that would be unbecoming my high character as a Christian, and a disciple of Thee.

October 20th.—Mercies make up the sum of every day. Happy in God, and in possession of the peace which passeth understanding, I feel that

every breath should be praise. Lord save me! and enable me to walk worthy of my high vocation.

October 29.—Still every hour seems occupied; and I have scarcely time to fulfil my engagements with such correspondents as I am allowed. But I have a constant sense of the Divine favour; I feel that God is my Father, and views me with love; and am increasingly alive to the necessity of pressing forward in the Divine life, with greater earnestness, and of drinking deeper and deeper into God.

October 30.—I have sometimes asked myself if I do right in never making any reference to Christianity, even though I should be obliged to directly change the course of my conversation to enable me to do so. I think I am not allowed to do so. To my uncle my obedience is promised: and I should but arouse, I sadly fear, a bitter feeling. To avoid strife is not less the interest than the duty of the Christian. "Seek peace and pursue it," is the wise injunction of David. And our Saviour Himself seems to teach us a lesson of prudence, in the case of the person whom, after healing, He directed "Go thy way, and see thou tell no man; but show thyself to the priests, and offer for a testimony as Moses hath commanded you."

November 6th.—Many perils beset the path of the child of God while passing through this life. "Thou livest in great danger," is the language of

the Blessed Volume which is our monitor and guide. Our nature, ever prone to sin, may be assailed at all times, and a temptation to evil lies concealed amidst our most lawful avocations. Humility, then, how necessary ! It should be our constant companion, for in a sense of our weakness, and that God is all-sufficient, lies our safety. All we have comes from the goodness of God ; His supporting hand is incessantly required. This will enable me to pursue my path with delight and undaunted resolution. Distracting doubts—which now sometimes haunt me—will no more be able to interrupt my peace, nor will the crosses of life, however severe they may be, that I shall experience, affect my real comfort. This must always flow unalloyed and uninjured by earthly things ; and that Love Divine which is the beginning and end of my being will always be in me, giving a happy assurance of the still greater love of heaven.

November 11th.—How all this life and gaiety makes me long for my peaceful home ! I fear it may be to me a temptation : but Thou, O Lord, canst save me in the future, as Thou hast hitherto. I entreat Thee, give me all the strength necessary to conquer everything which might hinder me in my service of Thee. I cannot doubt that Thou wilt : therefore I will not alarm myself with unnecessary fears.

My enjoyments from a religious source have of late been very great. Sweet peace meets and surrounds me; the conscious smile of my Father cheers and illuminates my heart; and I am happy. O my gracious Redeemer! grant that henceforth my gratitude to Thee, for the abundant kindnesses Thou art daily displaying towards me, may be manifested in a more decided delication of my body, soul, and spirit, to Thy service. Amen.

[Then follows a letter to her friend.]

TO MISS HEIGHWAY.

October 7th, 1848.

My beloved Emily,

With much joy I devote a few minutes of this evening to you, my dearest friend. I know how warmly you are interested in my welfare, and how much you will wish to know what is my position here.

It is a much more happy one, at present, than either I or yourself had imagined possible. I am, in everything, considered as I used to be. Every one is exceedingly kind. I have to join in none of the private services but just those which I choose. They allow me to eat with them, and at the same table. Indeed, there is no difference made, because I am a Christian. I am visited by all my old friends,—and how I sometimes long to



tell them of my present happiness compared with my former unhappiness; but I must not, and if I did, I fear it would not be believed.

On the whole, then, you see I have much to be thankful for. But I feel separation from my home my papa, and all my friends—at a time, too, when I needed their help to strengthen me—most keenly. Continue, dearest, to pray for me, and love me. Pray write soon. Tell me, dearest, all about yourself; nothing else half so much interests

Your very affectionate sister,

LEILA ADA.

Excuse this being only a short note. It is the very first time I have had to write you, so many kind friends here place me under a sort of obligation to visit them. I shall write, should I be spared, more at length in a few days.

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TO THE SAME.

November 11th.

My much-loved Emily,

Many thanks for your kind letter of Saturday. The contents were altogether congenial; and from

reading them, I derived fresh courage to renew my diligence in the pursuit of endless bliss.

Cease all anxiety, dearest, about the future. At *present*, I assure you, I have no cause to complain,—except I might say that so much visiting is unlike my disposition to quietness; and this, but especially one or two rather fashionable unions, is a source of trial. But while I have to endure no more than this, I shall be very thankful, indeed; and, for the future, I will not allow it to depress me. Neither, dearest, must you think of it for me

Oh! those few lines about papa; what joy it was to me! I am glad he has not ceased to visit you; but I am dreadfully oppressed, because he seems so sorrowful. Pray, my love, when he comes, take care of him for me. Solace him all you can: he has got a lovely heart! I almost felt greatly pained because he did not say something about me to you; though I think as you do, that it is only because he suffers much about me. I do pray that my Lord will bless him abundantly, and lead him to the only source of perfect rest and peace. In my approaches to a throne of grace, it often gives me great strength when I remember that my dearest Emily has also promised to pray for him. May the Lord our Redeemer bless you, my love, in your own soul abundantly, for this unexpected proof of your

affection. Yet has it never occurred to you that there ought to be much more of this solicitude for particular persons amongst the disciples of our Lord? I think so. Fervent prayers at a throne of grace for our brethren and companions' sake; a deep concern for each other's welfare; mutual acts of special kindness and affection; and the most earnest, constant efforts in the pursuit of each other's happiness are all, very certainly, our duty.

Above all, I feel thankful for that growing evidence of a "death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness," which is depicted in your letters to me. Oh! the inexpressible delights of a friendship like ours, cemented by the bonds of love to God! My affections are more than ever with you, my sweet friend. With sentiments of gratitude to God, I acknowledge our intimacy as one of the *great* blessings conferred upon me, and feel assured I ever shall.

From the very first she resolved that she could yield obedience to her uncle only so far as not to *seek* for an occasion which would require her to repudiate Judaism; if that occasion came without any effort of her own, she fully determined that not for one moment would she compromise the truth by which she was saved. She felt that beyond doubt the time for her to confess Jesus had now arrived. From the extract just given she

appears to think that it had arrived before; but she was quite assured that her position compelled her to disobey her parent now, and that she might righteously do so. But what a flood-gate of persecution would be opened upon her, if she transgressed her uncle's word, and made it known that he, a strict Jew, had allowed a devoted Christian Jewess to be introduced into Jewish circles, and yet had spoken of her as though she were a believer in the faith of her fathers. Leila thought on all this, and on much more than this, and that she should have to endure sufferings which could only be imagined by one who was, like herself, a Jew. But she wavered not. Her help was laid on "One that is mighty," and with a calm assurance and trusting confidence, she took a pen to decline the before-mentioned invitation, and declare her joyful belief in Jesus as the Messiah. The letter was written in her own sweet spirit; full of a yearning tenderness for the soul of the person to whom it is addressed; and noble and undaunted in her recognition of the Divinity of the Gospel of Christ. She wrote without first making her uncle acquainted with her intention. To such a task she felt unequal; and therefore left to her Heavenly Father's direction, the way in which it should be made known to him. Here is the letter:—

November 22, 1848.

My dear Mrs. S.,

Believe me I am very grateful for the kind attentions which on every occasion, while residing with my aunt, you have manifested towards me; and I appreciate and thank you for the feeling which led you to include me amongst the invitations for your reunion. But I feel that, with many thanks, I must decline it.

To accept it would be sinful. I am a believer in the Messiahship of Jesus of Nazareth. I am a Christian; and am sure that all my sins are forgiven, through my Lord Jesus Christ.

There is very much in these unions which is entirely uncongenial to the spirit which a follower of Jesus should preserve.

I need not tell you the chain of events which, in a gracious providence, God used to produce this sweet change. But I might say a word to you respecting the Messiah, if you will have the goodness to bear with me; and I must hope you will, my dear Mrs. S——, because I know you give a figurative interpretation to His character, as displayed in the Sacred Books, and look for Him, I rather think, simply as to be the King to restore us to our inheritance, and by sacrifices redeem us from our sins.

But this mode of interpreting the prophecies

which relate to Him is very objectionable, and it would be well if our nation could rightly understand this ; for then, I think, much of our darkness would be passed away ; at any rate, I believe that the mystical labyrinth in which this way of interpretation involves them, is one great cause that they so implicitly rely upon the teachings of the rabbins, leaving them only to search the Scriptures and expound their meaning, since, if such views of them be true, they can never feel they understand them.

God certainly wrote His word so that man could understand it, and not surrounded by a mist and cloud which could be pierced only by a few persons, and then merely those who confined their attention to it solely. I believe He is willing to teach it to every man who will simply read it, relying upon Him for direction. The Bible is not a book of allegories, but a plain and simple statement of things that had been, things that were, and things to come, with their connection with the eternal laws by which God governs mankind.

What things have happened show us this. When God promised Abraham that his posterity should take possession of Canaan, did Abraham understand some mystical allegory by which he was promised immense blessings of some kind ? but of *what* kind they were, he could only understand after a great deal of reflection and comparison about the proba-

ble meaning of the promise. His whole conduct, after receiving the promise, proved that he understood God as meaning literally what He said; and God did fulfil the promise, as literally as He had uttered it. And the sons of Ishmael, are they not still wanderers in the desert, their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them, just as literally as God predicted it should be? Were not Sodom and Gomorrah destroyed by fire, as it was said? Was not the world drowned in the days of Noah? Has not Tyre become a ruin, so that where she once raised her head in magnificence and pride, now the stork of the desert roams, and fishers spread their nets? The same is true of Babylon, of the destruction of Jerusalem, of the dispersion of Israel, of their consequent calamities. So plainly are all these things written, and so exact has been their fulfilment in the experience of our nation, that I can only wonder how they cannot understand the true meaning and connection with their rejection of Jesus, the Son of God.

Just as literally must the prophecies which relate to the Messiah be taken; and if they are, we cannot easily be mistaken as to His person. In the Books of David and Isaiah, it is distinctly predicted of Him what He is to be; of whom descended; what kind of life He is to lead; what sorrows He should endure; how He should sustain Himself under them; what should be the



manner of His death; what indignities should attend it; and that the Jews, of which nation He should come, should reject Him. All these things are clearly written; and though I felt no more willing than any other Jew to be convinced, yet I am convinced that they are accurately fulfilled in Jesus of Nazareth. And if you would, my dear Mrs. S——, only take up the fifty-third of Isaiah, and compare that with the life, acts, and death of Jesus, you would be fully satisfied that He is the person there spoken of. I say thus, because I suppose you to be acquainted with His life as to its general particulars; but if you are not sufficiently aware of them, and if you would obtain a New Testament—most gladly, dear Mrs. S——, would I lend you one that I have—and compare the twenty-sixth of St. Matthew with the fifty-third of Isaiah, you would be at once assured that the agreement is exact. I do so fear you would never consent to this. But to read the account of His death and sufferings as recorded by St. Matthew, the truth of which no Jew acquainted with history doubts, cannot do you *harm*; I am quite sure it would do you much good. Oh! I should have so much delight if you would ask me to read it, for I do think you would want to know more.

The interpretation which the Jews give to this chapter is most unlikely; allow me to say, that it

is even so absurd, as to make it very strange how after reading the other prophecies about themselves, they could ever suppose that this refers to them. To any one taking up the chapter with a mind free from prejudice, it must be very plain that whoever it refers to, it *cannot* be what they imagine it is,—an allegorical representation of their own sufferings.

If it is true that the Bible is only a book of allegories and words of doubtful meaning, then it must be very unlike the Being who spoke it,—Him who is Light without shade, essential Truth, unsullied Purity, an unchanging Lord. It cannot be what He declares it to be,—the only guide to purity of heart and eternal salvation,—a guide so simple, that the wayfaring man need not err in interpreting it. It cannot be a certain teacher, for all it says is so mystical, that several constructions may be put upon it, each one, seemingly to human wisdom, as likely to be true as the other; and this is scarcely better than writing a book which is meaningless. We are sure that such a book could not consist with the wisdom and character of God; nor with Him, as the Source of all Intelligence.

From reading the Bible in this way, then—I mean believing that it spoke everything plainly, and so that I could not mistake its meaning while I read it with a willingness to learn—from this

I am convinced that the Messiah has come ; that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah, the promised Son of God ; that what the rabbis teach is not the truth of God, and a great deal of it is excessively sinful. Look at the Talmud and Cabbala, and then compare them with Moses and the Prophets. And oh, my dear Mrs. S.! how happy, how *very* happy I have been, since I felt this; since I felt the power of His salvation as manifested in my own spirit. I have no fear now of dying! no dread of something, I know not what, to come after death! for I have found a place of everlasting refuge. I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that trust which I have committed unto Him—which is my body and soul—unto the day when He shall appear with all the holy angels, bringing His saints with Him. Oh! these are sweet and holy feelings—an inexhaustible spring of delights. To feel that soon I shall be for ever in heaven with Him, to be quite *sure* of it, where there will be no more pain, nor care, nor languor, nor sorrow, nor sin; where the body will never again feel weariness, the eye weep no longer, the heart never feel unhappy, and those I love will never forsake me, nor separate themselves from me; but where I shall for ever be filled with that glorious fulness of Himself which God will give to all His ransomed children. Oh!

these thoughts make me joyful as I write. Suffering is before me, I doubt it not; suffering, probably in full measure. But sorrow, then, will be a thing that was, and is to be no more. There I shall mingle in the song of the redeemed. To Him that hath loved me, and washed me from my sins in His own blood, to Him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. In hope of that lovely time I am enabled here to meet suffering with composure. I feel very strong, because of Him who is engaged to save me. If I am unhappy now, I am comforted by the knowledge that it will soon pass away, and I shall be in those abodes of love and peace where I cannot be unhappy again.

“And oh! my dear Mrs. S., if these delights were also yours, how glad I should feel for you—how I could rejoice with you. You are not happy now—you cannot be happy as you are at present—I know this from my own experience. But Jesus is willing to make you happy, if you will allow Him. He beseeches you to be reconciled to Him, that by doing His will He may be glorified in you. He gave up Himself that by dying in your stead, He might work your redemption from eternal death. And will you not love Him for such goodness? Oh! I think you must. Oh! that you may say when next I shall see you—or if I should never see you again, may you

now say it to God—as His disciple Thomas said when convinced that it was indeed Himself upon whom he looked, “My Lord! and my God!” Then will heaven flow into your soul while on earth, and at last, accompanied by waiting angels, you shall be carried to the realms of unclouded blessedness. It is beautiful to be a Christian; we have such soul-sustained prospects! For in all things Jesus will make us more than conquerors. Our last enemy, DEATH, has no terrors, for Jesus has promised victory over him too; and in the certainty of that victory we now look forward, full of joyful expectation, saying, “Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and take me to Thyself, where I long to be!”

I review what I have said, and I fear I may have transgressed my proper bounds. But I will permit myself to hope that in this thing, at least, I shall be forgiven. Religion is a very favourite theme of mine, and I am apt to speak rather largely upon it. And I love Jesus, because I feel He loves me! I feel He is indeed God. And He makes me so happy that I would lay myself out in any way, if I could get all those of my people with whom I am acquainted to believe on him, too.

I am, my dear Mrs. S.,

Your very affectionate,

LEILA ADA.

To MRS. S.

The lady to whom this affectionate letter was addressed replied to it by immediately seeking an interview with Leila's uncle.

With this act a course of severely increased trial commenced. This, as we have said, she had anticipated. To the present moment, her uncle and aunt and their family had been solicitously kind. It is true that they sometimes took occasion to scold her for displaying what, in their estimation of obedience, they considered too much of the "Nazarene doctrine," as they called it; but in general, all their efforts to reclaim her to Judaism had been characterized not only by affection, but that tenderness to which her ardent and refined spirit rendered her so peculiarly susceptible. Even the restrictions of her father they had many times transgressed. She had often been permitted to go out alone (except on the Christian sabbath), and she had availed herself of these occasions to purchase the Bible, and several of her favourite books. But now sour looks and dogged silence took the place of approving smiles and bland conversation; she was dunned on every hand with interminable questionings and woful expressions upon her spiritual state. "I could bear," she says, "my endless catechising when the persons possessed sound judgment and competent knowledge; but to be compelled to give a composed attention to the puerile reasoning and

empty observations of those who know just as little of their own religion as they do of the Christian religion, is quite painful." Compared with her trying situation these reflections were exceedingly mild; yet a review of them startled their meek writer, for she continues, "But are not these expressions impatient, and, therefore, sinful? Lord Jesus, save me from all disposition to murmur! It is Thou who hast laid it all upon me; O, then, enable me to cheerfully endure it all! I am, perhaps, not well, for to-day I have had to encounter more severe trials than usual."

Each day her position heightened in severity; insults became unceasingly common; so that we find her writing, "If my father knew the intense cruelty of my position, he surely would not leave me here; it is trying me almost beyond my powers of endurance. My spirits sometimes sink very low. Lord, save me! Many of those who come near me hold in their clothes lest I should touch them, and as they pass me avert their faces, their lips curling with a most offensive expression of scorn. I am not permitted to have any meals with my uncle and aunt, nor any of their family. All of them, but one, and even the servants, insult me. Last evening I entered a room in which two of the servants were working: 'Eudice,' said one, 'let's turn our coats, and go and pray to the Carpenter's Son to come down and save us.'



“‘Oh! don’t talk to me. I hate Him, and everybody as likes Him; and I shouldn’t think *He* very well likes a hypocritical apostate.’

“‘Oh, yes, He does; both He and His people are very fond of proselytes. They’ll promise them anything; and, as to heaven, they’ll warrant them getting in there if they have to carry them in a basket.’

“‘Well, say what they will, they shall never point at me as a turncoat Jew; I would rather be a dog.’

“Here followed a torrent of vulgar abuse and blasphemy, which I could not write. O, my Saviour, forgive them! I would pray with Stephen, ‘Lord Jesus, lay not this sin to their charge.’”

But in her aunt’s family there was one who had always behaved to her with an uniform and delicate kindness. This was her eldest cousin, a young man whose mind, destitute of those unreasonable prejudices possessed by too many of his nation, was always on the stretch to obtain increased light, or to communicate it. His influence prevented Leila from being submitted to many an intended slight or insult. He very often conversed with her about the New Testament and the prophecies, and the proofs that the Messiah had come. In the midst of these conversations, he confessed that he had long felt an absence of

confidence in the religion of his people. This feeling arose through reading the Old Testament, and comparing it with the Talmud; but that he feared to trust his judgment, lest he should commit the error of reasoning himself into deistical principles, or even worse, perhaps, than these. He had noticed the character of several Christians, and it claimed his admiration; but one thing he thought very wrong—even if Jesus should be verily the Messiah—it was the changing of the sabbath. He thought this a flagrant offence against the majesty and command of God, and wondered that Leila could think of observing this “sabbath of man’s creation.” But one by one his scruples were removed, and his opinions changed; and Leila had the intense satisfaction of seeing him increasingly incline to become an “apostate” too.

He was far from being a person of timid and ever-shifting principle. Before adopting any opinion as his own, he accustomed himself to examine it well on every side; at the same time condensing all the light he could obtain, and throwing it upon it. When at last his judgment was decided, if he were in favour of the principle, it was at once and for ever placed upon the shelf, and he was prepared to vindicate and sustain it to the uttermost. At each successive conversation with Leila, his conviction that she was right and his parents

were wrong, struck deeper into his soul, and in proportion his exertions on her behalf became more strenuous and earnest. This hastened things to a crisis. From his conduct it was "quite clear that he was infected with her blasphemous opinions." Indeed, it was a fact that he made no attempt to disguise. His parents were enraged—not against him, but Leila. And something must be done at once. Perhaps part of their resolve was taken with the view of following up the "salutary impression" which Leila's aunt supposed her sufferings would make upon the family; but we also believe that with it was coupled an honest intention to make one final effort, that, if possible, her poor soul might be saved from the perdition which threatened it. And her father was written to. He was told that she had been exerting every means in her power to convert the family to her abominable doctrines, and had nearly succeeded in poisoning that member of it to whom we have referred.

But in the midst of these painful circumstances, her confidence in God's mercy and love towards her was unchanged. This is sweetly proved by her diary:—

"Eternal Father, infinite is Thy goodness! unbounded Thy love! In the contemplation of it I am lost in wondering adoration. What am I, O God, that I should be so highly favoured?

Where shall I, who am but dust and ashes, begin to glorify my gracious Parent and Preserver? or where shall I find a point at which my strain of praise may cease? By Thy mercy it is that from a soul-felt experience I am enabled to celebrate Thy love. Whatever I have been, whatever I now am, whatever in a blissful eternity I may become, is Thy precious gift, my Redeemer. To Thee let the tribute of my gratitude be unceasingly offered. To praise Thee with all my faculties, with all my energies, is the wish of my soul.

“Glorious Emmanuel! I love Thee. And now, when perhaps Thy visitations may seem most trying, I rejoice in the sweet conviction that goodness and mercy preside over the infliction. With humble confidence I approach Thee, O God, as my Father; and so I believe that Thou wilt pitifully weigh whatever chastisements Thou seest fit to exercise me with. Is it for me to complain of the trivial cares and slight annoyances which I feel when I recollect what Christ suffered, and suffered with unconquerable love and unshaken patience, that I might inherit eternal life? If I am oppressed with anguish, my faith may still derive fresh courage from the reflection that the time is coming when God shall wipe away all tears from the sorrowing eye. At those seasons when my soul shrinks with a disgraceful fear, let it look to the bright example set by my Redeemer

and be thus assisted, strengthened, and consoled. It may be that fearful is the trial and life-long the conflicts which I am decreed to know, but, with Jesus as my guide, I may still say, 'none of these things move me;' my constancy shall never be overcome. And then, what mighty joys hath He laid up for me in reversion! With what glad songs of triumph shall I mount above the skies, to dwell in the presence of my Saviour for evermore! Accept my thanksgivings, gracious Father; Thine—only Thine, I am; and Thine through eternity do I desire to remain. How sweet the thought! With what faith and love does the anticipation of Heaven inspire my soul!

—————'O, how Omnipotence  
Is lost in love! Thou great Philanthropist!  
Father of Angels! but the Friend of man!  
Like Jacob, fondest of the younger born,  
Thou who didst save him, snatch the smoking brand  
From out the flames, and quench it in Thy blood?  
How art Thou pleased, by bounty to distress!  
To make us groan beneath our gratitude,  
Too big to utter! to favour, and confound;  
To challenge, and to distance all return!  
Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,  
And leave praise panting in the distant vale!  
Thy right, too great, defrauds Thee of Thy due!  
And sacrilegious our sublimest song.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

" 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped me.' It is

my privilege to moment by moment repeat the exulting words. And while through them I express the rejoicings of a heart grateful for past mercies, they convey also the cheering conviction, that as He has hitherto assisted, so will He in mercy continue to support even to the end. The consolations of the Christian are too rich—too solacing to be given up, because sometimes clouds may intervene between the soul and the beams of the Sun of righteousness. To speak thus seems to the worldly the height of foolishness. Let it be so. The Christian can well afford to be counted weak and ignorant. The things of Christ can only be spiritually discerned; and to his faithful servant this confident dependence upon Him seems to approach the perfection of wisdom. It is ever a source of love, and hope, and peace, and joy. O! then, let me exult in the favour of my protecting God. Heaven is in my view, and in comparison with that, all the sorrows of earth fade into insignificance. It is mine to know that through the merits of my Redeemer I am reconciled to the Deity, and am made an heir of everlasting glory.

“Such are now my feelings, but how often are my spiritual senses dulled; how often do I find cause to deplore my coldness and insensibility to eternal things! This bosom, which has been so often filled with a joy unspeakable, and which

should constantly beat with exultation and gratitude, why is it that it ever remains unmoved? How very sinful is this indifference! How deficient in dignity and reason, as a creature destined to immortality, must I be, if I can ever neglect such wondrous love.

“Do I start when I contemplate the gloom of the doubtful future? Away with such desponding and unworthy thoughts. I have nothing at all to do with the events of my life, but submit myself to them; sustained by the positive assurance that all things shall work together for my good. God chastens those whom He loves: and I must kiss His correcting hand. Oh! then, my Jesus, let me calmly leave all I am with Thee. Help me to peacefully confide in Thy protecting care, and repose in Thy perfect wisdom. May my soul now rise above this cheerless world and turn to Thee—the Mighty—Jehovah—the Eternal! So shall I find peace, and love, and joy, for ever and ever.”

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“How deep is this stillness! broken only by the solemn ticking of my watch at my side. Tremendous monitor! How mighty is the silent eloquence with which thou tellest me it is now just midnight. This minute separates the day which has closed from that which now opens upon me. An all-pervading awe surrounds my spirit. The



day—the future—eternity—is beginning. Let me dedicate these solemn moments in a grateful act of worship to my God.

“Great and adorable Creator ! with unaffected reverence and humility I bend before Thy awful throne, and worship and adore Thee as the purchaser of my glorious immortality. By Thy grace I have been safely brought through the sorrows and difficulties of another day. Grant that my soul may have a proper sense of Thy mercy, and justly value the love which Thou hast displayed towards it, in the day that has now for ever fled into eternity. Lord, I am thankful ; and before I sleep, I desire to feel that Thou hast accepted the tribute of my gratitude. Pardon all my offences against Thee, whether they have proceeded from weakness or a more blameable source. Amidst thought and distraction did I forget Thee, O my indulgent Father ? Have I earnestly coveted to be like my Saviour, loving and holy, meek and humble, gentle and affectionate, patient and resigned, disinterested and unwearied in my efforts to do all the good which my present circumstances admit ? Alas ! how defective is my deportment before mankind and Thee. May my gracious God look down in loving compassion upon His erring child. I long for a complete devotion to my Saviour. Oh ! teach me more and more of Thyself, my Jesus ; and more and more fit me for

immortality ; help me to abhor what is evil, and eagerly pursue everything that is good. To this end let all my thoughts, and hopes, and aims be directed. If in Thy wisdom it is determined that this day shall introduce me to the eternal world, O ! help, sustain me still ; and grant that with unshaken faith in my Redeemer, I may tranquilly pass from earth into that state of being, in which all sublunary sorrows and anxieties are dismissed for ever. And where to perfectly know, and love and adore Thee will be the consummation of blessedness. Amen."

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" A constant sense of the Omnipresence of God would be the most prevailing incentive to a devotional holy frame of mind. All my words, thoughts, and actions are known to Him. Every pure aspiration, every inward struggle, every victory gained over sin, is observed by the Deity. How should my worn spirit be cheered by such a conviction ! My secret anguish is not unknown to Thee, my Heavenly Father, and Thou wilt not pass over it with cold indifference. At an age when I could least bear it, I have been violently torn from the parental bosom, in which I have so loved to nestle and be cherished—but it is enough, my Saviour, that thou seest it, and hast willed it should be so. Satisfied that thou lovest me too well to be unkind, may I repose upon the assurance, that, no matter

what are my difficulties, they shall tend to my eternal benefit. It is true my way may be obscured by clouds and gloom, but the conviction that Thou art watching over me, and counting all my tears, shall make me rejoice.

“Never did I feel more than I do at this time the importance and beauty of religion. I love my Saviour; I am o’er-canopied by His wings; and I am happy. I have seen a glimpse of His glory whom my soul loveth; and I long—I pant—most ardently to be lost in God.

‘O could I lose myself in Thee,  
Thy depth of mercy prove,  
Thou vast unfathomable sea  
Of unexhausted love!’

“I am athirst for a state of everlasting happiness; for those immortal joys which live in the presence of my Saviour for ever. A holy, solemn calm flows o’er my heart—yes, I have a sweet impression that I soon shall join the spirit-music of the skies. Do I deceive myself? A little time will answer me!”

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Precious testimony to the peace and joy of serving God! Hail, youthful saint! Communion with thy Saviour was thy great delight on earth. And often amidst its melancholy clouds have our hearts been warmed, and our souls gladdened, by witnessing thy bright yet dreamy smile, and thy

holy happiness and love. Thy pure spirit seemed to enwreath us all, and throw around us a strange and mystic influence. So hallowed was thy joy. But happier now. For in perfection of thy ardent wish, thou art for ever present with thy precious Redeemer, in those sweet abodes of blessing and repose, where, with all the redeemed, thou hast bliss without alloy—without an end. O, that we might have a faith, a love, an earnestness to equal thine !

[At this period she writes to her friend.]

MISS HEIGHWAY

December 4th, 1848.

My MUCH-LOVED EMILY,

It is a pleasure, indeed, to write you, and yet in doing it my heart is touched with a soft and sensitive melancholy, which makes me shed many tears. Oh ! if I could only see you, dearest. I feel this impossibility so very hardly. I long to speak to you, and breathe out my heart while hanging on your neck. Yet, if it were best for us to be near each other, my Lord would not keep Emily from me. I must submit, for I know that all my Father does He does in love. I am ever near you in spirit ; we are one in Christ Jesus. And, if separate now, let our faith triumph in the thought that—

“There’s a land where those who loved on earth  
Shall meet to love again.”

This is a glorious assurance. Death itself cannot divide us—it unites us for ever.

Your letter, dearest, came truly in a season of trouble. . . . My aunt was dreadfully severe, and I found that my only wise course was to patiently bear with her, for any attempt to soften her seemed vain. When at last I was left alone, I felt much cast down, and, for a moment, I believe, I was tempted to murmur, and to give way to gloomy apprehensions. But recollecting that “in the multitude of thoughts there wanteth not sin,” I took up my Bible, and opened upon the soothing 46th Psalm. I had read to the tenth verse, “Be still and know that I am God,” and was pondering the nobleness of mental repose, the spirit unalarmed, the expectation unimpatient, which it implied, when the door of my room was opened, and a servant placed your letter before me. I snatched at the precious treasure with much joy, and eagerly devoured its contents. And oh! my beloved Emily, how grateful it made me for my privilege. I fell upon my knees, and thanked our Jesus for the precious gift of such a friend.

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Most true it is that “it needs Jehovah’s power, the united force, the divided offices of the Triune Deity to *raise* the soul; it needs no force to sink it.” Daily experience convinces me of the exactness of this description of my weakness, and I find

it also declared in the word of God. Yet, alas! how little do I gain by this conviction compared with what I might. Oh, if I could but constantly realise my own frailty, and with all the innocent simplicity of a trusting child depend entirely upon my Redeemer, who is pledged to save and deliver me, what glorious results should I behold. An utter renouncing, an *annihilation* of self, is one of the inseparable characteristics of a child of God. For what is man? God's word answers us—"a thing of nought." Amen. Let God be all in all. I bless God, I do not desire to be anything more than nothing, even if I could. I rejoice that to Jehovah belongs the glory, and power, and dominion. We are in the position of the man with the withered arm when told to use it. Not unless he were capable of giving to it life, could he do it. But it is his Lord commands, and with the command He gives also power to obey. And if we trust in God this is what we shall always find; it is what God has promised, and it has always been the experience of His people. When we are thus completely surrendered up to God, we shall have *everything* which can possibly do us good, for in his reconciled God the believer has everything promised to Him. *All* things are his. O that lovely passage, it delights me so while I dwell upon it. The world, and life, and death, and things present, and things to come, all belong to us. May our

repose in God increase each moment! May the Spirit be continually taking of the things which are Christ's and revealing them to our soul!

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TO THE SAME.

December 18th, 1848.

My dearest Emily,

Your prayers and affectionate counsels touched the keenest sensibilities of my soul. I cannot requite you, neither can I return them, for I am all weakness and ignorance. Continue to instruct and encourage me. And for your labour of love may grace and blessing abundantly descend upon you. May you receive that divine support which shall make you victorious in every temptation and trial.

Oh, let us abandon ourselves more than ever to our glorious Redeemer. Blessing and glory to Jesus! Soon, very soon, Emily, my sweet love, we shall see Him, and live in His presence for ever.

“The time is short, we soon shall rise,  
And bid farewell to weeping eyes,  
And reach the heavenly shore.”

There all is rest and peacefulness; there pureness and glory are given. For this immortal home I



pant hourly. I long to attain that state of happiness and love which knows neither interruption nor end. How beautiful are our hopes!

For your many prayers I feel inexpressibly grateful. The blessings which I have in this way received will be revealed only in the abodes of endless bliss. But I must request you, dearest, not to be so over-anxious about me. It is true that I suffer a great deal, and my trials are all of a character which, to my quick heart, are peculiarly distressing; but Jesus is with me and supports me. And though I am not always joyous—nor under any circumstances could I expect to be—I think I may say I am always peaceful and serene. Yes, my dear friend, Jesus is indeed a God of love to me. My cup of blessing runs over. His loving-kindness is a boundless, an unsearchable sea, that I, a poor sinful creature, should now receive such gracious manifestations of His love. He is ever near me, ever with me. I can constantly feel that I am folded on the bosom of my Lord; and so strong is this evidence sometimes that I almost seem in His visible presence. How happy is the thought! Soon I and my Emily, having gained our immortal crown, shall unite in the circle before our Saviour's throne, and join their exulting song.

“There is a shore of better promise,

And I know at last

We two shall meet in Christ to part no more.”

I read to my dear Isaac that part of your letter in which you speak so feelingly of him, and pray, that God will reward him for his kindness by revealing His Son in his heart. He was much affected. He seemed very grateful to be so remembered by you, and his eyes filled with tears. He desires me to present his very affectionate regards to you, and to say, that, though he cannot pray for you, he hopes one day to be a Christian too; and that he fully believes I am right in asserting that the Lord Jesus was a Divine person. Oh, the very sound!—for he had never before so fully avowed his sentiments to me. I was enraptured with pleasure. He observed it; and, thanking me for it, said he was fully persuaded we should meet each other in the abodes of endless blessing; and that he loved Jesus, though he did not serve Him.

My beloved father, I am dying to see him! I feel our separation very dreadfully. Oh! if I could but embrace him there in that lounge where we have so often sat together, looking down upon the waving flowers and the crystal skies. Thank you, dearest, thank you again and again, for your kind trouble in sending me so much information respecting him. Always tell me everything you can—the most trifling things connected with his dear hand, have a surpassing pleasure for me; but so you do tell me all. Oh, my precious, precious

parent ! how blest could I but embrace you, and rest my tired head upon your affectionate bosom. But hush my warring passions ! it is at the command of Jesus, who left the kingdom of his Father, and bore indignities from which thou wouldst shrink, and at last expired on the bitter cross that thou mightest live for ever, it is in His wisdom that thou art appointed to this sorrow. Oh ! try to endure it thankfully. Rejoice in thy Saviour's love ! Oh ! Emily, is not this thought sweet ? It lifts my sinking soul ! It makes me happy !

Since I last wrote you, my health has remained much as it was at that time. With so much to oppress my body I do not expect to feel well.

I send a kiss to each of your dear sisters. Tell them that the fullest expression I can give of my gratitude is by assuring them that I deeply love them, and that I always pray for them. Present my love to your dear papa, and say that his advice was made truly blessed to me ; and that I do, indeed, realize the promise of Divine support in trial. God is always with me to be my strength and my shield. And tell him too that, as he remarks, I also believe God is working out a great purpose in this trying appointment ; and that, with him, I feel assured I shall, at last, be brought off more than conqueror, if I simply trust in Jesus. Ours, dearest Emily, is a hallowed struggle. Let

us not cease to strengthen each other's hands in the Lord. And high above all principalities and powers sits our gracious Redeemer, holding out, as our reward, the crown of glory which he has purchased for us.

My watch lies upon the table before me, and, in eloquent silence, tells me that it is one o'clock at midnight. Nature needs repose. Then must I bid my dearest friend farewell? A tear flows. I *love* you, Emily, and in converse with you I never tire.

Adieu, then, my lovely friend. Continue to remember and love, and pray for your sister in Christ Jesus.

LEILA ADA.

In her diary she writes :

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As the sacrament of the Lord's supper is this day to be administered at the place of Christian worship which I have sometimes been able to attend, I have devoted this solemn hour to reading, from the thirteenth to the nineteenth chapter of St. John inclusive. And though I have been prevented from outwardly receiving the precious memorials of my Saviour's death, yet I have been enabled to draw near and receive Him into my heart by faith ; and to make a fresh and, if possi-

ble, a more full surrender of myself to God than ever I did.

O, my Jesus, can I meditate upon Thy life and death and sufferings for such a guilty creature as myself, and yet refuse to love Thee with *all* my heart? It cannot be. All my heart is a poor return indeed! for such amazing goodness as Thou hast displayed. But I feel glad that I desire to make no reserve. I give Thee all I am. O! take me, and fashion me after Thy lovely image.

A retrospect of my past life, a review of the ways in which Providence has led me, causes my heart to overflow with gratitude. O, how thankful I feel to God that ever my heart was led to open the New Testament, that I was not left to regard it with that fear and abhorrence with which most of my brethren think upon it. My first motives for reading it were little better than an idle curiosity. But, blessed be God! who opened my eyes to see the Divinity stamped on every page. Surely it was nothing less than a large interposition of Divine Power—for which I daily feel I am not half thankful enough—that enabled me so readily and clearly to perceive the exact accordance of the life and death of Jesus, with the prophecies which relate to the Messiah in the Old Testament. I would think on this particularly, because I had been taught to attach such different meanings to them; and yet this did not seem to greatly darken my mind, with respect to the reception of truth. The New Testament was by me almost constantly. O! the blessed Book! How more and more eagerly I devoured it! In it I saw described what my soul had so long sought for in vain; A WAY OF SALVATION—

A WAY OF HOLINESS—A WAY TO HEAVEN. Yet I tremble to think that even then I fought hard against God, and I really believe I often *tried* with all my might to smother my convictions; and certainly I did often declare to myself that it was after all a fabrication; that I surely must be deceiving myself; else why was it that the wise and pious men amongst us, who knew so much better than I, why did they with one accord reject it? for they had studied the life of Jesus. Oh, my precious Redeemer! who didst not surrender me up to the hardness of my sinful heart, Thou knowest I do indeed praise thee for it. The result of my perversity was, that God, in a measure, withdrew the Holy Spirit from me; and to a great extent left me to follow the guidance of unaided reason. Then the *agony* of soul I often suffered was terrible; it terrifies me to think of it. I dreaded to open the Bible. Every denunciation of God's law seemed pointed at me. His threatenings appeared transformed into the lightnings of His wrath; and to wait only for His bidding to consume me for ever. It was indeed a very dreadful, dark season; and those feelings thrill through me again, now as I write. I could not believe there were three persons in one God: I felt unable to understand such a thing. I persuaded myself that Jehovah, one Lord, was, as I had before believed, all: that he had no personalities, except Himself. I knew not what to do: distress was on every hand. I thought I would pray, that if Jesus were the Messiah, God would help me to recognise it. But I could hardly utter a sentence, for it seemed to pass through my heart, "What are you daring God to do?"

You wish Him to give his unsearchable glory to a man; a man who was put to death for making himself equal to Him." No way of escape seemed open to me then; and it often made me weep abundantly, and I wondered why I could ever have thought of destroying myself by reading the "Christians' wicked book," as I supposed it must be; and when I thought in this way, I could only upbraid myself by feeling I deserved all I was suffering, for I had been warned by the rabbins never to come even within the outermost circle of the Christian doctrine. or I should be whirled down and lost for ever, My agitation and profound distress prepared the way for my illness at Jerusalem. I first felt a painful degree of nervous excitement, which sometimes, especially towards the close of the day, made me very depressed; and often after lying down, a disagreeable sense, as of suffocation. At last I became seriously ill. Papa, not knowing the first cause, imputed it solely to the climate—which undoubtedly had much to do with it—and he resolved that when I recovered we should return. It was during this illness that I again received sensible comfort from on high. Yet even then all was very dark and mysterious. The promises of the New Testament had begun to give me peace; but I had refused to believe them; and, hence I lost this, and was left to myself. I made up my determination that I would pray very earnestly—not in any form prescribed by our books, but simply pour out my soul before the God of love, begging him to take compassion on my darkness, and teach me what to do. During our return to England, I became much more peaceful; and was able to rest my cause in His



hands, assured that in His own way he would make my path altogether plain. And this He did.

And now, oh, my Redeemer ! that a ray of Thy benignity has lit up my soul, and dispersed those dense clouds which once darkened my spirit ; and now that through Thy tender mercy I daily experience more and more the love, the joy, the peace of believing in Thee, grant me peace that I may never again tempt Thee to withdraw Thyself by indulging an evil heart of unbelief. O, my God, save me from this. Without Thy smile, I cannot feel happy, nor know peace. O, then continue the manifestations of Thy boundless love in my heart, until I commence its blissful perfection in the unalloyed enjoyment of Thyself in heaven for ever. Amen.

[Again she writes :]

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Dec. 26th, 1848.

My Dear Emily,

It is with the richest delight that I ever sit down to answer your kind letters ; but never, I think, did I experience so much of this feeling as I do in commencing a reply to the loving and expressive one now before me.

\* \* \* \* \*

But your kind expressions because I have to

attend the worship in our synagogue, are owing to a mistake which I will hasten to correct. I certainly am always glad when the time for attending the synagogue service arrives. Indeed, dearest, I should like you to accompany me to a synagogue, should an opportunity ever present itself. I am always puzzled when I try to conjecture why the Christians so seldom join the Jews in their solemn act of worship. Nothing can be more interesting. And the ignorance of Christians, in this respect, must appear to me very strange.

Yet, from what I have told you in previous letters, I am certain you will not understand me as meaning that nothing passes at the synagogue from which I dissent. I did not think it necessary to make any reference to that. And the Jews who attend at the synagogue to which I go are greatly favoured; for, though the rabbi is eminently a learned Talmudist, he principally addresses us from the Scriptures.

In England we generally have a fixed person to read and expound the law; but in places abroad strangers are often allowed to do this. Indeed, papa did so several times when we were travelling. This was also usual in all olden times; and you find it noticed in the life of our Redeemer. Just refer to St. Luke iv. 16—19 verses. I do not know whether our Lord's closing the book—or, in other words, coiling up the roll—at the words,

“To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord,” has ever particularly struck you. To me it opens a subject for endless meditation; and the more I think upon it the more do I feel my soul expand. When He had read the sentence just quoted, He closed the book, leaving the rest of the sentence, “and the day of vengeance of our God,” unsaid. He had not then come to take vengeance on His enemies, neither has He yet. *Then* He had come only to offer and proclaim to all salvation. He still proclaims it—still it is “the acceptable year of the Lord.” Retribution for sin is yet a strange work to Him. But the day is coming when, leaving out the first part, He will finish the sentence; and at the terrible thunders accompanying the awful word the affrighted heavens shall flee away. Then will He proclaim the “day of vengeance of our God;” and the “wrath of the Lamb” shall be poured upon all that hate Him, and despise His mercy.

But how magnificent is the language in which the prophet sings of the future glories of my beloved people. “Sing, O daughter of Zion; shout, O Israel; be glad, and rejoice with all the heart, O daughter of Jerusalem. The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing. At that time will I bring you again, even in the time

that I gather you, for I will make you a name and a praise among all people of the earth, when I turn back your captivity before your eyes, saith the Lord." Oh! I love to think of that time. And you, my love, like to think of it too; you love to watch for the first glorious signs of its dawning. Come then, and let us pray to our precious Father together—Father, hasten, if it please Thee, hasten this glad day which Thou hast bidden us hope for, as one that will unutterably redound to Thy glory.

And now, dearest, I shall try to answer your inquiry, "Have the Jews any conception of a Triune Jehovah?"—or, to vary the question, "Do they believe in the Trinity in Unity?" The Jewish notions of God are very confused, in consequence of their having in so great a measure forsaken the only true light—His most holy Word. They worship Him as JEHOVAH, ONE LORD—THE ETERNAL—I AM. Here are the first six articles of the Jewish Creed—their whole Creed contains thirteen.

"1. Let the living God be magnified and praised; He exists, and there is no period to His existence.

"2. He is unity, and there is no unity like unto His unity; He is concealed; yea, also, there is no end to His unity.

"3. He hath no bodily likeness, nor is He corporeal; His holiness is incomputable.

“4. He was the antecedent to everything which was created; He is the first, and there is no beginning to His beginning.

“5. Behold, He is the Lord of the universe, to all that is formed; showing His magnificence and His kingdom.

“6. The inspiration of His prophecy He gave unto His peculiar and glorified people.”

A strict Jew would call Christianity *Polytheism* in reference to our belief in the Trinity. A liberal Jew would be willing to excuse us from this charge, because he would say our faith necessarily involves three persons in one God, else there could be no atonement. Our belief is an absolute consequence of our religion, and no idolatry can be charged upon us. I do not suppose there are many Jews sufficiently candid to hold forth such a feeling as this—and certainly with the Eternal Truth upon which our Christianity is based, we have no wish that they should, for our religion is a verity, and we cannot accept the excuse; yet I think it does much credit to those honourably-minded men who do so excuse us.

Additional light may, perhaps, be thrown upon the subject before us, if for a moment we reflect upon the religious history of the Jews. The Jewish religion requires to be distinguished respectively as Ancient and Modern Judaism. Ancient Judaism consisted in an obedience to the ceremonial

law which was given to Moses, and the various precepts distributed throughout the Sacred Books. This—sometimes much corrupted certainly—was the Jewish religion till the coming of Jesus. Modern Judaism has added to these traditions and doctrines of men, which the Jews had begun to receive before the destruction of the second temple. These traditions, superstitions, and ceremonies were embodied in the Cabbalistic and Talmudic writings: and they have always been received as of Divine authority by the Jews down to the present moment.

So that Ancient Judaism was Christianity in the bud. Its institutions were ordained by Jehovah Himself, and always had a typical reference to the coming Messiah. The Jew, as he stood by the altar upon which was stretched the still bleeding victim which he had just slain, had his forgiveness through his belief in the then future sacrifice of the Saviour whom God had promised. He was conformed to the image of God, his heart was purged from iniquity, not by the ceremonial washings enjoined by the law, but by the power of the Holy Ghost given him by God, on account of the fore-ordained death and resurrection, and ascension of Jesus Christ. This religion then, was really Christianity; and the enjoyment of it gave the Jew peace and happiness, and certain expectation of eternal bliss. This religion ceased

with the coming of Christ ; and I view the miraculous rending of the veil in the temple, at the moment when Jesus expired, as God's visible sign that Ancient Judaism—the old covenant—was abrogated, and the new and perfect covenant in Christ Jesus was established in its stead. I never met with this opinion amongst Christians—yet, perhaps, it is theirs—at any rate, it is mine. And the destruction of the temple, a few years afterwards, completed in my apprehension the manifestation of God's sentence upon the old covenant. Jehovah took away the type, and established the thing typified. He took away the first that He might establish the second. He took away the sign that He might establish the thing signified. Sacrifice, and offering, and burnt-offering, and offering for sin He would accept no more ; for all this had passed away through the offering of the body of Jesus once for all. Hence you will at once observe, the modern Jews having refused to be included in God's new and perfect covenant, are left to their own miserable devices ; and the result is they are involved in confusion and darkness. And you will also notice, that when, as Christians, we encounter the prejudices of Modern Judaism, we do not simply contend against a rejection of Christ and His Gospel, but against a mass of debasing superstitions, all of which they receive as of Divine authority.



I send you with this a prayer, which is a part of the afternoon service for the next sabbath (Jewish). I think it a very beautiful one; and I am persuaded so will you. It shows how deeply, how passionately my dear people yearn for the salvation and glory which God has promised. Oh that their eyes were open to discern the streams of life which are flowing all around them. But, poor Israel! how great is thy darkness; may the Holy Spirit arise and dissolve it entirely away.

I do not translate the prayer, because it will facilitate Mr. ——'s\* study of the Hebrew, if you can prevail upon him to perform that task for you. And I beg, dearest, that when he has written it in English, he will send it to me; I should like to read his translation. As the whole prayer seems to me so very striking, I have, as you perceive, prefixed to it the motto שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל; which words are the initial to the commandment contained in Deut. vi. 4—9, that every Israelite recites when at the point of death as his confession of faith; and which our Lord also recited as the "first commandment of all," St. Mark xii. 28—30. To the whole of the petitions I subscribe a warm Amen.

To your request, so kindly proffered, that I will give you permission to inform my dear father of my situation here, I cannot say "yes."

\* That is, her brother.

Papa promised he would receive no communication about me except through my uncle, and I feel that whatever I have to endure I must obey him. This will surely be most pleasing to my Heavenly Father, while it must also be so to papa; and especially, too, if he has no knowledge that I suffer as I do—which is my belief. I have no doubt that he knows that I occupy separate apartments, and eat at my own solitary table; because he would expect that this—as it is a law—must be so; but I cannot allow myself to think he is aware of the indignities I am submitted to—indeed I am sure he is not. Uncle knows so well his liberal and kind disposition, that he would at once be certain that such means of trying me are what papa would be indignant with. Dear papa! I know his loving heart; it suffers much about me. And when he proves that all my happiness consists in being a Christian he will not be able, even if he should wish it, to withhold anything which would increase it. Oh! how I pray for him; and I have a blessed hope—nay a sweet confidence—that he will one day become an heir of glory through faith in the Lord Jesus. I have so much assurance in his candid, single-hearted disposition.

I highly value that tender concern which you display on account of my health. If you did not question me so particularly, I would say less to

you about it. With what I daily have to bear, my dearest Emily, you will not expect me to tell you that I feel well. Much of my indisposition is, I think, induced by want of regular and sufficient exercise in the open air. It is to this I am inclined to trace my lassitude and frequent headache. For, as I am not allowed to go out except in company of my uncle and aunt, though I am sure I have no wish to introduce Christian themes of conversation with any of the younger members of the family, I cannot go so often, because they are not always inclined that I shall if they are not alone. And then they are so cruelly distant to me, so marked in their disrespect, and so careless of exhibiting it everywhere, that I would choose rather to remain at home. And this I often do.

But why are you anxious, dearest? Have we not both *entirely* surrendered ourselves to our good and living Father? A consciousness of this should produce a holy carelessness of the manner of our disposal. Let us realise such a feeling.

And now I express my hope and belief that in Christ Jesus, God will enable us to be all that we can ask or desire; so that every day we may rise to newness of life, and be constantly preparing for our eternal home. To this God of love I commend you.

Farewell! Let me still have a place in your

affection, and in your petitions to the Throne of Grace.

Believe me your very affectionate,

LEILA ADA.

\* \* \* \* \*

It must have been at about this time that the following scene occurred at the house of a Jew whom Leila visited, in company with her uncle, and out of which scene the correspondence which succeeds arose. I have heard her speak of this occasion with much particularity, and from memory I shall give a short description of it, and then proceed with Leila's own writings.

The door was opened, she said, and we found ourselves in a large apartment, comfortably furnished, though nothing costly about it. Around the room there were several divans, on which men and women were sitting. A first impression which I distinctly noticed was the beauty of most of the women—so heightened as it was by the dim lamp-light—giving them a somewhat lofty appearance. They were chiefly the daughters of the venerable man who kept the house. Their costume approached that of the East in various degrees, from partial to full Eastern style. The affectionate feeling with which they welcomed me, produced an involuntary rush of delight—more so because entirely unexpected. The reverend man, of whom

I have before spoken, his hair a snowy white, and his beard like glittering silver with age, took my hand in his, and pronounced over me the blessing. The silence and solemnity of the scene affected me to tears.

They knew that I had become a Christian, and still retaining his hold upon my hand, this venerable person said, "We would speak with thee; we would do thee good. Sit down by me, my daughter. Alas! we have not the privileges which were our ancestors'; we have no prophets; the voice of God is silent; but we have still the Holy Law, and the oral law, which is a safeguard around the other. We have these still to show us the way to Zion, and to cheer us by hopes of an abundant restoration of our captivity. Is it not so, my daughter?"

"I devoutly believe the Divine origin of the law—the written law—given to Moses. But I can give no credit to the Talmud. It is impossible."

"The Lord deliver thee, my child!"

"Thank you, sir, that you pray for me so kindly," said Leila, tearfully.

"Alas! my daughter!" and clasping his thin bony hands, he turned upon her a look of unutterable sorrow and compassion, while large tear-drops trickled down his white locks and along his snowy

beard. Leila, bending over, kissed him, and weeping too, wiped away his tears with her handkerchief.

“I do thank you, dear sir, from the very depths of my heart, for this kind concern you have for me. But you cannot think how happy I am—else you would not like me to doubt Jesus, He is so good—I cannot help loving Him with all my heart.”

The old man continued to slowly move himself to and fro, whilst at intervals he ejaculated, “Alas! my child! Alas! alas! my daughter!”

“Messiah Ben-David, my venerable father—Messiah Ben-David, the hope and Saviour of our beloved Israel has come. I am quite sure of this, for I feel it. Pray that God would reveal Him unto you. And when He does—and be assured He will—you will never doubt Him again: and you will find a sweet holy rest, such as now you never feel. You will be able to think of death, not only without alarm, but as a joyful thing, because of the certain glory beyond it.”

“Bless thee! my daughter—because of thy good wishes I bless thee—yea, for they are good. But thou, a sweet and simple child of our unhappy people—thou who art one of the hopes we have that future glories wait upon us—cast not away the privilege of being one of the holy race; it troubles us to see thee. Thou art cruelly deceived,

Oh, that cursed Nazarene!" and he stamped his foot and his voice shook with vehemence. "Let all the curses that——"

"Pray do not say it, my dear father!" said Leila; "you will not, because it hurts me. But worse than everything, it is dreadful to sin against God; and, indeed, what you were about to say is."

"Alas! I am not what I once was, my daughter! Then I could talk to thee, now I can only pray. Thou sayest we have sinned: yea, it is so; thou hast said truly—we have sinned. Come now, let us make supplication to the Eternal."

And the venerable Jew softly turned upon his knees, and spreading forth his hands, his daughter took up one to support it, Leila held the other, while he recited in the sacred language and in a low mournful voice, a part of their most solemn prayer, used at the feast of the dedication of the Temple, and by the Jews in Jerusalem, who go up to pray through the chinks of the wall which formed part of its outer enclosure.

"If they sin against Thee (for there is no man which sinneth not), and Thou be angry with them, and deliver them over before their enemies, and they carry them away captives into a land far off or near; yet, if they bethink themselves in the land whither they are carried captives, and turn and pray unto Thee in the land of their captivity, saying, we have sinned, we have done amiss, and



have done wickedly. If they return to Thee with all their heart, and with all their soul, in the land of their captivity, whither they have carried them captives, and pray toward their land which Thou gavest unto their fathers, and toward the city which Thou hast chosen, and toward the house which I have built for Thy name, then hear Thou from heaven, Thy dwelling-place, their prayer and their supplications, and maintain their cause, and forgive Thy people which have sinned against Thee. Now, my God, let, I beseech Thee, Thine eyes be open, and let Thine ears be attent unto the prayer that is made in this place. Now, therefore, arise, O Lord God, unto Thy resting-place, Thou, and the ark of Thy strength. Let Thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation, and let Thy saints rejoice in goodness. O Lord God, turn not away the face of Thine anointed, remember the mercies of David Thy servant."

And the rest of those who were present repeated in fervent tones, "Let Thy saints rejoice in goodness. O Lord God, turn not away the face of Thine anointed. Remember the mercies of David, Thy servant!"

"Alas! I would, but I can do nothing! I can do nothing!" resumed the venerable Jew. "But this is a cruel stroke, that thou, my child—an Esther, an Esther, I say, amongst us—should bow

thy knee to follow Baal. Oh! the glory of our holy land! unhappy child! and unhappy Israel!"

"Thou wilt be put out from amongst us, without part or lot in the salvation of the holy land," said an ecclesiastical officer present. "God hath cursed the Nazarene idolatry; and man, in cursing it too, but says—Amen."

"I know I shall be severed from you," said Leila, "for which I am very sorry, for I love you, and rejoice in being an Israelite."

"Ay, one of the holy seed," remarked the aged father.

"Messiah has not come," said the other. "He is in paradise, and will not come because of our sins. He will come when we are purified."

"Sir, I wish you would believe He has come. It is true, and capable of the most mighty proof—apart, I mean, from that which the Holy Spirit always gives to the Christian believer."

"I tell you He has not come. He is in the land of Judea somewhere, and will not make his appearance until we have repented of our sins: and then when we have fully done that, He will come to gather us to our inheritance and to be our King."

"Well, sir, I must not contend with you—I wish not to add to your sorrow."

"Messiah may have come to earth—we may

suppose so—but He keeps Himself secret because it is not yet time that He should be revealed. We are not yet fit to receive Him.”

“Oh! but you will never be more fitted then. Now do not, sir, be displeased with me for appealing to your candour. Are the Jews any better now than they have been at any other period of the last two thousand years? On the contrary, do not our rabbins lament that gradual dying of religious feeling amongst them, which is manifest on every hand? Has not expectation long deferred so sickened their heart that their piety seems almost paralysed?”

“That is what I say. These things keep Messiah Ben-David away.”

“Why then, if yet this defection increases, His coming is yearly getting more hopeless.”

“Ah! poor Israel, how thou art smitten on every hand, with none to comfort thee. Even thine own children may stand up amidst thee, and utter things which by the Holy Law is punishable with death. I will write; I may not speak with you.”

“My daughter,” said the patriarch, taking her hand, “do not slay us with sorrow. Let thy pride be the glory of the holy law.”

“That law is my pride, honoured sir,” replied Leila; “perfected in the new covenant of love in Christ Jesus.”

“Alas! he can do nothing! nothing! The holy law as taught by our rabbins is the only way of salvation.”

“I feel very sorry to witness the unfeigned grief I cause you, and I do indeed thank you for this kind interest in my welfare. But I am so convinced of the truth of my religion, that I should be quite glad if you would only let me have the sweet enjoyment of sitting quietly at your side; I should feel it so great a pleasure—while it pains me to deny you.”

The writing which was promised above, is given me with the rest of the manuscripts relating to Leila. It is a very mystified illogical production—as all the Jewish reasoning on such subjects is—and is written in Hebrew; in which language Leila, of course, replied. I am the more willing to withhold the original, as Leila’s answer is perhaps sufficiently explanatory.

TO MR. L——.

December 27th, 1848.

My dear Sir,

Your letter to me I received only last evening; and on reading its contents I was altogether interested and grateful for that kind feeling which led you to so much labour on my behalf. You may expect me to feel great backwardness in dictating my reply to you; being an entire stranger to me until my uncle introduced us to

each other lately, and on account of my sex and youthful years; and also because, after thinking over what you have said, there seems so much which, to *me*, presents an appearance of incorrect inference. But yet you will expect some sort of opinion from me upon what you have said; and this I will proceed to give.

Very kind and gentle is the way in which you introduce the subject of your writing; and it pleasingly surprised me, since I could not have looked for such generous allowance as you have made me. And then you compare me to a mariner who “has a ship composed of just thirteen parts.\* This ship is perfect, and a beautiful and swift sailer. But not satisfied, he adds to her another part, which spoils her completely.” This is a very liberal mode of construing, when I recollect how severe, and rightly too, are the Jewish feelings towards one in my condition. Yet, sir, supposing I were still a Jew, and knew what I now know about Jesus of Nazareth, as related in the New Testament, and confirmed by local and historical testimony, I think I could never view the thirteen articles of Jewish faith as embodying a complete way of salvation. The seventh article must be untrue.† Even apart from the belief I have in

\* In allusion to the thirteen articles composing the Jewish creed.

† “Yet, never hath there arisen in Israel a prophet like unto Moses, who beheld the similitude of His glory.”

the divine nature of Jesus of Nazareth, I must think him a far greater prophet than was Moses. His miracles—the truth of which the Sanhedrim did not deny, and profane history also confirms them—were much greater than any which Moses performed. So of his prophecies. I notice that one in which He exactly prophesied of the destruction of Jerusalem; what signs should precede it; what course his disciples should take, when they saw those signs, that they might be saved; how complete the destruction and dispersion of our people would be; that they should be heralded by “earthquakes in divers places, and famines, and pestilences; and fearful sights and great signs from heaven.” I need make no reference to the signal way in which everything was fulfilled; for the fearful scenes connected with that destruction are known to every member of our afflicted race.

And then I believe, not only that Jesus had beheld “the similitude of the Almighty’s glory,” but that He was the “brightness of His Father’s glory,” and the “express image of His person.” I believe that he was God; and I feel that the proofs that He was are numberless, unmistakable, and positive.

The meaning which our people attach to the ninth article\* is unscriptural. It is intended to

\* “The Almighty will never change nor alter his law for evermore there is none but His.”

express a belief that God will never change the way of administering His law, but that the law of Moses shall ever continue in force, and that at "the end of days," the Messiah will come to offer sacrifices, and redeem the people. Yet so many passages in the Jewish Scriptures expressly promise a new covenant, and others promise that it shall be made in the Messiah. I select a passage which promises a new covenant:—"This shall be the covenant I will make with the House of Israel after those days saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts, and will be their God, and they shall be my people."

But more solemn still is the truth, that not one of the thirteen articles expresses any means by which a sinner may be reconciled to God—that Infinite being, who is essential holiness, and who has declared His hatred of sin, and that it cannot exist in His presence.\*

\* Here are the thirteen articles.

"1. Let the living God be magnified and praised, He exists, and there is no period of His existence.

"2. He is unity, and there is no unity like unto His unity; He is concealed, yea, also, there is no end to His unity.

"3. He hath no bodily likeness, nor is He corporeal; His holiness is incomputable.

"4. He was the antecedent to everything which was



This question I asked you when I last saw you, sir, and in this letter I make a reply to it. But will you bear with me for saying that it will not bear testing either by reason or the prophets. The most solemn inquiry which can propound itself to a human being is, "How shall man be just with his Maker?" The Scriptures do not answer this in any way which can be mistaken. They declare that man has no righteousness whatever. "There is none that doeth good, no, not one."

created; He is the first, and there is no beginning to His beginning.

"5. Behold He is the Lord of the universe to all that is formed; showing His magnificence and His kingdom.

"6. The inspiration of His prophecy He gave unto His peculiar and glorified people.

"7. Yet never hath there arisen in Israel a prophet like unto Moses, who beheld the similitude of His glory.

"8. A law of truth hath the Almighty given to His people by the hand of our prophet, the faithful of His house.

"9. The Almighty will never change nor alter His law, for evermore there is none but His.

"10. He observeth and knoweth all our secrets; He beholdeth the end of everything before it is begun.

"11. He rewardeth every saint according to his work. He yieldeth to the wicked evil according to his wickedness.

"12. He will send at the end of days an anointed, to redeem those who hope at that end for His salvation.

"13. The Almighty will quicken the dead with the multitude of His mercy.

"Blessed be His name and His praise for ever and ever."

In my answer you refer me to the oral law, and you kindly explain to me what it means. I feel I am bound to tell you what I think of it.

“If his merits exceed his sins, he is righteous. If his sins exceed his merits, he is wicked.” And you tell me that it is in this spirit that the world is upheld by the righteous which it contains, and is not given up to destruction, as it is said, “The righteous is the foundation of the world.”

As God is our Creator, so all our powers are His, therefore they are all to be used to His glory ; and we only fulfil our proper obedience when we never do anything that is offensive to Him. And then, again, to speak of a good act balancing a bad act is a theory so idle and visionary, that the wonder is how any one can be brought to repose upon it at all. If, my dear sir, I owed you a hundred pounds, would you feel that because I had done well in respect to one half of my debt, that is, I paid you fifty pounds, I was entitled to be forgiven the other half ? Such reasoning would be laughed at amongst mortals in respect to earthly things ; and yet a Jew is willing to venture upon it, the eternal interest of a thing of more value than all the stars which fill the great illimitable skies—his soul.

It was just this kind of obedience that Moses taught, “Cursed be he that confirmeth not ALL the words of this law to do them.” O, my dear sir !

these thoughts make me feel very serious as I write to-day. I think upon my beloved Israel who cannot fulfil the law, and yet are reposing on the commandments and traditions of men, for they will not see its fulfilment in the one perfect sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ. And then the Scriptures declare most positively that man cannot perform good. "The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand and seek God : they are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy ; there is none that doeth good, no, not one."\* So then there can be no such thing as human merits, because God says it ; and I know you believe Him.

And not at all less visionary is the supposition that almsgiving and prayer for a departed relative avail for him after death, and rescue his soul from perdition. This error which has crept in amongst the Jewish beliefs is a very dreadful one—besides how terrible must be the thought to a Jew who is dying, that he is going to hell, there to stay for eleven months, while his son gives alms, reads the lessons, and says the Kaddish, for the repose of his soul ? It is more than enough to prevent all calmness and composure in that solemn hour. But God tells us in the Psalms that such an escape

\* Psalm xiv. 2, 3.

cannot be—"None can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him."\*

As to those things you tell me about sin, and its origin, and its nature, as they are entirely at variance with God's written word, I can pay no attention to them. I do not know much about the Cabbala, but are they not taken from that work? I thought they seemed the same, and of that work I have but one opinion—which is, that it is alarmingly sinful. And in reference, sir, to your explication of what the rabbins say, that Eve was herself the forbidden fruit, &c., I do think it very indelicate to write so to one of my age and sex, and that you ought to have said nothing of the kind. Besides, the Scriptural account of the Fall quite differs from that supposed by the rabbis.

I cannot believe that the Messiah is in paradise, waiting for the time when He shall be revealed for the salvation of His people. I do not know what this paradise is that you refer to; however, it is my deep and solemn conviction that Messiah has come in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. I see it proved by facts; I *feel* in my own soul that it is so. Through Him I feel I am cleansed from my sins—that my heart is being restored to the divine image—that I am quite happy, because I know very surely that He and His father love me, and will reward me in a little while with

\* Psalm lix. 7.

endless joys. And oh! how joyful I should be to see my beloved Israel with the veil taken from their heart, so that in Him they could recognise their Saviour too.

“Then, Judah, thou shalt mourn no more

I am not very well, dear sir, or I would say more to you. Do believe in Jesus. Be not angry with my importunity, for I feel a great deal about my people. I am a Christian, but I am yet a Jew, and shall always claim my distinction as an Israelite.

With many thanks for your kindness, believe me to be, dear sir,

Yours, in Jesus,

LEILA ADA.

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[Then follows a letter.]

TO A RABBI.

December 31st.

Sir,

My uncle has just informed me, that after the service at the going out of the Sabbath, it is your intention, with several other gentlemen, to come here to converse with me. My heart is quite fixed in my religion—I have no fear about

that; but I have had to bear so much trial, and so many remarks lately, that my health and spirits are very sensibly affected. Might I therefore ask that only one—that one, perhaps, yourself—would meet me? I do not feel equal to the task of seeing more.

I am, sir, your servant for my Saviour's sake,  
LEILA ADA.

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ANOTHER TO MISS H.

January 4th, 1849.

My dearest friend,

I really must write you a few words before I sleep. This has been a heavy day. I scarcely know why I should be so oppressed. I do nothing but weep as I go from room to room, reciting some melancholy poem, or sit to play some melancholy air. Oh, Emily, how I want to see you. Here it seems I have no friend to whom I can speak my inmost thoughts. My heart to-night seems to have forgotten all feeling but weariness, and an occasional pining for relief. A painful stupor weighs down my eyes, and deadens every pulse. Oh, that I should be so cast down! "I will say unto God, my Rock, why hast Thou forgotten me? Why dost Thou cast

me off?" But this must be very wrong. My Redeemer has not forsaken me. It is all my wicked heart, which is *inclined* to think Thy dealings with me hard. I have allowed myself to envy those who worship Thee in peace and tranquillity; I have wished to be like those whose happy privilege it is to lean upon the bosoms which they love. But shall I repine to suffer for the sake of Jesus—He who died to purchase for me a life of endless joy and love. How sweet to me the thought—

"The toils of this short life will soon be o'er."

Farewell, my dearest friend. I know you will forgive me for writing my sadness to you; because it relieves my dejected heart. I saw several elders this morning. To-morrow they come again. Insults are becoming common; I must not be affrighted when I recollect what my Lord and Master suffered.

Pray—do pray for your sorrowing

LEILA.

In proportion as sorrows thickened around her, so did her faith increase, constantly pointing her to the mansions of everlasting peace—to the "floods of celestial light." These ardent aspirations after the love and rest which remain for the children of God, were ever breathing within her soul. In one of her reflections, written while she



was with her uncle, after beautifully expressing her deep trust and repose on the arm of her Redeemer, she dilates in glowing terms upon her intense expectation of the peacefulness of Heaven; and concludes by animating her soul in the language of one of her own verses, which if it is not one of the finest, is yet one of the sweetest and gentlest in the language—

“Beyond the gulf of death!

Go seek the realms of love’s immortal rest;

Where the black storm ne’er spreads its threatening crest,

Where sorrow sends no breath.”

Even so, dear Leila! the springs of immortality are already gushing up to heaven from within thy young heart. Thy trials on earth are near their close. Whence comes that still, small voice which tells the soul it may not linger here? Comes it from mysterious and shadowy movings which in the brightness of immortal dawning the expectant soul sees in the dim eternal future? or does some smiling cherub whisper it at the solemn mystic hour of midnight, in stilly blissful dreams? It is as if there are a band of angels whose work it is, when the cloudy veil which hangs between time and eternity grows thin, to cheer the yearning spirit by fond intimations that Jesus is coming to enfold it in His bosom and take it to His home. Strange are these calm foreshadowings. But

whencesoever comes their soft inspiration, Leila felt it in her heart; and in her bright and placid imaginings she already inhaled the pure odours from the heavenly fields. Death approached her with a gentle loveliness. She knew it was he; but he looked very beautiful in the clear spiritual light which shone out from her eyes. She felt only a tranquil, restful, trusting feeling; a sweet impulsive throb, which seemed ever hastening her homeward flight, while amidst its soothing influences her spirit found enraptured rest, because it made the present so very beautiful and happy. It was a holy blissful emotion—just such an one as we feel while watching the setting sun glide over the blazing sea of fire until the bright golden doors of the west close after him, and we wish we had the wings of the light, that we might fly far, far past him into the glowing heaven of glory which we see beyond. There was no pain, no regret. Leila expected death as lovingly as the little stars watch their trembling shadows in the crystalline fountain. It was a sweet calm of spirit—like that with which we regard the ethereal loveliness of the last rose of summer, fading amongst the tender and melancholy shades of autumn; and we cherish it more fondly, and think it looks every hour more beautiful, as its tiny stem droops nearer and nearer to the earth, and its frail life draws to a close.

Are there many daughters like thee, Leila? Oh, yes! but they do not stop to gladden us long. They seem only to stay a moment to surprise and rejoice our hearts in their sweet loveliness and their strange unearthly thinkings; and to teach us how pure and ethereal the religion of the Saviour makes the human spirit, and then the great gates of eternity close after them for ever. *You* father, whose thoughts are afar, had such an one. *You* mother, who are shedding your tears on the memory of Leila, for you trace her resemblance to your loved child who is not. And in the soul's wondrous feeling it seems to bind up the heart's broken threads and weave them again into a tissue of beauty. Peace to thee, sorrowing heart! Thy Saviour enfolds thee in a love which thou canst never know and angels cannot tell thee.

Hush!—The frail present dissolves and fades in heavenly melodies. A gentle, dream-like voice floats past like the herald-music of the skies, and thine absent, with her deep, loving eyes fixed earthward, reads:—

“In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you: and if I go and prepare a place, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.

“They are before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that

sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat ; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water ; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

“ There shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.”

[We insert in this place a letter to her cousin Isaac, also one to her friend Emily.]

January 5th, 1849.

MY DEAR ISAAC,

As surprise and want of time oblige me to write you very hurriedly, you will excuse both blunders and mistakes, should I commit both. Two gentlemen, whom I have never seen, are expected here at four o'clock to-day. They express great concern on my account, and desire to converse with me alone. My aunt requests, in the nature of a command, that I consent. I am not well ; I feel I cannot see them alone. At the same time I would not have either my aunt or uncle suppose that I have begun to fear having my religion examined. Most earnestly I have always tried to prevent their imagining such a thing, by always submitting myself to answer any

questions. To the many favours which I have received from you, my dear Isaac, allow me to add another—Will you try to be present with me? I know, if you can, I have only to request it from you and I obtain it.

Believe me, most affectionately yours,

LEILA ADA.

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TO MISS H.

January 6th, 1849.

My dearest friend,

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The past day has been one of unspeakable happiness. I have enjoyed sweet communion with my Saviour, and have been willing to bless Him for all the sorrows I have endured, and for the providential care He has exercised over me to the present period in my being. Oh! what abundant mercy, my love, has He displayed towards me. It often quite overpowers me. Why am I not now involved in the gross night of Judaism? Why does not every day find me expecting peace from repeating the absurd traditions of men? Why am I now walking in the full unclouded light of God's countenance, as revealed to me through obedience to the Gospel? To Divine Mercy alone am I indebted for the entire alteration

of my hopes and aims ; and in the exercise of that same mercy I have been tried.

I recollect that a few years ago, when papa and I visited the midland counties, he kindly took me to see, among other places, a *button* manufactory. I took notice that in stamping the buttons, the workmen were required to give to some much harder blows than to others before the image of the stamp was perfectly impressed upon them. In this way it is with my self-willed heart. I greatly lacked humility, and my Father saw it would require much discipline to fully impress His image on my soul ; and in tender mercy He gives it : and I know He loves me too deeply to do more than is necessary, for He has Himself assured me that “He doth not willingly afflict.” Mercy and to exercise loving kindness are His delights. He uses chastening in order that “the trial of our faith, being much more precious than that of gold that perisheth, may abound to the honour and glory of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

\* \* \* \* \*

When the closet witnesses your intercessions at the mercy-seat, forget not my beloved friend, to pray for Israel. With them, too, breathe one for your sister,

LEILA.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE FINAL EFFORT TO RECLAIM HER.—CUT OFF FROM  
HER NATION.—HER ACQUAINTANCE WITH MISS H——.  
—RETURNS TO HER FATHER.—“HOW SOON WE FADE !”

ONE afternoon, Leila's aunt expressed a desire that on that occasion she would dine with the family. It was a pleasing surprise ; and she filled her mind with imaginings of the probable cause. She thought—perhaps her uncle and aunt seeing her constancy, were about to change their conduct, and permit her to return home—perhaps her father had sent for her—perhaps, he was that evening expected—perhaps, he had become favourable to Christianity—perhaps, the hatred of her uncle and aunt towards her was partially removed ;—yet, no ! that could not be, for they had not been any kinder to her—their enraged dislike appeared as great as ever. Well, then, it was almost certain that she was going home ; her father had either sent for her or was coming for her ; and if he were averse as ever to Christianity, and if he would not permit her in his presence, it was a superlatively blissful thought that she would be under the same roof with him ; she would at least be exempted from contumely and insult. Oh ! how happy she felt on that afternoon. She went to her Bible,



and read its promises, and thought how richly in her experience they had been fulfilled, and were still fulfilling : how abundantly God had been with her, and supported her to that moment—the extremity of her trial, for in her father's house she would suffer nothing equal to what she was then enduring, and she hugged it to her bosom more dearly than ever.

“All this afternoon,” she writes, “I have read my Bible through tears of pure and exceeding joy. God has been eminently with me : I never felt such a weight of glory. The manifestations of His presence have been overpowering, so that I was compelled to exclaim, ‘ Lord, enlarge, enlarge the vessel, or my clay tenement must sink beneath this mighty revelation of Thy love ! Oh ! what must be the bliss of heaven ! I long for heaven ! I thirst for heaven ! If I can enjoy so much on earth, what must be the ecstatic raptures of the spirits in glory ; their faculties no longer clouded by the body—no more shackled by sense ? Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for this glorious foretaste of celestial joys ! I have drunk deeply of those vivifying streams which flow from before the throne of God and the Lamb for ever. O, the love of God—the boundless, unfathomable love of God ! *I am Christ's* ; and I can constantly live upon Him in my heart by faith. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and to all eternity

remember the blessings which thou hast this day received."

Dinner-time approached, still she was left unnoticed and alone. She heard a servant remark, "The dear rabbis have just come." There was to be company then. Did they intend—when all were at the table, perhaps—to send a domestic, or ring the bell to signify she might come? It was even so. A bell hung upon the staircase above the room which she generally occupied. The servants had named it the "Christian's bell," because it was usual to call Leila by it, whenever her attendance was required. The "Christian's bell" was rung, and with deeply wounded sensibilities, Leila obediently prepared to obey the summons. As she was descending the stairs she was met by her cousin—his eyes flashing, and his lips firmly compressed with subdued indignation—"Leila," he cried, "this is abominable. I did not know till this moment that they intended to be so gracious as to let you sit with us; else you should not have been used as you have."

"Do not mind me," replied Leila, and leaning upon his arm, she entered the dining room.

Here she found two rabbis, and several elders, and other Jews, whom she had before seen, with one or two whom, to the present time, she had never seen. They rose to receive her with apparent affection, and throughout the dinner-time,

maintained towards her a kind solicitude. All this conspired to give an assurance that another trial awaited her; and she prayed that if it were so, God would be with and support her.

Dinner was ended; and accompanied by her uncle and aunt, the guests adjourned to another room. It was intimated that Leila was to follow. Her only friend first called her aside—"Leila," said he, "I know what awaits you; but be firm, and seek to keep yourself composed. God will be with you; I know he will. We are commanded to abstain from entering the room, but they should not have kept me out, only I dare not trust myself. I am sensitive, and I know not what consequences might follow if they treated you uncourteously. I am proud; you are meek and humble, and I believe will do best alone."

That none of the conversation might be overheard, the door of the room which lay beyond that one in which they now were, was fastened. Upon the table before them, a number of the principal books of Jewish learning and theology were arranged. Among these were the Talmud, the Targums, Commentaries, Moreh,\* the Hagio-graph, &c, Leila had only the Bible, and this she had not by permission (for they did not know she possessed one), but because she always carried

\* "Moreh," or "Guide to the Perplexed," the most celebrated work of Rabbi Moses Ben Maimon.

it with her. Indeed, directly they saw her draw it forth on this occasion, it became a matter of discussion whether it should not be taken from her; and from their manner it was evident, that had they not intended to first ply her with blandness and seeming affection, she would not have been allowed to retain it.

One of the rabbis commenced with a long address, setting forth their love for her and her father; their intense solicitude for her soul; her breach of the commandments by grieving and disobeying her parent and relatives, &c. He concluded thus; "It is only this feeling of earnestness for your eternal welfare, which calls us here to-night. We wish, by dispensing to you our light, to free you from that fatal delusion and snare which is thrown around you. To this end we proceed orderly: we will patiently listen to all your answers to our questions, and to every remark you may interject."

Through a disquisition of seven hours, Leila modestly, but firmly maintained her position. How delightful it is to contemplate this youthful Christian (for she was now but just entered on the twentieth year of her age), reasoning with these eight of her nation through so many hours; all of them, too, well-skilled in Jewish learning. There she sat, calm and composed—no friend but God and her Bible, no help but her memory—at-

tempting to prove and disprove, as far as they gave her the opportunity.

Their promised patience and kindness were early exhausted. Each repeated essay to prove that Jesus is the Messiah, was met by the most intemperate refusals to listen. Most of the time was occupied in putting to her questions quite irrelevant; in harangues from the elders and rabbis; and in reading large quotations from their books.

Finding, at length, that her religion was not to be shaken by anything they could say or do, and confounded by her references to their own Scriptures, the smouldering fires of their ill-concealed rage burst forth. "God hath done with thee," exclaimed a rabbi; "He hath spoken to thee, blaspheming apostate, by the mouth of us His servants for the last time."

Leila quoted 1 Cor. i. 21—24, and then inquired, "Will you, (I will ask no more than this)—will you permit me to demonstrate to you the fact of Christ's resurrection from the dead?"

"I tell you," said the rabbi, "we have proved to you from our writings, that Jesus of Nazareth was an impostor and seducer: that the Messiah has not yet come. You have hardened your heart; we will hear no more."

"Sir, it is too much to say you have proved it. For the honour of my Divine Master, I must declare the truth—you have not done so; your-

selves know it. You have said nothing really convincing; you have brought forward no sound evidence: this you must surely feel, unless you have forgotten the nature of what you have said. My weak self could, with the help of God, have refuted all I have heard to-night against the Messiahship of Jesus."

"Wilt thou then deny it, young incorrigible? Wilt thou put all present to the lie? Then, on God's behalf, I smite thee;" and he struck her upon the cheek.

The other rabbi rose: "Miss T——, I ask you once more, and it is the last time, will you still believe in Jesus of Nazareth as your Messiah?"

"I do—I will—I ever shall; and I hope soon to be in Heaven with Him."

"Ha!" sneered an elder, and the same moment he spat in her face. Leila buried it in her handkerchief.

"Then," said the rabbi, "I pronounce that your name is cut off from your nation; that it is blotted from under heaven. Thou hast wilfully forsaken God, and would not hearken to His reproof, and now He hath forsaken thee; thou art an offence in His sight. I pronounce thee excommunicated; and every Jew who shall hereafter keep thy company, I pronounce against Him the anathema of Jehovah, our Lawgiver and our King."

An elder now began to read to her. Leila was terrified—terrified not because she feared any of the anathemas which related to herself *merely*, but because some of them separated her from her father and all her relatives. The following is the substance :—

“Hear thou the curses of the Lord upon all those who break the commands which He gave to us, His chosen people; and against all those who are disobedient to His law, as promulgated by our lawgivers and prophets.

“‘Thus saith the Lord, if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, nor to the voice of His people, to do all the commandments, and tread in all the statutes which I have given to thee this day, then all these curses shall come upon thee and overtake thee.

“‘Cursed shall be all thy substance.

“‘Cursed shall be thy dwelling-place.

“‘Cursed shall be thy going out and thy coming in.

“‘Cursed shall be the fruit of thy body.

“‘The Lord shall smite thee with drought, and fever, and consumption. Thine enemies shall reign over thee. Thy food shall not satisfy.

“‘All these things, saith the Lord, shall come upon thee, because of the wickedness of thy doings, whereby thou hast forsaken me.’

“These are the curses of the Lord, even the



King of Israel. That they may be averted and not fall upon thee, we will offer our earnest prayers.

“Further, we pronounce our anathema against thy father, or any of our nation, who shall come near thee, or have ought to do with thee whatever. To us thou art as though thou wert never born among us.

“Lastly, we beg of thee, turn and repent. Bewail thy sins, if it be that thou mayst have pardon for thy manifold wickedness.”

Thus was this affectionate child to be for ever separated from her only parent—that parent who was her very life-spring. The shock was too severe, and she wept heartily and convulsively.

“Dost thou repent?” harshly inquired a rabbi.

“Oh, no, no, no! Do not speak to me; your kindness is cruelty.”

A paper was directly set before her to which she was compelled to affix her signature. In her own artless manner she says: “I was full of terror when they forced the pen into my hand. I could scarcely guide it, my hand trembled so much. They told me to write my name. I do not know how I wrote it; I suppose it was legible, for they appeared contented. What it was I signed I never knew.”

This done, she was *ordered* to leave the room. Her uncle spoke to a rabbi in a low, earnest tone;

the rabbi immediately said, "You are permitted, Miss T——, to remain here three days longer. That time being expired no Jew may receive you into his house. You must be prevented all opportunity of preaching your views among us; therefore, according to the command of God, we have cut you off from His people. Do not reflect upon us; you have placed yourself in this sorrowful position. Your dear father will be immediately acquainted with our proceedings; and I earnestly hope that yet your eyes may see the error of your ways."

It was long past midnight when Leila retired; but it was not to sleep, *that* was impossible. Closing the door of her chamber, she bent her knees in prayer for resignation to the Divine will; and now as, perhaps, the dearest ties of consanguinity were severed, that God would be her Father as He had promised. Then, being determined that she would not remain at her uncle's house another day, she arranged for her departure.

And thus was this *dernier ressort* of her uncle and the rabbis a signal failure. The cutting-off of every Jew who forsakes the national faith, is of course nothing more than a proper fulfilment of Jewish law and usage. But very confidently was it believed that the idea of being separated from her father and kindred would terrify Leila into a denial of Christianity. They admitted it. They

told her father so. Full of this expectation they came together that afternoon; full of it they began the efforts of the evening. And yet all their laboriously prepared arguments had been swept away like chaff before the whirlwind, as long as they could agree to listen. Everything they said was met, and refuted, with the unshaken firmness and heroic constancy of deep and solemn conviction. And this by a mere child—a child who had not received a moment's notice of the ordeal through which she was to pass. They were enraged. Amidst their insults she had conducted herself with a calm and majestic dignity. She had heard the law read which separated her from her parent and her people. Her emotions, too mighty to be expressed, had compelled her to outrage her modesty, by displaying them in the presence of the men who had been the cause of her cruel excitement. Yet she did not exhibit the slightest sign of a wavering intention. On the contrary, she professed her fixed resolution, even in the very extremity of her agony. They were confounded. They could scarcely believe it. Yes, sirs, but you forgot that “the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him,” watching their distress, and with its heaven-calm ray pouring light, and joy, and peace, and power, for ever into their soul. You might plunge your persecuted victim into the dungeon's depth; but smiling conscience sat by

her side, an angel of light ; hallowing her expectation, long and dark though it was, preserving her happiness calm and self-solaced, and whispering innocence and lofty consolation. Trusting no more in the resolution she had taken, but in the hand she held, love and peace flowed into that dreary seclusion, the light of celestial glories burst upon her spirit, and though on the brink of death, her soul was elevated above this narrow earth, and obtained a measure of the emotion which is its felicity now that it has risen to its native heaven. He who gave her the victory in preceding weeks of trial would not forsake her then. Her hope and faith in Him was not like an etherealized and beautiful bubble, floating unharmed in the calm airs of summer, but bursting amidst the lightest breathed zephyrs of autumn and leaving not a trace behind. It was a solid, substantial reality. Her love for her Redeemer was not like a visioned spirit floating in the empyrean air of imagination—like one of those beautiful evanishings of mortal loveliness when death throws his cold shadow over the young blossoms, and leaves the mild bright spring-dream “sweet but mournful to the soul” among its half-fancied memories. It was calm, quiet, deep, and satisfying. It is true, sirs, you severed her from the faces whom she loved. You expected that you had crushed the just blossoming flower which had

put forth its buds so full of warmth and beauty ; for had you not sent it to decay among the dead, and to house in the grave, till with its little heart crushed beneath the weight of unrewarded fondness it, too, died unpitied in the dust ? Ah, but it was not so ! Even there she was not to waste her benign spirit nor bestow her illumination on the bleak wilderness. Her bright and loving heart was neither desolate nor uncompanioned, for Jesus her Lord was there, filling with hope, and light, and peace, and opening to her spiritual view the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem. Yes, gentlemen, even then, amidst her great grief and oppression, Leila could tell you that she was happy !

During this interview Leila was favoured with the especial blessing of her Heavenly Parent. We have often heard her declare, that she never felt such power and quickness of thought, either before or after it. It was always her conviction that her tongue was directed and influenced by the Spirit of God ; for the language was not her own, and appeared to flow without toil or effort. Nor was she for a moment at a loss. Doubtless this fact, connected with her extreme youthfulness, had much to do with the disgusting behaviour she experienced from certain of her irritated opposers. In the midst of a correspondence with Mr. Isaac T—— (her cousin before referred to,)

we received in May last, a letter designed to throw additional light on this view of the feeling of her questioners, and also to exhibit Leila's constancy and decision in the extreme moment of her anguish. He thought we might make the information available for a new edition. Not clearly seeing how it could very well be done, we requested, and obtained permission to publish an extract. And here it is :—

“I cannot tell when I am to bring this long letter to a close, for I have now to tell you of two incidents, which to the present moment I had never thought of as being important for you to know, and which I think I should not have remembered now, only when I came to this part of my beloved cousin's memoir it struck me that if you had known them you would perhaps have taken occasion to introduce them. I waited up that night until the rabbis, &c., came out of the room. After talking and fasting for so many hours they seemed both hungry and thirsty, and while zealously employed in appeasing their appetites they also found time for some very edifying conversation. Being in a very ugly temper, I pleaded illness, and did not join them at the table ; but I took notice of all they said, and a few sentences I still remember. ‘Well,’ said somebody, ‘of all the bold and determined opposers of even first principles of religious truth, (I twisted in my

chair, and very prudently bit my lips,) I never knew one to equal her to-night. How glibly her tongue runs when she gets into that Nazarene doctrine.' 'Ah!' answered one of the rabbis, "I told you you would not find it so easy to overturn her. You have not had my experience among the wicked. When the seductions of that Nazarene doctrine have laid hold upon the mind of the young, it is almost impossible to recover them. I never knew an instance yet. Ah! the men who propagate it little think of the curse which clings to them, and which is yet to take effect. How many hundreds of our noblest brethren have been sucked down its accursed vortex!" 'To hear such a girl speak so confidently and bear down everything before her, put me out of patience,' said another. 'A good beating would have done her more good than reasoning with her, and I should like to have given it her.' 'Hush!' said father. It was just in time to save me from saying something worse, and so bringing myself into trouble.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The other thing might help to show how decided Leila was to the last. I was conversing with her on the morning of her departure from our house, and in the midst of it I took occasion to tenderly inquire how she had resolved, and if her intentions were of such a kind that she could allow me the delight of assisting her in any way.



‘Well,’ she replied, ‘I think, my dear Isaac, there is nothing now that you can do to assist me. I do not profess that I have no anxiety. Indeed, I have much anxiety. But I think I can say, that my trust is simply in Jesus; and that if my beloved father [here her emotion overcame her and for some time she was silent] should never speak to me again, and, even if he should make me no allowance of money, (this I do not believe,) I shall not hesitate a moment. Should my present circumstances result in both these, I shall seek a situation as resident governess or servant of some kind. And to compensate for my ignorance, I will be content to have no salary. I have sufficient clothing to last me a very long while—as long, I think, as in that case I shall want any; and I have some money too . . . . and that, you know, is a large sum, considering the care with which I shall use it.’ ”

\* \* \* \* \*

She had determined to leave her uncle’s house, and that at once, but in what a trying strait she was involved. She had been cast out from among her nation, she had been cut off from her kindred by the rabbis, but would her father really be guided by their decision? The many happy years gone by, the sweet and numberless proofs of the high place she possessed in his affections, all seemed to loudly declare that it was impossible

—whatever dislike he felt to her profession of Christianity, he would never be able to deny her living with him. She fixed, however, that she would for the present reside with a Christian family, who, since her conversion, had been most affectionately intimate with her. They lived at about two miles from her home. Their eldest daughter (an exceedingly pious young lady) had ever since the commencement of her acquaintance with Leila been her confidential friend and correspondent.

Their meeting was affecting to both. “She threw herself upon my neck,” says Miss H——, “exclaiming, ‘They have dared my dear father to permit me to return home.’ She wept; and—can it surprise?—I rejoiced to weep too.”

In about a month from the time of her leaving home, symptoms of declining health became visible. Her constitution, never strong, had, doubtless, received a severe shock from the accumulated sorrow and anxiety which she had undergone, through separation from her father and her home. Add to this the coercive regimen and unkindness to which she was submitted in her uncle’s family. But she had become a comparatively unnoticed being; and she was not of a disposition to complain.

These symptoms increased; and at the time she quitted her uncle’s family, the decay in her health was very apparent. “I saw,” continues her

friend, "that she was quite ill: indeed, I thought *very* ill, although she did not appear to be fully aware of it. I observed it to her. 'Well,' she replied, 'I am not well, but I should be if I were with my father; it is absence from him unnerves and depresses me.'"

On reaching the house of her friend Emily, she wrote to her father.

January 18th, 1849.

My dearest, much-loved Papa,

I have been ordered to leave the house of my uncle; this I have done, and am now staying with our friends, Mr. H—— and family, until acquainted with your will about me.

Dear papa! I have suffered so. I will not murmur, because you placed me with my uncle, I know, to do me good. But it was very dreadful to me, who had been used always to such kindness, such tenderness from you. For many weeks I have not had anything in common with my uncle, aunt, nor any of their family. My meals were given to me separate, and I had a room set apart for my solitary occupation; and if wanted, I was seldom sent for, but called by a bell. I could not help feeling it deeply, dear pa', and I believe that, whatever else you think, you will have no sympathy with such unkindness as I have received. All my cousins, except Isaac (and he

has been most tenderly affectionate), insulted me ; the young children spat upon my clothes. No one would touch me when they came near me ; and even the servants acted to me very unkindly indeed.

[I can suppose the reader's disappointment to find any of this affecting letter withheld. But the next relates to various family matters, which must not be published.]

But, my beloved papa, I could not forsake my Christianity, because I believe it to be of God ; therefore, I was taken before a session composed of two rabbis, and several elders, and others. It was night, and for seven hours they questioned me, and used many cruel comments and names which I may tell you at another time, and at last one elder spat in my face, and a rabbi beat me. I was then anathematized, and after the curses were said, I was told I should never be allowed to live with you, my precious papa, any more.

But papa, beloved papa ! you will not say "yes" to anything so terrible. Oh ! do not send me away, I am ill now, with so much trouble and anxiety ; but that will kill me, dear papa. I love you so, that I can never live away from you. Oh ! may I come home ? I am quite weak with much longing to see you, and kiss you again, and love you

like I used. Do see me at least—but I dare not imagine the alternative.

Papa, I cannot be anything else but a Christian while I live, and I know it is a faith that will at last open to me the gates of heaven.

You may see, dear, by my tremulous disconnected hand, that I am not well, which will cause you to excuse imperfections of whatever kind. It is so late at night too, that I can scarcely think from weariness—having had no sleep last night, and travelled the whole of to-day.

Farewell, my precious—my adored parent. I should be so glad if, before I slept, I could have one kiss—do let me see you, love. And very soon.

With many tears of grateful affection and prayers that God's especial blessing may abide with you for evermore,

I am, my dearest father,

Your very devoted daughter,

LEILA ADA.

She received a most affectionately written answer. Among other things he expressed intense indignation at her usage; a noble contempt for the curses of the rabbis; and desired her to come home to him directly!

This letter produced a sudden revulsion of her whole life's current, which for a moment was

painfully overpowering. It filled her again with the most brilliant hopes. Evidently her father had almost—oh! might he not have quite?—burst asunder the trammels of rabbinical authority. She was scarcely recovered when a carriage, with himself in it, drew up to the door. He had followed the bearer of the letter. How sweet that moment to both! But their meeting must be sacred.

And Leila was reinstated in her sweet home—her father kinder than ever—all her books returned to her—permission to attend her chapel at any time she pleased cheerfully accorded. She was happy!

Under the tender lavishment of paternal affection, her spirits appeared to recover their wonted vigour, and a fresh glow of health to course through her veins and suffuse her cheek. But it was only the stimulus of old and dearly-cherished enjoyments which produced this effect. She had begun to droop. Her spirit was ripening for the everlasting joys of heaven. Soft and peaceful was her decline, for it was soothed by the presence of her Redeemer. Looking more and more beautiful as she approached her eternal rest, she at last passed triumphantly through the valley of the shadow of death, and was laid beside her mother amidst the silence of the tomb. How soon we fade! How soon the friends we love are called away! Here's nothing worth a smile.

[In her diary she writes at this time.]

January 24th.—Again to worship Thee, O Lord my Father, in peace and love beneath my parent's roof, is a privilege I had at one time almost ceased to expect. I adore and bless Thy great and holy name—who, in undeserved mercy, hast accorded it to me. And oh! may my gratitude be proved in a more unqualified devotion of myself to Thee.

I thank Thee that this moment I can call Thee my Father; and calmly repose beneath the shadow of Thy wings, perfectly assured that Thou lovest me, and will keep me in time and eternally. Oh, from now may I be blessed with better and clearer views of Thee—Thy will and Thy nature; that, from being a babe in Christ Jesus, I may become strong in Him: being rooted and grounded in love.

Blessed Spirit! withdraw not from me; but continue Thy gracious influences upon my soul, and impart to me grace that I may never grieve Thee by indifference to Thy movements in my heart.

January 30th.—I would devote a few moments of the close of this hallowed day to recording the blessed character of that intercourse with the Father of my spirit which I have enjoyed. Never before did I experience anything to equal it.



and I do rejoice in Thee, O God, for Thy gracious condescension manifested towards me. I have had overwhelming views of Thy greatness and majesty and wisdom and love.

O Thou whose dwelling is eternity—whose being is from everlasting to everlasting, how can I, a sinful creature, glorify Thee in terms adequate to thy due? How can I sufficiently set forth Thy glory?—

“My weakness bends beneath the weight,  
O’erpowered I sink, I faint, I die.”

Unchangeable God, unbounded sea, the fountain of eternity, greatness unspeakable is Thine—greatness which, when heaven and earth are fled away, shall yet survive in undiminished power and majesty. Thy wisdom is unsearchable, and known only to Thyself. Heaven is thy throne; Thy glory is its light—light without shade; effulgence for ever unsullied. Vain man! what art thou? O, bend low at the footstool of the Deity—thou art but dust. Acknowledge thy feeble reason when compared with Him, the Almighty source of mind and light. Sink into thy true position—nothingness. Thine, Lord, is wisdom—Thine alone. Angels when they approach Thy majesty veil their faces behind their wings. Truth and perfection before thee stand; but nearer to Thy

sacred throne, even at thy right hand, stands Thy favoured daughter LOVE! The spirits of the redeemed surround Thee, with trembling rapture swelling their melodious lyres, and through heaven's ethereal depths resounds Thy praise. 'Thou directest the employments of these Thy saved ones, Thou art the source of their enjoyments, Thou spreadest Thy wings over them in wondrous love! Mercy dwells in Thy presence, ever ready to anticipate Thy wrath: and when at length this can no longer be withheld, it moves but slowly, and Thy lingering tenderness still stays the avenging sword of justice, hoping, if it be in vain to hope, for a timely repentance.

Yet, O God! mighty as Thou art, I am Thy child: I dwell in Thy love and I am happy. Thou art the source of my being, every breath I have flows from Thee, all I possess is Thy gift, O my Father. 'Thrice holy One! Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory. Reposing in thy love, I adore Thee in union with the choirs of cherubim and seraphim, and with the saints who are made perfect in Thee, and with the just who yet live on earth. I praise Thee now; and when created nature dies, saved by my beloved Redeemer, I shall praise thee in brighter, purer strains, to all eternity.

How glorious is such a prospect! O my soul,

why art thou ever lax in pursuit of such a prize? I rejoice that ever I was born to enjoy this fruition of perfect bliss in my Saviour for ever.

February 21st.—What can be better calculated to raise the thoughtful mind than gazing on the star-spangled sky, and marking the admirable order, unfading brightness, and beautiful arrangement of the heavenly bodies, and examine their movements—so silent, yet so grand and changeless. They loudly proclaim the greatness of God, and the consummate wisdom with which He governs the universe.

My enraptured eye fixes on the various and wondrous portions of His creation, which He has unveiled to man, with a curiosity and delight which never know satiety or abatement. How joyful do I feel when the first rays of the glorious sun, piercing the thick mantle of night, throw a brightness and beauty over all nature; and with what fondness do I find myself gazing on its departing beams, as they fall in rich and beautiful succession on hill and dale—on the tall tree and the little flower at its foot, on the lucid wave and the dark forest. “Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty.”

Nor is this the only feeling inspired by such a time and scene. It reminds me that all things pass away—of the frailty of my body, now made

more than ever to be remembered by that weakness which of late I have felt.

Oh, my loving and gracious Father, who art in heaven. Oh help me to increase in wisdom, and to be more mindful of that time, which will soon arrive. May every hour I am permitted to see be cheered by a perfect conviction, inspired by Thyself, that I am approaching nearer the mansions of everlasting peace and blessedness. That it may be so, I now surrender myself again, soul and body, to thee. Oh, covenant with me for time and eternity. Amen.

Unbounded thankfulness to Him who has done so much for me I ought ever to feel. Awaken my spirit, O God, to greater diligence in waiting upon Thee. More and more may I be empowered to do Thy will, that all the rich blessings of Thy grace may descend upon me.

The first steps of the insidious disease were more than usually guileful. And when at length it had assumed its undoubted characteristics, her fond father grew restless and impatient if ever any reference were made to it. "A slight cough—and this was so very slight—was a thing to which she had always been subject: and the shortness of breath and the bright hectic flush upon her cheek, he had noticed before. She would soon be quite as well as ever she was." And the

spiritual airiness communicated by the fever which was so gently consuming her life was "only a buoyancy of spirit which was nothing more than perfectly natural to her. However, if it would please the other members of the family, he would certainly call in the physician. But he himself was quite satisfied that his services were not required." The physician said that there was no present cause for serious apprehension, and he tried to bind up the breaking threads of her life. But all, except her parent, could see her unworldly thoughtfulness, and her gradually wasting strength. And then there was a deceitful change, and Leila again walked in the garden and tended her flowers. She could even sit down to the piano and sing some favourite movement—but it was always soft and solemn, often a beautiful and ethereal requiem. Her father rejoiced, for they said she would soon be well again. But on Leila's own heart there rested a sweet assurance, tranquil as the evening sky, peaceful as the last smile of summer, that she was going to the bosom of her Redeemer.

It was a calm golden evening—one of those lovely sunsets towards the close of summer when earth and sky seem to mingle into one blaze of glory, and all nature is hushed in profound adoration. In a bower formed of jessamines and bright spiritual roses sat Leila gazing into the profound

depths of the fiery splendours, her heart throbbing with impulsive delight. The rich light flushed warm through the ringlets of her hair, and an unearthly radiance flashed from her large earnest eyes, as they intently looked on the glowing skies. Her thoughts were afar, and she seemed to have forgotten that any one beside herself was present. She began slowly and restfully, and in tones so soft and deep as made it seem an inspiration—

“I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.”

And then a soft brightness passed across her face like a shadow from the wing of an angelic spirit; and she continued, “I am going to behold that glory.”

It was strange. For she seemed to be regaining her strength, and to be progressing towards health. But the words fell on the heart of one who sat near her with all the certainty of a prophecy. And he looked at her white hands and noticed that they were getting longer and thinner, and that her skin was becoming more and more clear and transparent. The shadowy veil of time which hung between her sight and her Saviour was fast

dissolving ; and even now, that thoughtful eye appeared lit up with an immortal fire. Why did he not observe all this before ?

He need not have surprised himself. For, accepted by her father, he loved Leila, and was beloved in return. And that young saint was passing away in the midst of all the brightness which a promised future of love and peace could bestow. But she felt no regret for all she was leaving—nothing except an absorbing desire to see the salvation of her parent and relatives. She knew—the feeling was an all pervading reality—that she was going to a better home, where every love and beauty is enjoyed in perfection and for ever. And she longed to fly away and be there.

Even so, beloved Leila ! Silver star of our memory ! We feel that thou art going. Thou art too fair for our fading earth. Thy soul seeks its silent path amidst the suns far away to join its kindred natures in lands more bright than ours. The messenger is on the wing ; and the shining gates are opening to receive thee.

Let us accompany thee as far as the heavenly portals, and watch thee entering in : it may be that we shall catch a glimpse of thy glory ere they close on thee for ever !



## CHAPTER XII.

### EVANISHINGS

“She pleads,  
With angel tongue and mild beseeching eye.  
Her heart  
Rejoiced to die, for happy visions blessed  
Her voyage's last days, and hovering round,  
Alighted on her soul, giving presage  
That heaven was nigh. Oh, what a burst  
Of rapture from her lips! what tears of joy  
Her heavenward eyes suffused!”

It is a sweet employment to honour the memory of those once dear to us in this life, but whose face we can now behold no more. To trace the bright track which marks their earthly course; to view them in the chamber of death, see their last triumphant smile, and hear their latest prayer; and when at last the final victory is completed, to watch their flight to those realms of blessedness where no sigh can ever breathe to interrupt the harmony of the skies, no pain disturb the repose of the inhabitants.

To ye, to ye beloved ones, who sleep in death's cold embrace, our souls are hastening. To ye whose mouldering remains are veiled from our

view by a covering of earth, but whose spirits, having gained their immortal rest, are now rejoicing in the presence of our Redeemer, to ye much-loved on earth, with whom we have often held sweet converse of the love of Jesus, but who have before us attained the joys of eternal life, our hearts turn with affectionate delight.

Thrice hallowed be the memory of the friends who are dead, thrice hallowed be the fondly cherished image of departed love. Come to us, ye gentle daughters, who mourn the loss of a tender father, or a fond, devoted mother,—come to us, thou heart-stricken husband, who weepest the loss of a beloved wife; and come, too, thou inconsolable mother, whose dearest offspring has drooped away in the cold embrace of death, oh! come and join us, and our tears shall mingle in holy affection for the absent ones, and in spirit we will seek the consecrated remembrances in which these beloved objects repose!

We are not separated eternally. They may not return to us, but we shall go to them. What consolation is the thought! What a holy calm does it diffuse over the spirit! What bliss will it be to rejoin them in “the better land,” full of the joy-inspiring conviction that we shall part no more!

Even so, beloved spirits! early have ye left us to be for ever with the Lord. But we shall follow you into His blessed home. We will not weep

for you as lost. Your forms are often shadowed to us, and we hear you singing sweetly in our dreams. Resting with a firm reliance on the merits of our Redeemer, Jesus, we know we shall soon awake to rejoin you. Even now you seem to invite us to share with you the society of angels, while you breathe in soft whisperings that we are hastening to you again.

Eternal Father! Fountain of goodness! we praise and adore the love with which Thou doest all things. We cease our dishonourable sorrow: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." "Praise the Lord, let us praise the Lord, and speak good of His name." With tender affection we will recal scenes passed with those who have been called away; scenes which can return no more. Our tears, the simple offerings of unaffected love, shall testify the emotion of our hearts. And, is it even so, that they who were so dear to us are asleep in the tomb? Yet by them our sighs are not unheard; nor do our tears fall unheeded.

The following letter answers inquiries of her friend.

TO MR. ———.

August 24th, 1849.

My dear Friend,

Allow me to make one final request, that you will not apologize because you ask "so many questions." It is a great delight to answer them, as well as I can. To your present one, "Is it true that the Jews omit from the prophetic writings the whole of the fifty-third of Isaiah? I reply that it is a truth, which requires much qualification. It ever pleases me to have an opportunity of defending my brethren according to the flesh. I am a Christian, but I am still a Jew. It is a distinction which I cannot lay aside; for I love my people dearly, very dearly. And I know you do too, my dear friend, and that is a great joy to me.

When the Jews were conquered by Antiochus Epiphanes—which was about a hundred and sixty years before the Christian era—he prohibited the public reading of the law, under the penalty of death. This prohibition the Jews felt severely—it was very cruel. But that they might not be wholly without the Scriptures, they selected from other parts of them fifty-four portions. These they called HAPHTOROTH—הפטורה—for though forbidden to read the law, they might read the

prophecies—they were left *open*—hence the word—and these therefore they used. Every sabbath the Hapthoroth for that day was read; and I believe it was from this custom amongst the Jews that the Christians adopted the practice of reading Scripture lessons.

It would fatigue you to read so much, or I might place before you the portions of the Pentateuch, and then place the Hapthorothim over against them; but I can explain sufficiently clear, I think, without. A portion of the law was appointed to be read upon the particular day assigned to it; and when this was forbidden, they selected from the prophetic writings those portions which had a positive reference to the part of the law chosen for each day. So the omission of the fifty-third of Isaiah was not wilful, for the passages were taken miscellaneously. When you next come to me I will show you all the Hapthorothim; at present I will copy out those taken from this part of Isaiah.

Isaiah, 41 ch. 1—16 verses.

„	42	„	5—25	„
„	44	„	1—25	„
„	51	„	12—23	„
„	52	„	1—12	„
„	54	„	1—17	„
„	55	„	6—13	„
„	56	„	1—8	„

Isaiah, 60 ch. 1—22 verses.

„ 61 „ 10, 11 ; also 62 ch. 1—12.

„ 63 „ 1—9.

Yet I do not think the reason for leaving out the fifty-third a very satisfying one, though it should be conceded that at this time, and for nearly 200 years later, no one could rightly understand the prophecy contained in it. And now that its meaning has become the key-stone of the difference between Jews and Christians, it is too much to expect them to use it in their service. Still they read it, and have an interpretation for it. But this interpretation is so poor and unlikely that it does not satisfy the thoughtful amongst themselves. Papa does not believe it, and never did. “Understandest thou what thou readest ?” said Philip to Queen Candace’s treasurer as he was reading this chapter.

With much gladness I look upon the prospect opening before our Israel. Sufferings we have indeed had for our obstinacy, tempests have burst upon our afflicted heads, but the clouds are melting away. *The sun of Israel is rising.* “The word of our God shall stand for ever ;” and oh ! how sweet, how lovely is the future he has promised to my people : and so near that even now we may take up the consolatory predictions of the prophet—Isaiah xl. 1. I rejoice in hope of my much-loved nation—dear people ! so unhappy, so

restless as they are—but the time of their redemption draweth nigh. When I look upon them as they are, when I see their heartlessness through long-deferred hope, their exhaustion through long and fruitless expectation, it depresses me sadly, and I wonder what there is I can do to help them. Shall we, my dear friend, try to pray more earnestly about them? that Jesus will hasten the time of His appearing, the sun of righteousness pierce the heavy clouds. Oh! I almost feel I am wrong to say so to you, because I know how much you think about them and love them. This is a great joy to me, and I am sure you will realize the assurance—"They shall prosper that love thee."

Very soon after writing this letter Leila was again ill. And in three months she passed through the portals of the skies.

She made very few entries in her journal after this return of her weakness. Most of the time she was able to write was given entirely to correspondence.

The illusive hopes of Leila's lengthened stay on earth were passing away. During the buoyancy of these treacherous weeks, she occupied much of her time in writing. Her heart yearned with a sad and thoughtful tenderness towards her nation. The guilt they were contracting, and the happiness they were losing, while denying their Messiah, lay



like an icy weight upon her soul; and she cherished fervent longings to do something for them. Most of all was she concerned for her father and her kindred. And as she felt the film of life grow thinner and thinner, the deep workings of her spirit on their behalf became more and more powerful still. Warm-hearted and thoughtful she had always been, but there was a strange loveliness and maturity about her now. Often would she seek her parent, and with her head resting on his bosom, and her arms entwining his neck, whisper to him of the unutterable joys she felt in the love of Jesus, and the bright home to which she knew she was going. It pained him excessively; his child seemed all that he possessed. He had cherished her with all a tender parent's lavish fondness: and she had repaid his affection by expanding into life very beautifully and with ever-increasing loveliness. He felt it impossible that he could consent to her passing away. He shuddered to hear her speak of dying. And while in tones full of deep, paternal feeling, he begged her not to say anything about leaving him, he would answer evasively respecting his belief in Jesus.

The afternoon had declined into the golden brilliance of sunset: and this again was decaying into the soft shadows of twilight. Leila had been conversing with her parent on themes connected

with Christianity, while her eyes, unnaturally bright with the slow fever that was burning in her veins, gave a wondrous fire and energy to all that she was saying.

"Papa, dear!" and, laying her burning hand on his, she tenderly kissed his pale cheek, "I do love you so—oh! inexpressibly. I think about you a great deal: for you are always in my heart. God is going to take me to heaven; I wish I could take you with me. But you will soon follow me. Yes, dear papa, and I will come to meet you! Perhaps—perhaps—papa,—Jesus will allow me to wait by your bedside as you are dying. He may—and I will kiss you—and comfort you—and—papa—" Leila's voice wandered dreamily. It was plain that her thoughts had fled far from earth, and joined the hymning circles of bright spirits in heaven.

"Leila, my darling child, I *cannot* hear you talk in that way—do cease!" said her father in a dry, hard cadence.

"O, papa," said Leila, "it pains me more than I can express to hear you speak so. Why cannot you be happy and trusting like me? Why do you not give yourself up to God, and come to heaven with me? Mortality is the lot of man. Nothing is more usual, nothing more common on earth than separation. I know it is very severe for you to give me up to die. I feel immeasurably on this

account, and sometimes it almost tempts me to wish to remain with you; for it makes me very sad when I think on what you are suffering. I used to imagine how dreadful it would be if you were to die and leave me behind; but then, papa, you know I was young, and might have thought that, perhaps, I should live many years. Now, you are sure you will not be long separated from me. The hour may indeed be very near when your earthly existence must close. Excessive grief, while it may displease God, will render your life wretched, and unfit you to serve Him as He commands you: and it cannot keep me with you, nor yet recal me when I am dead. Jesus is sorry to see you so unhappy at losing me, but I am His, papa, and He must take me. Don't sorrow any more for me; this is one of those stings which He left His father's house to conquer. He would comfort you, and make you quite happy, if you would allow Him. He waits, He expresses His wish to graciously cheer you in your affliction, and bring us again to meet in Himself at last, and to share with each other the joys of His kingdom. Will you not open your heart to Him? You are so noble, so loving, so excellent in everything, papa, that I am sure you are not far from the kingdom of God. Jesus loves you: do, dear, come to Him, pray to Him, and you will soon *feel* that He loves you."

Her father's earnest eye, and tightly pressed lips, seemed to speak of a mighty effort to subdue emotions that were passing in his mind. His countenance relaxed, and he said, in a mingled but melancholy voice, "If I could only have your simple and realizing confidence in God—it's of no use to think of it—I cannot be resigned."

"Papa," answered Leila, "it grieves me, it makes me sad—very sad. It is the omnipotence which Jesus exercises on my behalf, that reconciles me to the thought of leaving you, papa; and if you would only ask Him, He is ready to give you the same peaceful, happy trust. Then will a sweet serenity come over your soul, and you will have an experimental assurance that all He does is love. He will always give you what is best for your temporal peace, and eternal happiness. I have often found, papa, on examining my heart, when it seemed to me I had cause to be sorrowful, that the real evil was my being weakly, perhaps sinfully, disposed, and therefore I had no just cause to repine. . . . O, my dear papa, come to Jesus—now, will you? I am dying. I shall not be here to talk to you of Him much longer; let us kneel together before Him. He is God—indeed, indeed He is: I feel it every moment. His Spirit will sanctify, and bless, and save you, and crown your head with everlasting joys."

“Leila, I shall see you again. Pray that I may take comfort from that thought.”

“Then, papa, you are a Christian?”

“Are there none besides Christians in heaven?”

“No, sweet papa, none but those who come to God through Jesus, and who love him better than all else, can be admitted into heaven.”

“But, my dear, I love God with all my heart, I hope—at least I try to.”

“And He loves you for that, papa. But He cannot receive you into heaven if you do not also love the Son whom He hath sent. He cannot pardon you, if you deny Jesus. It is to Christ that we owe the blessing of calling Jehovah our Father, and of seeking from His unutterable love, the blissful recompense for earthly sorrow in a joyous immortality. Oh, papa, do love Jesus and come to heaven. All is so happy in heaven. All is so peaceful,—loving,—beautiful, in heaven. I long to be there.” And Leila spoke in a voice of still assurance which she often used unconsciously—a voice as though the veil which separates the present from eternity were drawn aside, and her eyes were looking upon its glory.

There was a solemn silence; and Leila’s father drew her fragile form still closer to his bosom.

“Papa,” said Leila, after a while, “you have

no confidence in Judaism, I think I may be certain of that. Have you now?"

"I have none in its present forms of presenting worship to Jehovah. We have got wrong somehow."

"Well, now?" said Leila, in a tone which expressed that she wanted to know what he did confide in.

"God, my dear, is a Being all love and mercy. He 'willeth not the death of a sinner.' And seeing that, perhaps, none of us have learned His appointed way of worship, I believe that in the overflowings of His love and mercy, He will pardon us. I am more charitable, Leila, than I was when you got me to investigate the Jewish belief. I think that every pious Jew who clings to his Bible and that only, and who loves God with all his heart, and every pious Christian who does likewise, may thus be saved."

"O, papa," said Leila, in a voice of deep concern, "I would rather hear you say that you are still, as ever, a strict believer in the religion of our people. This is really a very dangerous view which you take. It quite alarms me; for it may lull your soul into a false peace. God said also, 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' What gift can you bring to purchase your forfeited life, papa? It is impossible to do away with the necessity of

an atonement. God is love. But He would cease to be God, if He allowed Himself to forgive sin, in the way you have supposed; for we cannot imagine a perfect being who is not inflexibly just. This the Scriptures everywhere assure us God is. Therefore though of His love and mercy, He might earnestly desire to pardon the transgressor, He cannot do so unless there are some means of satisfying His justice. And, papa, I don't want you to tell me, for I know that you believe, you are not able to do this for yourself. But God the Son has performed the work which you could never have done,—oh! dear papa, is He not altogether lovely, can you help loving Him? He loved you, and took upon Himself the awful task of satisfying His Father's justice, therefore His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. There is no salvation; no joy on earth, no heaven, except through His mediation. Oh, papa, if—if I could only hear you say that you believed this precious truth—"

That loving voice was silent. Leila, wearied and oppressed, leaned on her father's bosom, like a tired dove nestling in the parent's breast. The deep cloud-shadows enshrouded the apartment with a solemn hue.

Leila's appeal sunk into the depths of her father's heart. He spoke of it after she was dead.



He saw no more the bright imploring eyes, but the yearning voice still sounded in his soul like a spirit-echo,—“The soul that sinneth, it shall die.” That he was a sinner he knew; and with a vividness which made him shudder, he saw himself a naked spirit standing before a just and holy God. He had no conviction of His favour, such as his beloved child possessed. He acknowledged to himself, that though he strove to love Him he could find little comfort in His service. And then he thought of the seraphic happiness and love which his daughter enjoyed, and from his heart gushed a passionate wish that in everything he could be like her.

And a passion of conflict followed. “God is just,” he thought. “The soul that sinneth it shall die.” Between this sentence and salvation he saw an awful gulf fixed. How was it to be passed? He did not look to Jesus, for then it would have vanished. “She is right,” he again thought, “I feel she must be right. Can all this beautiful faith and this yearning love be a fiction?—an empty imagination? Can this deep, prophetic certainty of immortal happiness be after all a bubble? It is impossible that anything so lasting and equal should not depend on some source more powerful than the excitement of mere human feeling. Such an influence could never result from a foolish belief in the Divine power of a

mere man. But how is the truth to be found out? Who can be sure of anything, where everything is so uncertain? Perhaps—after all—”\* he again gave way to the erring dictates of fallen reason, and was lost in a wilderness of conjecture and unbelief, and consequent unhappiness.

O, the tremendous might of a human soul! Its trembling perhaps—how fearful is their import! How awful is its ceaseless anxiety, grief, and despair while alienated from its gracious Creator. How terrible are the reflections which come over it when death, resurrection, heaven, and hell, all present themselves before it woven up with its solemn conviction of its eternity. How astound-

\* For the satisfaction of some of our readers it may be necessary here to say, that in these passages, we have not given rein to our imagination and produced a paraphrase, merely according to our own ideal. The thoughts which we have expressed are what we ourselves afterwards heard Mr. T—— describe as those which passed through his mind at this important moment. We also say, that here, as in all other parts of the book, Leila's language has been retained as strictly as possible. We have left out much of the conversations which form the subject of the present chapter, partly because it did not seem proper to commit such portions to the public eye; partly because we were not sure that we could give simply and exactly the thoughts which were expressed. We have everywhere carefully abstained from mixing the language of our own thinkings with the words of that excellent young person who is now with God.

ing are the thoughts with which it meets the announcement that the smoke of the wicked shall ascend from eternity to eternity—their torment shall never cease—their fire shall never be extinguished—their noon-day shall never decline. Eternity! what art thou? Eternity! how it recoils. Eternity!—Eternity, how awful!

It is vain for the soul to strive that, if possible, it may silence that calm voice within, which, like a warning-spirit, is perpetually sounding forth its accountability. It is vain for it to expect quietness by wrestling down the convictions of the Spirit of truth. As well might it hope to shake off its immortality.

The silence still remained unbroken. It is an accepted time. 'Tis a moment rich in blessing. Dear Mr. T——, do embrace it and be happy.

His heart softened lovingly. It was a strange and a very beautiful emotion too—he could not account for it. He felt a mystic peace. A tear fell—it dropped on Leila's burning cheek.

"Papa!" said Leila in a tremulous voice, and she began to weep: "kiss me, dear."

"Never mind, Leila. Don't distress yourself. I am not worth half so much anxiety as I cause you. I am sorry you think of me so much. Think less about me: it will all be right at last."

"But, papa, you are not a Christian. O, papa, think—suppose now—suppose—" for a moment

her emotion overpowered her—"suppose you should die not being a Christian. O! it is dreadful to think of! The thought, papa, that there is indeed a possibility that I am about to leave you for ever, is too horrible for me to bear."

"Well, my dear, we shall see. I will talk to you another time: I fear the effect of this excitement upon you. Do allow yourself to repose."

"Papa, I shall be with you only a little time longer. I want to talk to you about Jesus. No excitement hurts me so much as your present state; and all this afternoon you have been so wishful to listen to me. It is indeed very kind of you, dear papa: and I thank you. But there is one thing which you always excuse me from doing—I mean, reading to you from His word. Do be willing I should read the New Testament now."

"I will gladly hear you read anything you desire. But I had rather you would wait for some other opportunity. You are very tired. Be quiet now. You shall read to me, my love, to-morrow."

"Indeed, I am not too tired to read of the precious love of our Redeemer, my dearest father," answered Leila, with so high, so sublime an expression of joy upon her countenance as could never be depicted in language. And she proceeded to open her Bible: it was ever at hand.

With the fineness of soul and tender sensibility of an ardent lover of the pure and beautiful, and a quick poetic fancy, she was one of the most touching readers of Scripture whom we have ever heard. Her faith so vividly apprehended whatever she was reading that it seemed to become a reality ; and this, joined to her sweet pathos and her tenderness of feeling, gave a strange influence and attractiveness to her diction. And beside this, the nearness to eternity, which now was her always present feeling, surrounded everything she said and did with an ever-increasing loveliness. She read first the 53rd of Isaiah. Then turning to the Gospel by St. John she read the 14th, 15th, as far as the 16th verse, and the 17th. These finished, she turned to the account of the Redeemer's wondrous love and agony as recorded by St. Luke. She opened the 22nd chapter, read first the 37th verse, then from the 39th verse to the end ; and on to the 48th verse of chapter 23. It was a hallowed exercise. According to the condition of her emotion—the full of soul—she addressed comments, &c., to her father, who sat evidently deeply affected. He was very uneasy ; constantly shaded his eyes with his hand ; and strove earnestly to wrestle down whatever it was he felt.

“O my dear, dear papa,” said Leila, earnestly, and with swimming eyes, as soon as she had

finished, "can you, now, resist such infinite love as Jesus has displayed any longer?"

Her father made no reply.

"Papa, do believe me, there is no happiness so great, so pure, as that which flows from an experimental acquaintance with the love of Christ. Will you pray to Him—now, papa?"

"What's the use, my beloved child, if I can't believe upon Him?"

"Well, sweet papa, kneel with me; and we will pray to Him till He gives you faith. He will hear you and answer you, if you can only address to Him the language of Peter, 'Lord, help my unbelief.' O! He is so good—so lovely. Will you, papa?" and taking his hand, she tenderly kissed him.

"Speak to me another time, Leila. Don't say any more now." And he seated himself before the piano—a very useless mode of trying to drown the voice of an awakened conscience.

With a silent prayer that God would deepen the impression evidently made, Leila listened to him as he played one of her favourite pieces.

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"There's a land where those who loved when here,  
Shall meet to love again."—*Song of the Troubadour.*

As Leila's father has been so often brought before our readers, and will be yet again, we are

inclined to suppose they would like a brief introduction to him.

Imagine a dignified, delicate-looking man, in appearance of about fifty years of age, with a high clear forehead, pensive eyes, and hair which time has here and there lightly streaked with silvery gray. His features are exceedingly mild and prepossessing; it is scarcely possible for the dullest and most literal to look upon them without an emotion of pleasure, for they seem at once to gain our confidence that he has a kind and feeling heart. All his movements partake of the calmness and peace which reign everywhere within his home.

He was one of a family of three—two brothers and a sister. His sister and he, being very similar in taste, disposition, &c., became much more deeply attached than is at all usual, even in such a relation; but before she had attained eighteen years of age his fondly cherished companion was separated from him by death. This, added to the complete mental unlikeness between himself and his brother, greatly contributed to form that disposition to tender pensiveness which ever after was a distinguishing feature in his character.

From his mother he had inherited a delicate constitution, and a certain fineness of nature which seemed rather to belong to the softer organization of women than the usual coarseness of



man. His intellectual capacities were of a superior order, his taste refined, and there was always about him a yearning after the ideal, which resulted, as it commonly does, in a supreme dislike for all the matter-of-fact occupations of life. In business, he thought he never could, and, as it was not necessary, he never did engage.

Nothing could be more opposite than his brother. Masculine and energetic, there was an aspect of rocky decision in everything he said and did. Yet he was kind, even tender ; but inexorable in what he thought a duty, there was a sort of grimness and an unmistakable want of right feeling in many of his results. A powerful thinker within certain limits, he was just fitted to be what we have seen him, stern and unbending in his religious opinions. He had been taught that Judaism was right ; he had no doubt that it was right ; indeed he felt it must be ; and that was enough.

When about twenty-five years of age, Leila's father married from among his own people a lady two years his junior. This lady was a woman of great purity and sweetness of character ; " a very, very woman," says he, who was best qualified to judge—her husband. As the marriage contract was in both based upon the highest esteem and deepest affection, he entered into its spirit with all the ardour of his sensitive nature, and their home was the centre of " far more than the ordi-

nary amount of conjugal happiness." And when in three years after their union his wife became the mother of a lovely daughter, it seemed as if their domestic joys could not possibly be increased.

But these structures so fair and beautiful seldom last. They are too bright, too spiritual to exist amongst these cold and stormy skies of earth. In two years from the birth of his daughter, he was called to the bed-side of the wife of his bosom, to receive her last embrace, hear her last sigh, and then to find her gone for ever.\* Alas, poor heart-stricken! Consoled by no bright certainty of a meeting in the "better land," for his religion gave but fragile hope that he should see her again hereafter. To be sure he felt a sort of hope, but it brought little comfort. There was no undis-

\* Leila had great hope in her mother's death. We know this from some beautiful reflections among her papers: we have also heard her express it in her conversation. A woman of sound understanding, and great strength of mind, the Bible was her constant study and delight. From the prophecies of Jacob, Moses, David and Isaiah, she moulded her belief in the Messiah which she expected—a belief so exactly agreeing with the office of the real Messiah, that had she read the New Testament, she would doubtless have become a Christian. The only difference which existed between her religion and Christianity was simply that she still continued to look *forward* for the establishment of the New covenant; while we as Christians of course believe that it has already been established in the person of Jesus of Nazareth.

turbed confidence, no sweet assurance, such as the Christian possesses ; nothing but an indistinct and shadowy trust that the Divine mercy would be extended to him, although he knew not why.

O, hard religion ! Unlike—how unlike—that generous, loving trust which the Lord of Glory delights to receive from His creatures—that blessed relationship into which He waits to enter with all those who believe upon Him as He has revealed Himself in His written word. Sons of Abraham ! Our friends and brethren ! Our hearts yearn toward you, our spirits are troubled for you, when we reflect upon the doubtings, the chilling misgivings, the substantial unhappiness, which your religion must always entail upon you. Will you not bring your worn and anguished souls to Jesus, that He may fill them with everlasting peace and joy, out of the riches of His self-denying, suffering love ? Raise your weeping eyes to the Man of sorrows, in whose loving breast is borne the grief and sadness of a world. נחמו נחמו עמי saith the Lord. But not if you persist in walking contrary to Him. You are to bring forth fruits meet for His blessing. פנו דרך, ישרו מסלה is the command.

A deep and indolent melancholy, now settled around Mr. T. He saw nothing, felt nothing, cared for nothing : he did not expect he ever would again. He wished that himself and his

infant might die, until in verity he found the wish to be "weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable." It is true that to him who had little religious consolation, there seemed nothing left of all that made up his life, so enwoven as it was with brightness and joy. But he began slowly to comprehend that if the ideal of life had ended, the real—the dull, flat, stagnant real—yet remained. He found its cold turbid waters again rolling around him. And he felt that there was a long, long, round of inexorable necessity, a daily warfare of chill realities of thought and feeling, still to be gone through.

But as the fair and flowerlike nature of his daughter began to expand itself, and put forth its buds so full of loveliness and promise, he felt once more awakened to tenderness. He had called her Leila Ada—her mother's name—and as she began to unfold herself in her mother's image, and to exhibit all the fanciful graces and sweet beauty of childhood, she imperceptibly filled up the great chasm which had been made in his heart. Sometimes past things would present themselves vividly before him, and fill his soul with sadness; but he ever found the company of his child an effective diversion. Hours on hours would he amuse himself in pelting her with flowers among the garden walks, and twining wreaths of rose and jessamine in her hair; or sometimes he guided

her fragile fingers along the keys of the piano, and taught her to play and sing some simple piece which in long gone times he had so loved to hear performed by her mother. Rich was the solace of these chosen moments. Perhaps the bereaved parent whose eye is now bent upon this page, can feel how sweet their blessing—they seemed to bring him near to *her*, his loved one called away. And as Leila thrilled along the strings, or glided hither and thither with the spirit-like footstep of childhood, he could almost fancy that, as in a happy dream, he saw her mother again, looking smilingly on them both. Such tender shadowings leave a sweet hush of soul, even when they have vanished amongst the cold earth mists of life.\*

Leila grew up as we have watched her, with exceeding sweetness; and soon her earnest and loving nature threw out its tendrils and completely enwove itself around her parent. Leila

\* Not a mere fancy sketch. Leila was exceedingly like her mother—especially in childhood. In writing real and simple life some may object that we over-strain, and may, indeed, be offended with us for drawing such pictures. Yet these happy imaginative flights are, as many delight to know and feel, not only true to life, but among its most sacred pleasures. Mr. T. felt them: and we ourselves have certainly no ambition to exchange for the feeling of those matter-of-fact persons who would frown them down. And we are assured that all our readers of a delicate and refined spirit will be able to enter into, and feel them too.

thought only of him; he was her world; and she was constantly engaged in devising new plans to increase his pleasures.

Never perhaps were the parental and filial relations more affectionately sustained than between Leila and her father. All his interests, all his hopes, all his joys, had unconsciously entwined themselves with those of his child. For her he lived; with reference to her benefit he had always managed his property; to advance her happiness in the largest possible degree was the height of his ambition, and the expected result of all his plans.

But we think we hear our young reader whisper, "Ah, then, why did he so obstinately persist in sending her away, when she became a Christian?" It is a question which logically follows; for we are obliged to own, that in this matter he was painfully at fault. It was an act which, at the time, he felt to be a terrible sacrifice; and which afterwards cost him many repentant tears.

On an occasion, not long before his death, he said to us, "I have been reading my precious child's letter this morning again: I may be wrong, but if it were published I think it would do good. I wish you would be kind enough to take the writing of a short account of her upon you." After a few moments he continued with an easy gaiety, which was natural to him, "But hey!

you will have to come down upon me pretty heavily, if you tell all. Never mind; you can put in a good word for me at last. I am going to Jesus to see my child, and, as I greatly hope, my wife again." In addition to this, one of the loveliest "good words" that we could pen, let us remind our readers that though his commands respecting Leila were certainly unkind, and greatly to be wondered at, yet he had no idea that she was submitted to neglect and insult, in addition to these. When he knew this, there was a sort of grandeur in the turn his conduct took, and the indignation he expressed. He immediately avowed to the parties concerned, that in the insults which Leila had endured, he felt himself to be more deeply dishonoured than the child: and afterwards, when they had offered the best explanation they could give, he warmly, and in a tone of bitter sarcasm, expressed a wish that they would pronounce the same anathema against himself, for he would never enter a synagogue, nor have a Jew (excepting his own family) in his house again.

Then let it be also remembered that Mr. T. was at heart a Jew. He did not pretend to act out the principles of religious obligation. His fine and nervous mind, endued, as it was, with a strikingly accurate perception of the relations and agreement of moral things, had set up a very ideal



standard of what religious life ought to be; and when he remarked how deficient was Judaism in respect of this, it led him to what he called "a horrid habit of doubting everything." Yet, though he could not at all prevail upon himself to believe in the use of a great many of the observances appointed by the Judaic ritual, his spirit was essentially Jewish. He saw that the national religion was surrounded by great inconsistencies, and that, to a thoughtful mind, there were difficulties connected with it which seemed almost insurmountable; but after all, he believed it was the right one, and that there was no other by which men could be saved. Therefore, to use his own language, "The thought of my daughter's forsaking it, filled me, from my very love for her, with a perfect horror."

Do, if you please, forgive him; as fully and freely as Leila forgave him.

And now he saw his cherished offspring, in whose life his own was bound up, gradually pinning away. It made him feverish, restless, even peevish. There was a deep thoughtfulness, too, about him; for he saw his child's happiness and love, and felt no doubt that she was going to eternal bliss. Sometimes he found it impossible to resist the soothing influences of her unruffled serenity and peace; and then a deep calmness was spread over him, hushing his tumultuous spirit

into sweet repose. Not that he was any more resigned to give Leila up to die—that he never could be—it was a strange comfort that insensibly filled up his heart; so that he felt nothing but one vivid sympathy with her restfulness and love.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was about a fortnight after the conversation recorded in the preceding chapter; Mr. T. was disposed at full length upon a lounge, with a monthly journal in his hand. He was unusually happy, for there was a deceitful lull in Leila's illness; indeed, she appeared to be rapidly improving; so that her medical attendants had expressed hopes, almost amounting to conviction, that they should yet be able to save her life.

"This magazine has just come in, my love: would you like to look at it?"

"I have no wish, my dear father, thank you."

"It's very good: there's some reading in it that I think you would like."

"Yes, papa, I have no doubt of its excellence. But I have neither time, nor wish, to attend to anything that will not increase in me the knowledge and love of God. I shall read nothing else again."

"There, Leila, do be generous and comfort us with a little of your old spirit." And he smiled—for he could smile again now. "You are always as solemn as a clock tick at midnight."

"Indeed I am happy beyond anything I could ever express to you, and I never felt more true cheerfulness; but I cannot be otherwise than very solemn, when I know that my life on earth is so nearly closed."

"Well, but don't you say you have no doubts about your safety?"

"Certainly I do, papa."

"And isn't that all you want? I wish you would allow me sometimes to divert your attention. It seems to me, that you needn't think quite so much."

"Papa, this is not your usual way of speaking. You have some extraordinary motive—I am sure of it. For what you say does not accord with your own views of God; and you do know all the particulars of my belief."

"Yes, I do," he said, and a shade passed across his face; "and one of these articles of faith I want to shake out of you; and I —— well, my love," he added, in a careless tone, suddenly rousing himself, "yours is a very beautiful religion, and for those who honestly trust in it I believe it's a very safe one—at any rate, I think it is in your case—because it, after all, acknowledges the supremacy of Jehovah, and depends on His love for salvation. But out of about three hundred and sixty-five religions in the world, I don't think it's the easiest; people have to work so hard, and

be so distressingly earnest, and so awfully solemn; it makes me ill to think of it."

"There is no other name given among men, by which we may be saved, except that of Jesus," said Leila, in her usual quiet voice of decision, and looking into her father's face with an expression of deep concern. But with the utmost nonchalance he continued to toss the leaves of the book in his hand.

"Well, that's odd enough," he said at last, with an inexplicable smile. "But I thought I should poke you up to say something like that."

"And this religion, dear papa, is a very happy, and a very easy one. I wonder," she continued, with a smile, "how a Jew can talk of Christianity being hard, when he thinks what his own ponderous religion requires; when he compares the great and difficult Talmud with the sweet simplicity of the Bible;" and Leila seemed to have something else to say, but her father stopped her.

"There, my dear, don't trouble yourself now, I know every word you are going to say, but the room is warm, and I am tired; and I didn't set up a theory, you know; I didn't say your belief was not the rightest in fact."

"Dear papa, do cease talking in this way, for I scarcely know how to reply to you," said Leila, earnestly, and her face flushed with agitation.

It was, perhaps, the deep feeling with which

she spoke that caused him to look up. He instantly observed the effect of his badinage: "There," he said, as he rose and placed a chair by her side, "I don't know what spirit of inconsideration could make me speak as I have. I have done. But you know religious seriousness never was my forte."

"O, papa, think nothing of what I said. For a moment a suspicion—an unworthy one, I believe—was present in my mind. It is gone now; kiss me. I like you to be careful how you speak on subjects connected with God and religion. I recollect, papa, how beautifully and seriously you used to teach me the character and greatness of God, and with what reverence I should think of Him. Indeed, my dear father, I am grateful beyond what I can ever express, for the sweet religious education which you gave me; to that, under God, I am indebted for my present hopes and aims; and a thought of this often compels me to bless Him with an overflowing heart, that He gave me such an excellent parent, one who so deeply loves and fears Him. And it always seems to me that the best evidence I can give you of my gratitude is, to try to lead you to the only source of perfect rest and peace, a calm dependence on the merits and mercy of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. I want, dear papa, to see you perfectly happy, like I am myself. But I cannot tell

how you feel now, for I am obliged to think that there is something which I cannot divine beneath what you have just said." And then she continued, smilingly, "Perhaps you have found something as completely opposed to the divinity of Jesus, as you thought the theory which you deduced from the fourteenth and twenty-sixth of Isaiah was." Her father was deeply touched, and for some moments he was silent.

"No, my love, I have found nothing new ; but I never could believe it, and I cannot now. Now don't feel pained, for I am sure we shall both be saved at last. Of *you*, I am as sure as I am that it is earth on which I live. You know you spoke the other day about diversity of opinion, but the same spirit."

"The words I quoted, dear papa, were, there is 'diversity of *operation*, but the same Spirit.' "

"Well, much the same, isn't it?"

"Certainly, papa, they have no reference at all to such a belief as you appear to think they advocate. The words refer, I think, simply to that union of aim, and thought, and feeling, which inevitably characterizes all who are brought savingly under the influence of the Spirit of God. They are all moved by the same Spirit, but the results differ according to the mind, circumstances, &c. of individuals."

There was a pause : after which Leila continued :—

“Father, dear, you are so single-hearted, that I am sure you were not at all serious in some expressions that you just now used. You never made free with my religious views until within these few days ; and then not like to-day. What is it you feel ?”

“Well, my love, I want you to cease that dismally foreboding way of thinking which you have adopted. I fear it excites your nerves in a way which must greatly tend to prevent your recovery ; and if you love me, you will indulge it no longer.”

“Do I ever seem troubled by it, papa ?”

“Well, no : still I think it must.”

“Papa, do believe me : I could die this moment without a single fear. I am as sure of going to the bosom of my Redeemer as I can be of anything most certain. I expect death soon : but I have no carefulness at all, papa. And I have no dread ; the love of my Jesus deprives it of all its terrors. Indeed I cannot put the perfect peace which I feel respecting this into language.”

“But, my precious child, you are not going to die, and leave papa yet, I tell you.”

“You must not—indeed, you must not—think so.”

“But, my dear, you are getting better—vastly



better. Everybody sees it; I wonder you don't feel it yourself. I noticed this morning, that when you rode fast it did not seem to hurt your breath at all."

"Dear papa," replied Leila, in a voice full of tenderness and love; "It is true I may just now seem to you, and to myself, rather better than I was; but do not let this appearance deceive you. I *am*, indeed, going to die. I shall never be well again."

He looked: a deathly pallor struggled with the crimson flush upon his countenance. It was the calm certain voice of one who had heard the midnight call. Was there any peculiar inspiration in that bright light which shone out of her unclouded eyes? With some, such a thought would serve only to create a smile. Let it be so. But those who beheld it, felt that that holy trusting look, was a living evidence of the certainty of her immortal glory, and an influence to be accounted for in no other way but by believing the divinity of her religion. In that hallowed moment, (though no one knew it then,) her father resolved that he would begin to pray to Jesus.

Why did he not determine so before? Perhaps the Christian Hebrew who is reading this can tell us something of the cause. Yet most likely he cannot—for who can know the mysteries of a human heart? what eye can pierce its misty

deeps? One thing we may believe; as Mr. T. looked upon his dying child, he thought—let it be sacred—for language fails . . .

Long and solemn was that silence. It was broken by Leila:—

“Do not look so sad, dear papa,” and her eyes filled with tears. “It makes me feel very mournful indeed,—it gives me pain.”

“You say, dearest . . . you are going away from me,” he answered in a melancholy tone.

“Yes, much-loved papa, but this should not be dreadful. If you will begin to serve the Lord Jesus, He will help you to bear His will, and in a very little while bring you to His home; and then what joy—never, never, dear papa, to be separated again. And dear mamma, too, I believe is there: and soon we shall all be there. O, it is beautiful! Do you not pant to go?” and Leila spoke in an absent tone—her thoughts were afar.

“My dearest very much wishes to hear me say that I believe in Jesus,” he said sadly.

“More, sweet papa, than ever I could express to you. I could lay down my life—die the most cruel death, I believe,—if by it I could only purchase that assurance. Why will you not give it me, my beloved father? O, if you would! It seems I should be too happy. I ask you to believe no other things than those which Moses and the prophets did say should come.”

“But, you know, it is hard work to believe in Him.”

“Yes, I know it is very hard for you to overcome those habits of thought respecting Him which, as a Jew, you have always adopted. But pray to Him, and He will overcome them for you; and reveal His love in your soul. I myself suffered a great deal before I could thoroughly realize Him to be God. But He helped me, and I conquered.”

“Well, my beloved child, the case is not, I believe, a hopeless one: we shall see.”

Loving hearts there are whose hopes, and fears, and joys, and sorrows, are all inwoven with those of others; whose exhaustless benevolence sacrifices self in a yearning tenderness for the welfare of everybody else.

Thou, beloved Leila, wast one of these! Oh! that they who loved thee dearest, had known thy gentle worth, but now thou art gone for ever!

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Her strength was fading away—slowly and beautifully as the last lingering flowers droop amidst the softened breathings of autumn. There could no longer be any doubt of the result: hope forsook all—even her father. Sometimes she could almost indulge a wish to live, that if possible she might do something to bless her nation, and make them feel rightly; for their melancholy

condition had sunk into the depths of her earnest heart. She laboured with her pen on their behalf, up to the latest moment that her strength would permit. She sent long, and fervent, and affectionate letters to all her near relatives—writing out, and addressing a separate one to each member of their respective families. Some of these pure breathings of a soul already very nearly passed within the veil of eternity, we have now upon our table. One of them (it is nearly the last letter which she ever wrote), we cannot read without being touched even more deeply than by any of the others. The language is exquisitely beautiful. It is the earnest expression of a soul all love, conscious that it was soon to pass away into its immortal rest. On the day upon which the closing passages were added to it, she seemed very capable of the effort of writing, and therefore she continued it much longer than was at all usual with her now. At last, quite tired, she reclined herself upon the sofa. She had given her whole heart to what she had been writing, and the enthusiasm of her spirit had kindled her countenance till it was radiant with feeling, and her eyes glistened bright through her tears.

“I am writing to cousin Mary,” she said to a friend who was present, “I have most sanguine hope of that dear girl. She is generally impressed in favour of the Christian religion; indeed, I am

inclined to suppose that she quite believes that Jesus is the Holy One of God ; yet she does not decide. Her resolution is, I think, much weaker than her judgment. I have urged her as well as I am able. It overcomes me to think that this will probably be the last letter I shall ever write to her. Come and see what I have said ; and help me to persuade her."

The letter was finished ; she laid down her pen from directing it, and then, clasping her hands, said :—

"O, my poor suffering people ! They weigh so heavy on my heart. I love them. Could I only make them understand the love and peace which the servant of Jesus feels, they would come to Christ then—I am sure of it. It is dreadful to think how they harden their hearts against Him. If I had lived, I was resolved to devote everything I had, to trying to do them good. My Saviour can do without me ; and so He takes me away. But you will continue to love them for me, will you not ?" she added with a sweet simplicity.

A domestic was called, "Grace, dear," said Leila, "let me depend upon you to see that this letter is posted in good time ; may I ?"

She had left the room. "That sweet girl is a Christian !" said Leila, her pure face radiant with delight.

“ A Jewess by birth, is she not ? ”

“ Yes : I am so thankful. I was conversing with her two days ago, and she told me that she loved the Lord Jesus with all her heart ; and that she was always praying to Him for more strength and peace ; and also that if she died at any moment she was sure He would receive her soul. May the Lord Jehovah preserve her, and give her the strength for which she prays,” continued Leila with deep feeling. And for a few moments she was silent, and leaned her head in her hand. She was doubtless engaged in prayer.

“ The dear creature was willing to be baptized if I had lived, she said. Should she do so, her parents, and brothers, and sisters would see her face no more. She has been rather seriously seized with paralysis once ; and she always thinks she will be a second time. I spoke to papa about her ; and he told me that as long as he lives she shall have a home with him, and that in the event of his dying he will do something to keep her in comfort. I gladly told her this ; and if she would come now, while I have strength enough, I offered to arrange for her baptism, and accompany her myself : but she shrinks from the consequences which may happen to her. O ! that Jesus may help her to burst the difficulties, and put her unwavering trust in Him.”

Leila closed her desk, and went to repose on

the lounge. It was by a window, from which she could look down upon the long garden. The summer was declining now: but the seasonal flowers were still blooming in all their gorgeous beauty. Leila bent her eyes upon the lovely scene. An enthusiastic admirer of the beautiful and good she had always been, but she looked now with the thoughtful, understanding gaze of a soul which felt the first impulsive throbbings of its immortality.

“It always seems to me that the beauty of the seen and outward works of God is inseparably united to all the fine and noble powers of the soul—indeed, I think it an emblem, an outward expression of them. We are impressed by a sense of the beautiful, when matter seems to lay aside its gross and material aspect. When in the ethereal lightness of its outline and movements it seems to become spiritual. Then it offers to us an image of moral purpose and achievement; it shadows to us pure and holy affections; it mirrors to us the eternal and infinite beauty of the Creator of all—Jehovah. Thus, it always leads the soul beyond the things which are seen, to wander and adore amongst those which are unseen and immortal. How important that a Christian should earnestly cultivate his powers for its perception.”

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“Immortality is dawning upon me,” she said,



smiling brightly. "God is going to take me to that home for which I have long panted. I am happy—very, very happy. It is, indeed, *sweet* to die when we know that we are accepted and loved by Jesus. I often meditate on that beautiful and majestic truth, 'God is love,' till I seem almost to realize the employments of the spirits in celestial bliss. Do you not find it a precious happiness to think that we are to be the inhabitants of a world in which there is nothing, nothing—oh! nothing but LOVE? I shall soon be in that sweet place for ever and ever. My Redeemer assures me every moment that He loves me, that I am altogether His, and that He is going to take me to himself."

"You are so peaceful and happy, and have so much of holy joy, that it makes us feel quite in love with dying if we might feel like you."

She smiled sweetly. "It is Jesus makes me happy; He is present with me as He promised to be; He fills me with love; I have no sort of doubt or fear, and He will soon come for you too. Oh! you love Him and that is a great joy to me. Try to love Him more, much more. Be patient a very little longer. Oh! how immense is the rapidity with which time flies. Heaven is very near—constantly look for it. Always aspire after enlarged holiness. Constantly struggle to be *great* in the knowledge of God. Sit perfectly

loose to earthly things. Then you will be always ready. It may not be long before the messenger will come to release you."

"Do you ever feel any shrinking at the thought of dying? Though to ask such a question is very formal after what you have so often said; for I am almost sure you never do."

"I have no care about it. I never think of it except as a joyful event, which will loose my soul from its earthly bonds. Often, when I contemplate the certainty of its near approach I feel—oh! enraptured—beyond what language can express."

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"Continue to visit papa often.

He is very nearly decided to be a Christian. . . . Neither forget dear Grace. Impress upon her the necessity of avowing Christ before every one. You know," she added, in an easy, cheerful voice, "our commands are to preach the Gospel to the Jew *first*. You have a fine opportunity here."

O Leila! thou art indeed an evangel amidst thy family circle. Thy beautiful love and faith is not for earth; we hope not to retain thee; the signet ring of heaven is on thy brow.

"How earnestly the Jews are looking for the coming of the Messiah. They sink into my heart. Poor, dear people, almost exhausted with longing expectation, heaven is offering them happiness, but they refuse to accept it. . . . In order to the suc-

cess of all Christian efforts made among us, it is quite necessary that there be a considerable share of the heavenly essence, love, mixed with the argument ; and the more there is of it, the more probable it is that the end contemplated will be attained. A Jew cannot often be gained by a mere cold controversy. Perhaps this is a strange kind of fact --but it is one, nevertheless. Nothing is so effectual with us as Christian solicitude and love.

“ When I was at uncle’s, I prevailed upon cousin Isaac to take me one sabbath-day to a Christian place of worship. I knew that in heart he was then a disciple of Jesus. Gay and mirthful as is his disposition, I didn’t think he intended when he got there, to advertise himself as a Jew. He drew forth his Hebrew Bible, laid a part of the synagogue service conspicuously on the ledge before us, and refused to accept a side of my hymn-book. Some excellent friend noticed it, and conveyed the information to the minister. After the service he came to us, and kindly inquired if we would oblige him by a little conversation in the vestry. This was just what Isaac wanted ; and he went. You can easily suppose what the object was. He had not said much before we observed his impression that in myself he was addressing a disaffected Jewess, in cousin a perverse Jew. He said a few very affectionate words to me, and then he turned all his force upon Isaac,

who had already desired me to say nothing which would prevent things from taking their course, for he wanted the argument. An exceedingly valuable discussion followed; one which did us both much good. Yet I thought, there was a sad omission. There was so very little of that winning tenderness which always excites high and noble sympathy. The kind minister seemed almost as quiet and unimpassioned as though he were about to demonstrate a problem of Euclid. Very little of a melting or subduing character was expressed. Instead of using solvents to the rock, he took up the hammer to crush it in pieces. . . . The Jewish heart is very peculiar soil, and needs therefore peculiar treatment, if it is to be productive of good fruit."

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How dignified, how exalted is the Christian, even in this world. His eyes fixed on immortality, he seems, like Enoch, to walk with God, and calmly smiles at the shocks of time. But never does religion appear with such dazzling majesty as in the closing hours of the Christian's life. Then its glorious beauty is indeed sublime.

The moments, the hours were flying quickly away. A sad and solemn stillness reigned everywhere within the house, and mute sorrow was depicted on every countenance. For Leila was declining rapidly. Her cheek daily became

brighter : seldom and more seldom was her light step heard among the rooms, and oftener was she found reposing on the sofa with her Bible open before her—her thin fingers separating the leaves. Or sometimes she would for a long time lie with her head resting on her hand, her eyes looking into the cerulean skies. But her thoughts were not among them : they had taken wing far above the earth prison-house, and were wandering on the peaceful shores of the paradise of God. Happy smiles passed across her face like a sunbeam glancing amidst summer leaves : and sometimes on that countenance there rested an expression so unearthly, as to make it seem like the overshadowing brightness of pure spirit beings—the beamings of immortal light.

O death ! where is thy sting ? O grave ! where is thy victory ?

For Leila's fading away was so calm and very beautiful. If this were death, why was he ever dreaded by the child of God ? Leila rejoiced to see him. She smiled on him lovingly, and hailed him as a friend for whose coming she had long yearned.

Nor was it death. It was merely “the shadow of death.” The substance had been endured for Leila by her Saviour. She knew it, and her soul blessed Him for the victory.

It was a mild, golden afternoon. She was

getting very near the immortal rest now ; and was reclining, with her little Bible open in her hand at the closing chapters of the Revelations.

“ I never before felt the wondrous sublimity of this imagery and language as I have this afternoon,” and she read in a slow and gentle tone :—

“ And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month ; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse : but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it ; and His servants shall serve Him. And they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there ; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun ; for the Lord God giveth them light ; and they shall reign for ever and ever. And he said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true ; and the Lord God of the Holy prophets sent his angel to show unto His servants the things which must shortly be done. Behold I come quickly ; blessed is He that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book.”

She stopped, and seemed absorbed in her own thoughts. She was going to that glory—she

stood on its verge. It will be ours to follow her soon.

“ Oh, what a glorious hope is ours !” she said to her friend who was present. “ Come, let us pray once more together. O, for immortal powers to exalt the name of Jesus !”

And Leila prayed. It was a moment which seemed to bring heaven very near to earth.

Even so. Glorious link which connects the creature with the Creator, sweet religion ! blessed religion ! Surrounded, filled with thy love, O Jesus ! we desire to live and die. Death shall no more disturb us, for all its terrors vanish before the omnipotence of Thy word. In Thee we live now, and in Thee we feel assured that we shall never die. Our God is not a God of death. That which we name death is but the beginning of a new and more glorious existence—an introduction to the blessed eternity in the presence of our Redeemer.

O yes, beloved Leila ! Happy shall we be, it when the Master calls, we can exult like thee in having “ fought the good fight,” and “ kept the faith.” Then, with like triumphant peacefulness shall we pass through death, with like confident expectation shall we look forward to eternal life.



## CHAPTER XIII.

“WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.”

“The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”—*Prov. iv. 18.*

OUR readers will expect a detailed account of Leila's illness and dying hours. We have already adverted to the close union which subsisted between her and Miss H——. At Leila's request this young lady went to reside with her during the whole of her illness. It was a beautiful companionship; and was to both an abundant source of the purest enjoyment. Nor were they separated long. For in a few months after Leila's death her lovely friend joined her in the praises of the skies.

As Miss H—— was constantly with Leila, we thought an account written by her would be much more lucid and acceptable than a fragmentary one by ourselves. She readily acceded to the desire we expressed; and by the aid of the copious entries which she had made in her journal, furnished us with the following loving portraiture of the closing weeks of Leila's life.

“For some weeks previous to the death of my dear friend, the late Miss T——, her piety as

sumed a rich maturity and mellowness. She was evidently ripening for glory. All her reflections were made subservient to her spiritual prosperity; and to all eternity I shall have reason to bless God, that it was my privilege to listen to her deeply pious and sensible remarks.

“One evening we were seated beneath the shadow of a large chesnut tree, which grew upon the lawn. In the midst of a very interesting conversation she remarked, ‘I have often sat upon this seat, and watched the long shadows of evening quietly descending upon the trees, and fields, and flowers. And as the shades have deepened in the blue air, I have watched the beautiful stars, as one by one they pushed aside their veils. This I have continued, until dewy night has completely spread her rich mantle, in imagination looking as though it were thickly studded with intense but soft brilliants, diamonds, and pearls, and gold. At such seasons the profound beauty and the solemn stillness have found their way to my inmost soul, and my spirit, surrounded as it was by a darkness greater than that of night, yearned for the food by which alone it could be sustained. But since the glorious beams of the Sun of Righteousness have vivified my soul, what happiness have I here experienced! Then, when I could view the starry hosts as the creation of *my* Father’s hand—when I thought on

their amazing distances, and velocities, and their numbers, which not even the first archangel can count—when I reflected on the love of their Creator, my Saviour, so great that He could lay aside His majesty and His grandeur, and suffer for me the cruel death of the cross—then, yes, *then*, I have felt sublimely happy. These, my dear Emily, have been the very delicious seasons of my existence.’ She mused for a few moments, ‘Look, my dear, at yonder sun. This morning he arose dim and murky, surrounded by a thick gloom; yet see how brilliantly, how calmly, how majestically he sinks to his repose. O, that this may be the happy emblem of my course! It began amid mists, and tears, and doubts, and apprehensions; I shall die soon—I know I shall—and O, that like him, I may go to my rest, peaceful, tranquil, without a cloud!’

“I said, ‘You have no fear to die; neither any anxiety to live.’ ‘No, no,’ she replied, ‘I have no fear of death; it is all removed. I have long accustomed my mind to be familiar with that certain, solemn event, which will open to me the gate of heaven. These are by no means *gloomy* thoughts. There have been seasons when my soul has soared far beyond all sublunary things, and held free converse with its Maker. All earthly thoughts were intrusive on the aspirations of my spirit. I bless God for the measure I *have* felt

and *do* feel, of holy peace and joy. There is but one desire in life that I have: it is that I may witness the conversion of my dear father. I should then die without having a single regret to leave behind me.' She then, with an earnestness and simplicity peculiarly her own, prayed, 'O my Jesus, do of Thine abundant mercy *irresistibly* affect my father's heart; do save him; I have besought Thee for him, and I can rely upon Thy promise to hear my prayer. If it be Thy gracious will, answer me speedily; but I will abide Thy time with patience. O, my dear Emily,' she continued, embracing me, 'this always makes me happy; I have an unshaken confidence that God *will* save my dear father!'

"I have not recollected, nearly, all she said; but this will assist to show the general tenor of her mind. Never before did I feel half so much of the loveliness of religion as during my association with this young yet mature saint. Never, until I witnessed it in her life and conduct, did I see half its blessed efficacy in purifying the feelings, exalting the motives, and sanctifying the affections. She was a pattern of love, meekness, gentleness, goodness, and faith. When I reflected on the vastly increased opportunities of serving God which I had had in comparison with her, I was powerfully convinced of my stuntedness as a Christian: I was humbled and abased.

“The united skill of several physicians was inadequate to the preservation of her life. Her strength gradually decreased. The last *public* work and labour of love in which she engaged was to visit her ‘dear old women.’ I rode in the landau with her. It was a memorable afternoon. I never felt so in love with death as at that season. A hallowed influence pervaded both our spirits; a solemn, holy awe, such as is seldom experienced in time. A sacred unction rested on each little midst, as with tearful eyes, and faltering accents, she commended each to God. She prayed with a fervour and a solemnity of feeling as though she knew it would be the last time they should meet on earth: and so it proved. Oh! the loveliness of religion! God be praised for a holier, a happier, an everlasting life—a life in which friends separated by death shall see and enjoy each other, for ever and ever.

“As we were returning home she said to me, ‘I am very weak now. I think, Emily, that perhaps this afternoon’s work may have been rather too much for me. But God has given me strength to fulfil it, and I am thankful. I should like to die working for Him who has done so much for me; but I think that my work on earth is almost finished. Oh, my dear Emily, I am very happy! I have an inward peace and joy which is unspeakable; it is full of glory. Jesus is precious; He is

heaven ; I shall soon be with Him ; He blesses me every moment ; Oh, His boundless love to me !”

“Afterwards, she said, ‘I have been thinking of my dear father a great deal : I am sure that God is powerfully working upon his heart. He often converses with me upon my religion, and upon Jesus ; and I can plainly perceive that his prejudices have given way, and that he is inclined to regard the Christian religion as the true religion after all. O, that God may continue this delightful work till the glories of Heaven shall crown what grace hath begun !’

“One very fine afternoon, a short time before she was almost completely confined to her room, she said to me, ‘Come with me for one walk around the lawn ; it will be the last we shall ever have together.’ I acquiesced immediately, and we proceeded ; she leaning upon my arm for support. It was deeply affecting to see her stoop to touch the flowers which her own hand had so delighted to culture ; to see her look upon the trees, and fields, and the sweet river, while a deep conviction occupied her mind that she was looking and admiring for the last time. As we were slowly returning she several times stopped to throw a lingering look upon those lovely scenes which she had so often beheld with rapture. On ascending the steps of her residence, she exclaimed, ‘Emily, I shall ascend these steps no more !’

“Thus calmly and tranquilly did she look upon the certain approach of death. No doubts nor harassing apprehensions afflicted her; in her own language, ‘All is well with me. For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. I have a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better than to live.’”

“On a morning not long before her death, she said, ‘This is my birthday. I am twenty years of age to-day; and in some measure on this account, I should very much wish both your sisters to come here this afternoon. Will you make this request known both to them and papa!’ I at once promised. In the afternoon she remarked, ‘I think I have quite strength enough to sit up with you, and I should like to look upon the fields and flowers once more.’ Being placed as she desired, she smiled upon her attendant, saying, ‘Thank you; your kindness in bearing with my fancies is very great.’ After looking awhile, she said, ‘What a beautiful world! but beautiful as it is, it bears no comparison with that to which I am going. There are amaranthine bowers and crystal streams, and ever-verdant fields, and ambrosial fruits; but, above all, there I shall eternally be in the visible presence of my gracious Redeemer, and there I shall be able to perfectly love and serve Him. *That* is my enrapturing thought. O, the joys of immortality! I rejoice



in my immortality ; I am going to live with my Redeemer, and with the saints in light.' She mused, ' O, my dear father, if I could only rejoice in your salvation before I am summoned from earth ; but I am enabled to give you up into the hands of God. He has always been faithful to His promises : this I have ever proved—and never more than at the present moment. Blessing and praise to His holy name !'

" We were all seated round her, and at times she maintained an animated conversation, though painfully interrupted by hardness of breathing, &c. ' Come sing with me !' she exclaimed, ' and sing that beautiful hymn—

" Come, let us join our friends above,  
That have obtained the prize." "

" We immediately complied. A deep feeling of the solemnity of our position—our dear friend and sister with us now, but just escaping to bliss, already breathing the atmosphere of heaven—and the additional effect which this gave to the impressively beautiful words we were singing, filled our eyes with tears. Leila sat in silent delight. A heavenly smile illumined her countenance, indicating that she was drinking of the river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God. In the midst of the exercise tears chased each other down her cheek. We inquired the cause. ' Oh !'

she exclaimed, ‘ I thought, if your earthly notes were so beautiful, what must be the impression created by the songs of the redeemed in heaven ; and I was so affected that I could not help weeping with excessive joy. And the words are so beautiful—but, O, how inadequately does such solemn language impress us. Do think less of this world, and more of eternity than you ever did. When, like me, you come to die, then will you practically feel what vanity of vanities is everything earthly. O, how happy—how *very* happy I am ! *It is all over.* Death ! oh, death ! where is thy sting ? I am victorious through my Lord Jesus Christ !’

“ When we had finished the last verse of the hymn, she remained for a few moments in silent thought, as though revolving its sublime exclamations of triumph in her mind. She then said, ‘ What beauty ! what grandeur ! and I can use it as my own language. I know whom I have believed. Glory be to my Saviour ! He is with me now ; and, though my flesh and my heart fail, yet He is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

“ As the hymn to which reference is made may not be generally known to our readers, we introduce it here. If it has not sufficient interest already to render an apology unnecessary, why

then let our apology be the intense beauty of its poetry :

“ Come let us join our friends above,  
That have obtained the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love,  
To joys celestial rise :  
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,  
With those to glory gone ;  
For all the servants of our King  
In earth and heaven are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,  
One Church above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream—  
The narrow stream of death :  
One army of the living God  
To His command we bow ;  
Part of His host has crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home  
This solemn moment fly ;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And we expect to die ;  
His militant embodied host,  
With wishful looks we stand,  
And long to see that happy coast,  
And reach the heavenly land.

Our old companions in distress  
We haste again to see,  
And eager long for our release,  
And full felicity :

Even now by faith we join our hands  
With those that went before ;  
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands,  
On the eternal shore.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,  
Like those with glory crowned,  
And shout to see our Captain's sign,  
To hear his trumpet sound.  
O, that we now might grasp our Guide !  
O, that the word were given !  
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,  
And land us all in heaven !”

We now recur to Miss H—— :

“ Although, sometimes, she suffered severe pain, yet not one look of peevishness, even for a moment, sat upon her countenance ; nor did a word of murmuring, or fretfulness, ever escape her lips. And tears of gratitude would fill her eyes, and she would exclaim, ‘ Thank you, thank you ; you are very kind !’ at the very slightest marks of regard or attention manifested either by her friends or attendants. Her’s was a lovely Christianity ! My petition is, that her mantle may descend upon me.

“ The closing scene now drew on apace ; for, it was evident to all that she must soon die ; indeed, she knew it herself ; and, therefore, she began to give final directions respecting the disposal of certain matters. This was three days before her death. After sending some substantial mementoes of her

love and regard to those families on her visiting list, she turned her attention to her family and personal friends. Having expressed most of her desires concerning these, she requested that her writing-desk might be placed near her. It was done. Unlocking it, she took out of it a number of elegant Bibles. ‘Precious books!’ she exclaimed, as she clasped them to her throbbing bosom, ‘O precious books! would I had read you more!’ Presenting one to her maternal aunt, who was present, she said, ‘Do accept this token of my love for you, and this letter, which some time ago I wrote for you; and, as you read it, may this spirit of God lead your heart to those blissful fountains of repose which have made me so happy. You believe, my dear aunt, that I am quite happy—that I have no fear of death—that I am going to Heaven—do you not?’

“‘I cannot doubt it.’

“‘Well, then, it is all through the merits of my Lord Jesus Christ. His death atoned for my sins, and the sins of all our people, and all the world. I shall soon be with Him for ever. Then, my dear aunt, will you promise me that my dying request, that you will read these Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, shall be granted?’ Her aunt assented. ‘Thank you; you make me very happy; and I pray that the God whom I serve, will of His mercy enlighten your understanding,

so that you may perceive the truth. I am tired now; I must rest a little.'

"In the eye which is lighted up by the fever of consumption, there is an expression which those who have seen it can never forget, and which those who have not seen it can never imagine.

"How beautiful she looked as she peacefully reposed upon the white pillow! Her bright eyes, that were wont to glow with the very soul of animation, enclosed within their snowy lids, and their long lashes, shading her marble countenance, which beamed with innocence and love. I felt in love with the beautiful clay, and almost wished that my own summons from mortality to immortality were as near.

"Reviving, she said, 'I can say but little more.' Then, putting aside several Bibles for as many of her relatives, and a letter with each—'Let these be given, with my dying love, to those to whom they are directed. Say, too, I most earnestly beg of each to read them, and pray over them, and to obtain all possible help to a knowledge of the Christian religion. And, tell them, that with my latest breath, I testified, Christ is precious; that He was with me—pre-eminently with me—while passing through the valley of the shadow of death, and that through faith in Christ, I was victorious over death and the grave, and died in full, perfect

assurance of eternal bliss. But, be sure of this, tell them plainly, that it was *all through the death of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ*. Now I must repose. ‘’Tis almost finished!’ Her articulation of these precious sentences was painfully interrupted, so that, to say them all, occupied her some minutes.

“The following day she requested that pen and ink might be brought to her. Affectionately clasping her Bible, she looked once more upon those parts which she had marked as having given her special encouragement and enjoyment; then, being supported, she took the pen in her dying hand, and tremulously and disjointedly traced upon the fly-leaf the last words she ever wrote: ‘Christ is Heaven! Blessed truth! Hail, my sister spirit! thou now wilt prove, to all eternity, that Christ is Heaven!’”



## CHAPTER XIV.

### LEILA'S DYING HOURS.—THE CLOSING SCENE.

“O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?”

“ON the morning of the day on which Leila died, she said, ‘It will soon be finished. Tell my dear father to come here.’ He was called, but was so powerfully affected, that for some minutes he could not speak to her! What a scene! Friends weeping—the youthful Christian, in heavenly composure, awaiting the solemn moment of separation from the body. Surely it was the spontaneous outburst of every heart, ‘Is this death? Can all this holy joy and peace be death? Oh! then, let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers!’ As I looked upon her placid countenance, I exclaimed exultingly, ‘O death! where *is* thy sting? O grave! where *is* thy victory?’ Gushing sobs broke upon the awful stillness. Oh, the luxury of such tears!—tears flowing from the most divinely-sacred emotions of the soul. Let me attempt no remark upon these heavenly breathings.

“Voltaire laughed at Christianity—he mocked at the ‘madness of believing in the Gospel.’ Did he ever see a Christian die? Did he ever witness

this *tangible* evidence of the value of religion in the most awful moment of life? Oh, never! never! The chamber of the dying saint is a shrine at which the boldest blasphemer must bow in homage to the religion of Jesus.

"Her father was weeping. 'Do not grieve for me, my dear papa,' she said soothingly. 'If you are faithful to God, you will soon be happy again with me in heaven.'

"Then, my precious treasure, you are not deceived! You feel that your religion fully supports you in death?"

"O yes! O yes! Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil—His rod—and—His—' she could proceed no further. Her father, bending with grief, retained her hand in his.

"In a little while she gathered strength: 'Father,' she enjoined, 'you love me dearly, do you not?' 'My child do not speak so to me; you know you are the very soul of my existence.'

"Will you grant me one request—a dying request?"

"What is it! You know I will not deny you!"

"It is this—that you will never again doubt Jesus my Saviour; but that you will begin to love and serve Him. O, think, my dear father, what He has done for me! Read the New Testament,' and she looked inquiringly.

“‘My dear, I have begun to read it. I have seen that your religion must be true. I never expected to witness a death like yours, my daughter. I have begun to pray; you pray too, that God will help me to follow you to heaven. I believe, my dear—I confess to you and all present that I believe—in Jesus.’

“The sudden revulsion of feeling was too great for her weak frame. She was just able to articulate, ‘Blessing—praise—’ and then lay exhausted.

“On recovering, she slowly reached her Bible, and in faltering accents said, ‘My dear papa, I am dying—you have—. We shall soon meet again. Here is the Bible which has been—so truly blessed to my soul. Let it now be yours, You have all my books of a religious character. They are choice—learn them well. Praise the Lord—I am dying; but I am rejoicing.’

“She lay for some minutes with her eyes closed. Occasionally her lips moved as though in prayer. It is more than probable that her petitions were then ascending to the throne of grace, that her father might be enabled to rejoice in the liberty of God’s children. They have been answered!

“Again she unclosed her eyes, and looking upon her father with a smile of indescribable pleasure—‘Blessing, honour, praise, and glory to Jesus. Kiss me, dear papa.’

“In a little while—‘Glorious hope! immortal-

ity ! eternal life ! What an eternity ! an eternity of perfect love.'

"She then, with considerable intervals, gave directions for her funeral. 'You have said, papa, that you will have my mother removed, and that we shall all three lie together in one tomb. I am glad of that. At my funeral make no show. Do not have me embalmed. I wish my body to be clothed in linen and white muslin only. . . . . When you have my name put upon our tomb, be sure you put this, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

" 'I hear the voice, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." My whole soul responds, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." I am full of glory.'

"Although perfectly sensible, she said but very little after this. She appeared to be looking into eternity. Its glorious realities were unfolding to her vision, and feasting her soul with ravishing contemplations.

"About two hours before she died, she suddenly awoke from a gentle slumber, and exclaimed, 'Dear Emily ! are you here ?' I took her hand. 'Give me a farewell kiss, my love. Thank you ;' and then pressing my hand with all her remaining strength, 'We shall be united again soon, Emily, and then you will never have to separate from me. Love Jesus : it will not be long.'

“A little after she ejaculated, ‘Victory! victory!’ and raised her dying arm. After a few moments—‘Heaven is—heaven is—’ the rest was lost.

“She lay quietly for about an hour; then gently putting out her hand, she said, ‘Farewell, my dear papa. I am going to glory. Serve Jesus—you will soon be there.’

“These were the last words she uttered. Her eyelids closed. For a few minutes she breathed softly and slowly, and then—the solemn stillness of death! My friend was a disembodied saint in glory! Her spirit had taken its rapturous flight to that blissful rest which she had so long anticipated; and in preparation for which, she had kept her soul with all diligence. Again through gushing tears, I prayed, ‘Let me die the death of the righteous.’

“She died November 27th, 18—, at a quarter past eight o’clock in the evening, aged twenty years and eighteen days.

“Of such a character as hers I need say nothing more by way of eulogy or description: her death was an epitome of her life.

“EMILY L. F. H——.”

Farewell, sweet Leila! We loved thee on earth, but now we shall see thy happy smile no more. Thine was a beautiful fading away. Thy eyes,

fraught with triumphant brightness—the celestial shadowings of the angel beings who eagerly waited to carry thy pure spirit to its native skies—closed in clear and cloudless glory too bright for us to look on. Thou didst not die. To such as love like thee, dear Leila, there is no dark valley, no chilling stream, no cold shadowings! Thy soul dissolved in radiance like the diamond star of the morning.

“Which goes not down behind the darkened west,  
But melts away into the light of heaven!”

## CHAPTER XV.

### REST.

“Thus He giveth His beloved sleep.”

THE death of the just has a tremendous, yet an exquisite beauty. It seems to open a connection between the living and the world of spirits—to form for them more sublime relations with beings of a higher order. Have *you* ever bent over the sacred dust? If you have you can never feel a preference for life.

The ominous thermometers, which seemed to have been placed there to measure the sure and silent approach of death, still hung in every room. The knockers and bells were still muffled. And only soft whisperings and hushed foot-falls were heard everywhere.

The glowing damask curtains filled Leila's room with a solemn rosy-tinted light—a light in beautiful harmony with the deep hush that reigned there. The table and pictures, and the classic groupings on the mantel-piece were all draped in white. The two vases which stood on her table had been filled with half-blown white rose-buds, and silver-starred Arabian jessamines, by the hands of Miss H—— and her sisters. The flowers



which Leila had so delighted to culture in life bloomed around her in death !

There, too, lay her watch. It was left unwound ; and was surrounded by a circlet of flowers, all delicate and lovely. The thought was a sweet one—full of tender feeling, which suggested it. For time has now for ever ceased with Leila. It was merged into the endless circles of eternity.

And there was the bed ; enshrouded in purest white. The curtains were drawn, and disclosed a lovely figure which lay sleeping upon it—it was a beautiful sleep, for she smiled as though in a happy dream. Ah ! it was the long sacred sleep which the believer sleeps in Jesus till on the glorious resurrection morn he awakes to immortal life.

Yes, there lay Leila, draped in a robe of simple white muslin, as she desired. She looked so innocent, so pure, so beautiful. On her face there was no icy coldness, no ghastly impression—and the angelic smile with which she had passed away, still hovered over every lineament. Her hair was bound up and laid smoothly across her clear forehead. The white lids closed lovingly on her eyes ; and the heavy lashes softly shadowed her pure cheek. Her head was slightly raised upon pillows, and over her face was diffused an expression so celestial—such a mingling of clear,

unclouded brightness, the “new-born day of bliss,” with a fixed and holy repose,—that it at once showed that silent form was sleeping the long peaceful slumber which “He giveth His beloved,” till the last trumpet shall give the joyful signal, and sound in a voice that shall pierce the deep silence of their tranquil rest, “Arise, shine, for the light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon you.”

Near the end of the bed stood the coffin which was to hold all that now remained of Leila. It was made of wood, covered with white cloth.\* The nails, handles, and inscription plate were also silvery white; for Leila had desired that it should be so. Sweet emblems of the innocence and purity of her who was to repose within it! It was covered with a snowy cloth, for her father would not have her put in till the latest moment.

And that latest moment came; and the weeping friends took their last kiss and shed their last tears around her sweet face; and then the lid was put on, and she was seen by them no more. And then

\* White was a colour which, through its being so typical of purity, Leila always loved. “Simple, innocent, elegant,” she would often say.

She desired that her coffin might be made simply of wood; for she thought it wrong to use any means which have the effect of retarding the fulfilment of the Divine decree, “Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.”

a hearse drew up to the door, and men with solemn faces carried the precious burden and put it in it; and friends in hushed breathings sought to comfort each other; but each heart was too full, and the effort only caused the fountains to burst open afresh. Her father saw them take away the coffin; he sat still as one in a dream; he did not shed one tear; the shock had passed too straight through his heart. And still he sat there; and one whispered to him, and then he rose like one who has ceased to know or feel anything, and allowed himself to be put in a carriage. Then the coffin was placed in the newly-made tomb; and he heard the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and his features convulsed as the earth fell with solemn sound on the lid. But then the soothing words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," came like a sweet hush over his troubled spirit; and he thought of Leila, not as sleeping in that white coffin, but as an angel in glory. It made him weep—he prayed—and a ray of divine comfort illumined his soul. He would not feel utterly desolate, for he should see his sweet child again.

Rest there, beloved Leila! till He who is the Resurrection and the Life shall awake thee to immortal health. Thou hast early found thy rest,—early been taken to eternity—earlier than has

been permitted to us. But we shall soon come to thee. Soon we shall follow thee into the blessed presence of our Redeemer.

Safe art thou now—enfolded on the bosom of our God. Could we but see thee once again, with what seraphic ardour wouldst thou urge upon us the tremendous importance of casting aside every weight, of pressing onward in the heavenly road, of laying hold upon eternal life. Would we were with thee! joining in ecstatic converse of the wondrous grace which preserved us amidst all the temptations and sorrows of earth, and safely brought us to the regions of eternal felicity at last. No gloomy shadows now arise to obscure from thee the God of thy supreme affection. No earthly vapours now cloud thy sight, or hide from thee the smile of thy Beloved. Now with thee it is fruition all, and all delight: mortality and time no more. Thy illumined soul, beaming with the reflected beauty of the Lamb, is all light, all love, all felicity, for thou art plunged into the Infinite, even He that is unsearchable—Jehovah. Often do we think of thee—often do we feel thee near us, whispering words of encouragement and holy consolation. Is it even so? Doubtless.—

It is a beautiful belief  
That ever round our head,  
Are hovering on angel wings  
The spirits of the dead.

Farewell, dear Leila! Thy feet early sandalled with immortality, thou hast gone where the Lamb Himself shall lead thee to living fountains of waters, and wipe away all tears, and fill thee with unalterable rapture and repose, while we are left to weep beneath the tempest-bearing clouds of earth. Oh! that like thee it were given to our sight to pierce the dull cold sky of life, and hear the soft whisper that soon the eternal doors would close on us, and we should be with thee for ever.

Leila has since been joined by her father. He rapidly sunk beneath the sorrow produced by her death, and in eleven months was laid beside her in the tomb. He died peacefully, and with unshaken reliance upon his Redeemer.

“The hour is coming in which all that are in the grave shall hear my voice and shall come forth; they that have done good to the resurrection of life.”

“Amen. Even so come Lord Jesus.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

### ILLNESS AND DEATH OF LEILA'S FATHER.

LEILA'S death fell heavy upon her father, as such a shock was likely to—it stupified him. As soon as he was convinced that her spirit had indeed fled, he sunk into a chair and wept powerfully. Life sheds such tears but once.

Suddenly he rose, took one calm, moveless look at the sweet face of his child, and then walked away, leaving the friends to whom Leila had spoken about it to perform the last sad changes to her precious dust.

He walked about the garden, and mechanically gave all orders as usual. But all interest in what was going around him had ceased ; to him earth was emptier than an eggshell. Nothing could arrest his attention, except in that automaton degree, when you plainly see that the heart is unchangeably filled with other thoughts. Hours on hours he occupied in reading those books which were Leila's, and in which her notes were to be found ; sometimes these were exchanged for her letters and journals, or else he tended her favourite flowers ; and walked in her favourite haunts in the garden—scenes where they had had so much peace and holy joy together. Much time he also spent

in Leila's bed-chamber—where her bed was still made up, just as it used to be ; he would have it so—and the voice of earnest prayer was by an accident once heard to proceed from thence. It seemed then that he loved to present his petitions from that same bedside, whence hers for him and herself had so often ascended to the Father of their spirits.

Ever since the death of Leila he had felt not the slightest doubt respecting the Messiahship of Jesus ; he peacefully reposed upon Him for salvation ; and, though his sorrow might often cloud his spiritual enjoyment, he never questioned for a moment the fact of his acceptance. Indeed he laughed at such a possibility. “ *Doubt GOD !*” he once said, when a remark to the effect was made to him, and he said it with such an accent of perfect conviction as was never to be forgotten.

In Leila's “ *Memoir*,” it was noticed that before she died he resolved to begin prayer in the name of Jesus, though at the time no one knew of it. For a while he experienced those difficulties, those torturing doubts, in striving to realise His Divine character, which most Jews feel, and which cannot be cause of wonder when the feelings of a whole life have to be uprooted. “ On the night when my child died,” he said, “ I prayed with an earnestness and fervour like nothing I had ever attained before. My heart seemed strangely



affected. I seemed to see Leila all smiling and happy beyond anything I could utter ; I felt such a conviction that she was near me, that I could not divest myself from it, and I almost expected to see her. I became very happy as I still continued in silent adoration upon my knees—for I was so solemnly affected that I had no power to rise—a stream of light entered my soul, and I felt a great lightness and joy. All doubt vanished, and I felt in my inmost soul a calm settled conviction that Jesus was Messiah and God. I have never doubted this for a moment since.”

It soon appeared that the effect which had fallen upon him through Leila's death was not easily to pass away. His abstraction grew deeper, his feeling of desolation stronger. Invalid as it had made him in body, still more so in mind, he was fast sinking into the same grave with his child—the more surely because the disease was more mental than physical ; for this gave its own mortal keenness to the wound. When Leila died his hair was only lightly streaked with grey ; five months afterwards it was almost all of a silvery white. With Leila's Bible in his hand he would pass hours under the shade of one old favourite cedar where they had often sat together, whose vast boughs required a storm to move them, and through whose heavy foliage the sunbeams never pierced ; or whole evenings would pass away while he paced the chestnut avenue

where he had so often walked with her in later years—where, in her early childhood, he had so often pelted her with roses, as with gay laughter and a merry bound she ran hiding amongst the trees, or else he crowned her with violets, and then merrily compared her to—

“The Danaë of flowers,  
With gold heaped in her lap.”

There he dreamed of the dim and distant past—of things gone never to return. And there the beauties of his remembrance often made him happier.

“How often,” he said to me, as we once took this walk together, “how often, when I have in vain sought rest for my spirit from those things which, spite of me, would feed upon my heart—when I have closed my book in weariness, or flung aside my pen in vexation of soul—and have gone forth into the garden to look at her flowers, sadly and heavily, until I have entered the shadows of these old trees, all sending forth their soft sound among the leaves, just as they used when we were together, and I have felt my heart and steps grow lighter. I forget that all my former hopes are now set down

“Mid the dull catalogue of earthly things,”

and return with a handful of immortal flowers—

I mean with a quiet joy, that I soon shall walk with her amidst heavenly fields for ever. And this for a time, at least, helps me to proceed on my way rejoicing."

As well as this scene being to him

"That fount of light—a first familiar thing,"

there was a charm of the picturesque about it too. Besides the chestnut trees, were numerous ashes—the light and graceful weeping ash of England, through whose fragile boughs the sunshine falls like a shower of sifted gold upon the grass and little plants beneath—trees beloved of the robin and the bee, and around whose foot the violets grow most luxuriant. I remember there was hardly one of them whose roots were not covered with these most lovely of flowers, shed by the perfumed hand of spring: whether art had refined upon nature, or whether nature planted them there herself, I never inquired; but it was so. Beyond was a shrubbery, opening into a luxuriant vista of blossom, that was a delicious contrast to the old dark trees left behind.

We sat down under the shadowy arms of one great tree. We spoke of Leila, and crowding memories of soft hours that in her company had been spent there—trifling things it may seem to write about—but all loving hearts have felt the sacred delight of these remembrances. Mr. T.

dwelt upon them with a sad mournfulness, though with a pleasure which only the parent of such a daughter could have felt, and adverted to the comfort he found in expecting soon to join her for ever in heaven. I knew he was very weak, and daily getting more so; that his head was bowed, never to be upraised again, but I could hardly at that time understand why he expected death to be near: and I said so.

"I am persuaded I am not superstitious," he said. "But never do I anywhere feel more strongly than I do here, that my disease, whether most of mind or body matters not, is incurable—that I am going to Leila *soon*;" he laid a calm emphasis on that word, that made me notice it particularly. "I wish you not to suspect me of some morbid sentiment. I cannot easily describe the feeling—it may be only a consequence of being as I am invalid in body and mind—but I am sure I shall not walk here many times more. And this makes me always seem to be taking leave of the scene every time I come to it, whatever intention I may come with."

Of all passions love is the most engrossing, and the most superstitious. How ready it is to take a sigh, a whisper of the winds, a falling leaf as an omen! Well, it must be so with an emotion purely spiritual, since it can have no existence at all among what is real. Not that I say

Mr. T.'s feeling was a superstitious one ; that he felt just what he said, I was sure ; but it was a very likely presentiment to take up its abode in the bosom of one who felt he had lost all he counted dear in this life that he was daily sinking in a degree which no one near him imagined ; and who longed to be with his treasures again.

When Leila died, Emily of course returned to her own home. Most gladly would Mr. T. have stayed her longer—that beautiful affection which had subsisted between her and Leila had in some measure enwreathed its sweet colouring, bright like the rainbow's serpentine, around himself—but her marriage was approaching. Still she continued to visit him very often ; and these visits he found to be such a source of happiness, that nothing could please him more than when she was able to protract them to several days.

His strength continued to fade away ; and soon the manifestations of his illness made such rapid advances, that those around him prepared for the result he anticipated. His physician came.

“You know your disease, sir, as well as I. My medicines are useless unless you help yourself. You are consuming of inconsolable grief. You should travel ; and you should not even sleep alone. Indeed, you must do anything but think.”

“Travelling wont do ; the remedy would be

worse than the disease. I cannot leave here, where all my ties to life remain."

"Well, you must rouse your spirits. Your pulse is very faint—scarcely sixty a minute. It used to be seventy, or seventy-five."

But the excessive debility increased; and soon it was necessary to constantly use powerful stimulants in order to keep up the action of the heart. I have known him use, in twenty-four hours, as much hydrocyanic acid as would, in a few moments, have killed nine persons if divided into as many parts and taken at once.

It was a cold, misty morning of September rain—the dreariest rain of any, because it ends the sunshine of summer, and because it washes away the last sweet flowers and green leaves. Emily had just finished her breakfast, and was wondering if the raw damp air would hurt her little roses if she put them out, when she received a letter from Mr. T., urging her to come and soothe his last moments.

"May I," he said, "ask this of your husband and of yourself, and with an expectation that it will be allowed me as the last favour you can grant. You, Emily, have probably many days to live—I but a few. I miss your light step and your dear smile more and more every hour as I get weaker. You, whom my child loved so fondly, and to whom I myself am indebted for so much

consolation, think how precious you are in my sight. Pray come, then, and remain with me the little time I have to live—and I think it will be very little.”

Emily sat down in a chair and wept long over the affectionate letter. How vividly did she picture to herself his loneliness, the unbroken solitude of his thoughts. No one to talk to him about Leila, and her beautiful Christian life,\* to read aloud his favourite passages, or replace his scattered books. Affection always exaggerates, and Emily wondered how she had never felt more about this before. “I think I ought not to hesitate about going directly.” Her husband would not be home till the afternoon. She wrote a note.

“DEAREST EDWARD,

“The subjoined letter from —— will explain my absence. So anxious as he is to see me, I think I ought to go thither at once. Do you follow me as soon as you have dined.

“Your affectionate,

“EMILY.”

Emily was seen approaching. She had hardly

\* His household was managed by a sister to Leila's mother—the aunt incidentally referred to in Emily's account of Leila's dying hours. And though she might at this time have a slight feeling in favour of Christianity, that was all.



placed her foot on the steps when the door was opened. Mr. T. stood in the hall before her; in another moment her hand was grasped tightly.

"I am so glad to see you—afraid you might not be able to come—at least so soon."

Emily looked at him. Pale, thin, eyes unnaturally bright, and a voice weak and spiritless—tears filled her eyes.

"How you have suffered—how I have reproached myself the last hour for not being with you more."

He held Leila's Bible in his hand—a finger separating the leaves where he had been reading. He turned over a page or two, and pointed out to Emily that beautiful expression of filial trust in God—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." And the calm light which beamed over his intelligent features, seemed an indubitable assurance that he had made the language entirely his own.

"The complete seclusion in which of choice I have lived, has made for me no friends. Between myself and my brother there is a breach which, now I am a Christian, cannot be made up. But to you, Emily, I may use the happy answer of the Shunamite woman—'I dwell among mine own people.' A whole life of that enjoyment and attention which come of affection, is in the words. Familiar faces—sickness, whose suffer-

ing gives to love a more tender and exalted character—hearts rejoicing with our joy, and sorrowing with our sorrow—friends to whom our very faults endear us. Lately I have felt, indeed, the beauty of ‘dwelling among mine own people.’”

“More of intimate Christian converse you have wanted sadly.”

“Yes; but you will stay with me now?”

“I think so—I wish to.”

I have quite a passion for studying human beings. I have a love for God’s human creatures, and a faith in their intellectual and moral being, which, if enthusiastic, is not dreamy and objectless—albeit, it sometimes gets me smiled at. But separate from this, there would always have been that about Mr. T. which would have enchained my attention. That calm, affectionate smile, and that placid face, would at once have gained my heart; and really it does one’s moral constitution good, to find there is such a thing as kindness and integrity in this distorted, hideous world. That single-hearted, honest look, which told you directly that he always said what he meant, and meant what he said—the attractive expression of his dark eyes—the hair thrown back to relieve his high forehead—the subdued movements, peaceful as his home. I used to look on him and Leila as I did on Emily, with something of that feeling which, while travelling along a white and dusty road,

fixes the eye on some fair fragile flower, spiritual in loveliness, dreamlike in beauty, over which the blue sky flings its mildest sunshine, the trees their softest shadow, as if its fresh pure blossom belonged to another and higher life than the parched shrubs of the highway.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted," may always be truly said by the religious man. This was proved by Mr. T. The faith that looks through and beyond affliction and death, strengthened his soul; hope became the prophet of a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," which should be thus wrought out; feelings which had long been left to waste were now aroused, and his whole heart was enlarged and purified by loving the Lord Jesus, and thoughts of the sweet world to come, with all its heightened affections and glory, in eternal union with his loved ones.

Thus even in suffering, and amidst depression of spirits painful to witness, he was yet prepared to shadow forth the gentle, loving spirit of His Master and Lord. His usually quiet deportment became more calm and dignified still. Rather than give way to an uneasy expression, he would say nothing. This vigorous guard of his conduct and lips might often be noticed. Once he said to me, as we were discussing a literary subject, "Let us cease, if you please. My mind is weak,

and inclines me to fretfulness; so I can view nothing in its just light, and shall get to fault-finding—by no means a profitable business.”

A few days after Emily went to him, in answer to his letter, he said to her—“Those feelings of exceeding weakness which sometimes come over me quite suddenly, have made me think I might perhaps die at such a time, from inability of the heart to beat any longer. If you find it prove so, therefore, do not be alarmed.”

On a morning not long after this he went into his library. He had been there between one and two hours, when two hard and rapid pulls at the bell caused all within hearing to take alarm at once. He was sitting in a large high-backed chair, drooping with faintness, and speaking with difficulty.

“Emily,” he said, taking her hand, “this is like death; but all is right. Oh, Jesus!” he turned his eyes upwards, and tears of holy joy glistened in them; “if I am now to die I shall be received into Thy bosom—I shall enter the paradise of God.”

“Will you allow us to support you to your bed-room?” asked Emily.

“Thank you; I would rather. And if you would be good enough to bring me some hot wine and water, I may be better.”

He went to bed; from which he rose very little during the week he lived after this.

The last thing he had been doing was to make an entry in his journal—for it lay open on his table, and the writing was unfinished. He never gave me permission to publish anything relating to himself only; indeed, I do not suppose he thought it likely I ever should think of it; but I cannot believe he would object to my using this, his last written communing between God and his soul.

“God is gracious; but let me beware of deceiving myself into a belief that I am unconditionally admitted into the number of His children. He will only be my Father when with all my heart I repent, and desire His favour above everything else.

“In this way I have repented. Behold, O Jesus, my Redeemer! I lament my past life—my indifference to Thee, with sincerity. I denied Thee in ignorance and unbelief; and now I look up to Thy cross with hope, and feel, O Lord, that Thou wilt not reject me. I approach Thee, O Most High, with humble confidence; in the full faith that Thou wilt sanctify me through Thy spirit, in virtue of the sacrifice made for me by the Son of God. Thou knowest my temper, my mind, my education; and when for my trans-

gressions there is not even an excuse—as often it must be so—still I am persuaded that Thy mercy is greater than my manifold offences, and that they will be pardoned on my exercising faith in Christ Jesus. Through Him I have access to God as my Father. Through Him I have received the spirit of adoption, which entitles me to say ‘Abba, Father.’ Through Him I look forward to certain immortality, and a blissful union with all I hold most dear. I have all through the merits of my Redeemer.

“To know that God is my Father and Christ is my Saviour, and the Holy Spirit is my sanctifier, gives me courage in the hour of temptation, and when through weakness of body my spirit might be doubtful and sad. But this calms the anxious care of my heart, and fills it with glorious aspirings after the crown of immortal life. It is a knowledge, too, which entirely relieves me from that appalling awe with which I used to reflect on Thine Infinite Majesty; and it also banishes that despondency which then I felt if I thought on my sins, and upon Thy justice and purity.

“How great is the peace of mind imparted——”

Here the manuscript ends. This was a true repentance and true faith. To such a soul death was only a messenger of eternal peace.

It was one of those glorious evenings with

which summer sometimes favours us before she takes her final departure ; when her whole wealth seems crowded into one single sunset. The fish-pond in the garden shone like an unbroken lake of amber, and the gentle evening breeze swept hushingly over the closing flowers. Mr. T. arose only for one hour, and that was at noon ; and then lying down again, he soon went to sleep. The west was shut out, but the whole room was filled with a rich purple haze. Everything in that light wore an aspect strange and unfamiliar ; and through the dim atmosphere there seemed to float that wondrous feeling of glory and mournfulness, which is so well suited to the reverie of the sorrowing. The two marble figures opposite the window, stood out with a distinctness like things of life—yet a life entirely differing from our own. With me, sculptures are a feeling of the pure and coldly beautiful. I cannot look upon them as the semblance either of man or woman. Pale, calm, passionless—their beauty belongs to another world—they may awe me into worship ; they are too emotionless to make me love ; their shadowy and mysterious loveliness, their obscurity deep as thought, seem the creation of a spell.

Emily stole softly to his bedroom. In the early part of the day he had, with that restlessness, so common to invalids, which imagines any chango



must be relief, several times requested that his pillow might be moved. But now, this was a calm, beautiful, renewing sleep. After drawing the blinds, so that none of the light from the window might fall on his face, Emily sat down by his side to watch over him. The love which bends over the sleep of the dying is—save that which bends over the face of the dead—one of the most beautiful of earthly loves—so silent, so deep, so solemn.

At that sweet sunset hour he awoke, and opening his eyes—but without any of the startling return to consciousness with which most awake—he fixed them on Emily. She thought he did not at first recognise her; but in a moment he smiled sweetly upon her, and took her hand.

“I have been dreaming,” he said.

“And your dreams were happy ones, I am sure.”

“Oh! indeed yes! What I have seen, Emily—glorious—unutterable—Leila!”

With the utterance of the words, he again sank into unconsciousness, but still retained his hold of her hand, as it lay amongst the bedclothes by his side. A little while afterwards he murmured something, in which she distinctly recognized the words, “Lord Jesus Christ,” and then the names of his wife and daughter—“Leila!” in a few moments again “Leila!” and then he drew one

long and louder breath. His hand clasped hers rather tightly for a moment, and then it relaxed again. She thought it felt cold : she feared to awaken him ; but a strange awe crept over her, in the gloom which now pervaded everything in the apartment. All along his breathing had been low ; but now on bending her ear over him it was inaudible. Gently disengaging her hand, she rang for lights, and then saw that his features were indeed fixed in the pale hues of death.

Yes ! the parent of the lovely Leila had thus softly passed away into the lands of unsullied light and perfect bliss ! He had joined his sweet child, where God is heaven and heaven is God !

A week afterwards he was laid in the same vault, and side by side with his wife and daughter : “Lovely in their lives, in death they were not divided.”

“I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people ; and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.

“And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it ; for the glory of God

did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it, and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day : for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it. And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie ; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

THE END.















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